

# GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

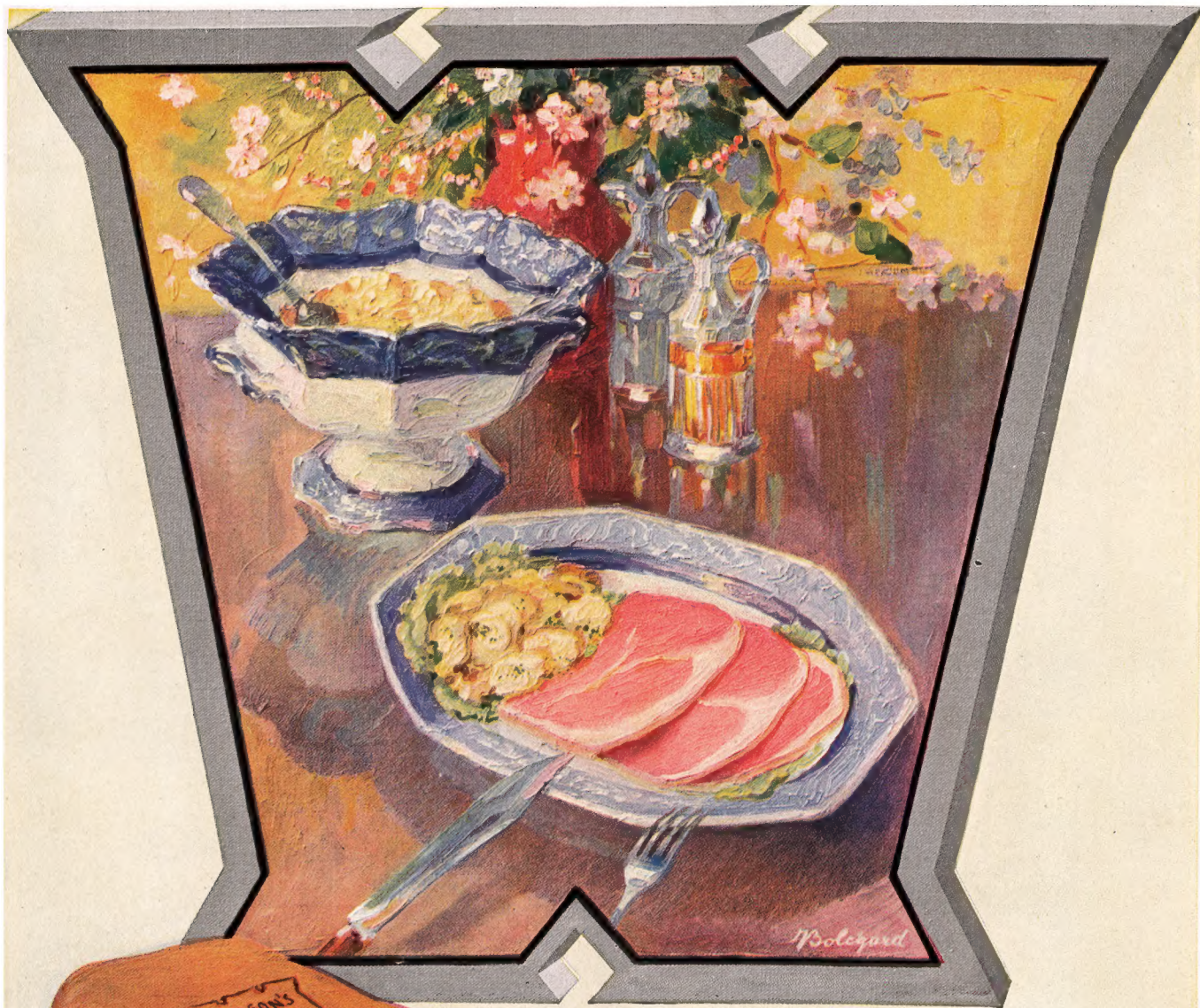
*For  
May*



*25 Cents*  
*35 Cents in Canada*

Frances Hodgson Burnett, Coningsby Dawson  
Fanny Heaslip Lea, Ruth Sawyer, James Oliver Curwood  
Anne Shannon Monroe, Frances Parkinson Keyes





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ZIMBALIST

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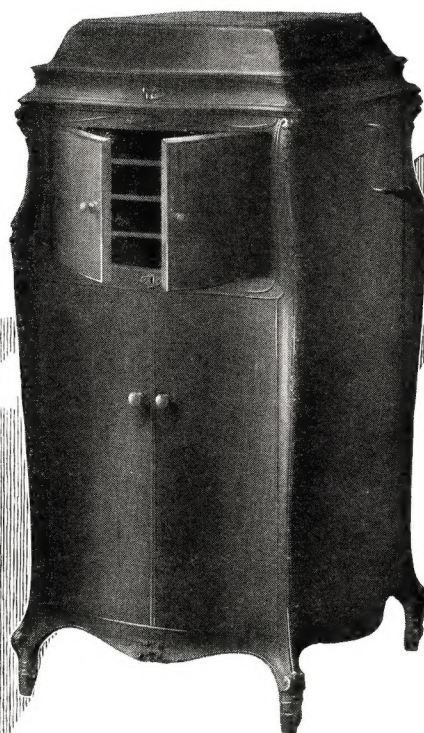
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## *June Good Housekeeping*

will not be one whit less good because this number is so fine. Nothing was taken from June for May; nothing will be held from June for July. Each month calls for our best effort—and gets it. And so for June there will be a very worthy successor of this May. There will be the usual number of stories—the serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Coningsby Dawson, and James Oliver Curwood, and short stories by Kathleen Norris, Margaret Sangster, and Mary Synon. There will be another story of “The Wild Heart” by Emma-Lindsay Squier. Mrs. Keyes will write about the inauguration—the things the papers did not tell. The special articles will be timely and helpful, and the regular departments will deal in the usual authoritative way with the work of the month. It will be worth looking for

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, May, 1921

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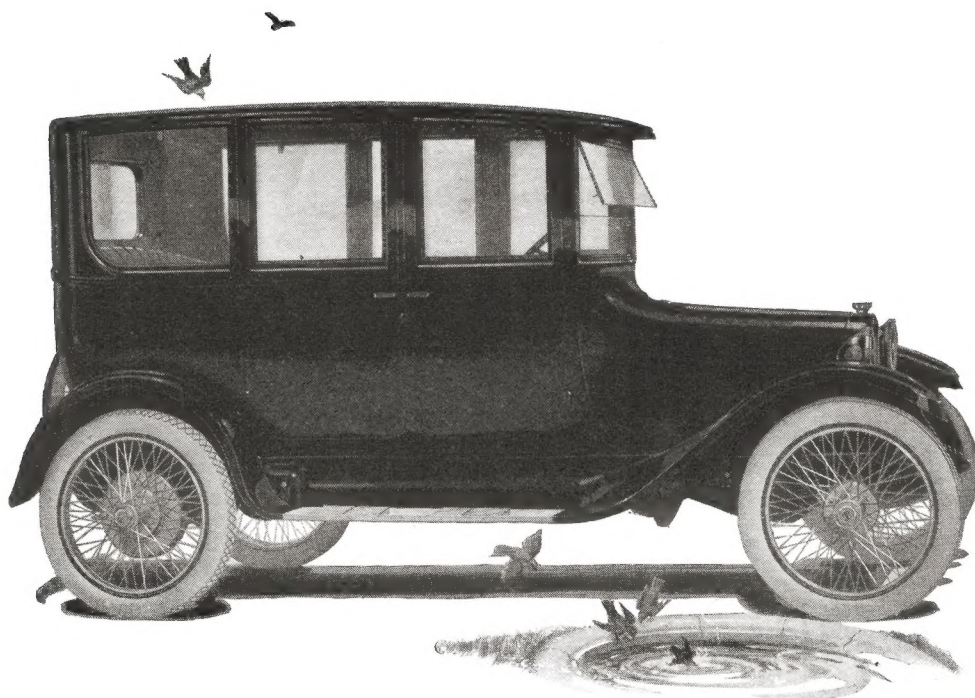
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Good Housekeeping Institute is a physical laboratory, maintained for the testing of all kinds of household appliances. The tests are made by trained experts under conditions approximating those in the average home. No household device is advertised in Good Housekeeping unless it has been so tested and approved by the Institute.

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If any goods advertised in Good Housekeeping are not satisfactory, or if any advertiser is remiss in answering your letters or coupons or in sending samples, we ask you to make this known to the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping. Address your note for his "personal attention."

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**1 The Investigation We Make**  
**NO** school or camp is presented in these pages until it has been subjected to strict and thorough investigation. Definite information is obtained by personal visits of the Director of the School Department, from data furnished us by the schools and camps themselves and from the endorsement of their patrons.

**2 The Service We Render**  
**THE** School Department is maintained as part of Good Housekeeping's service to its readers. The Director will be glad to assist you in making your selection. State the kind or type of school or camp desired, the approximate locality, age and sex of prospective pupil or camper and amount of expenses to be incurred.

**3 The Guarantee We Give**  
**BECAUSE** of our investigation we present school and camp advertising to our readers under this guarantee: Good Housekeeping agrees to return to parents or guardians, on simple request, the money paid for the first term of any school or camp advertised in its pages, if the institution proves to be not as represented.

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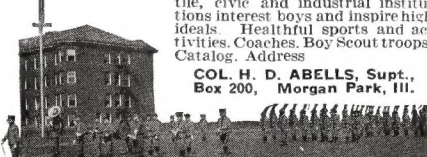


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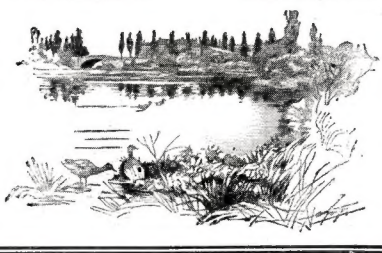
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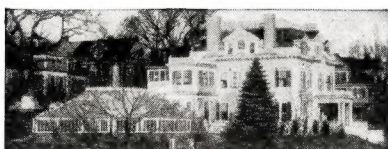
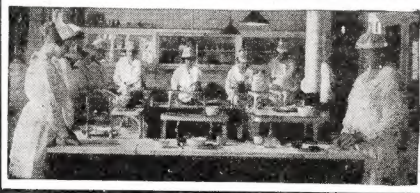
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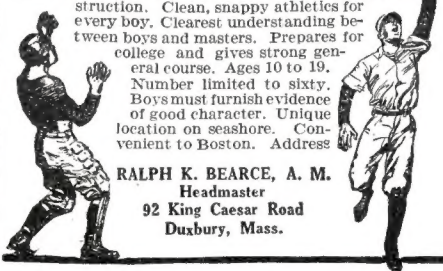
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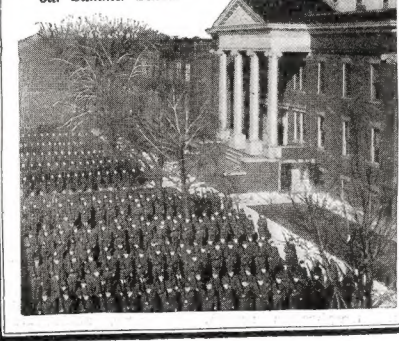
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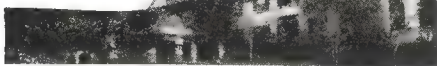
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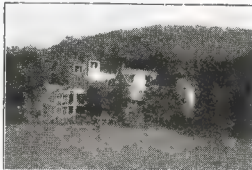
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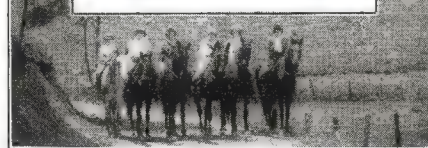
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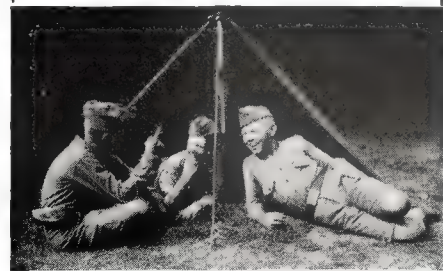
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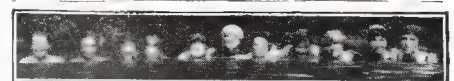
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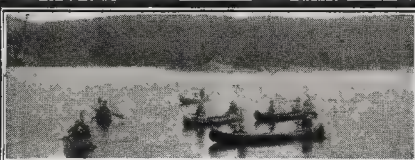
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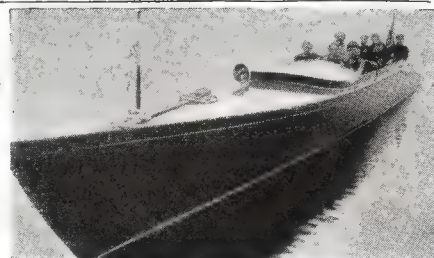
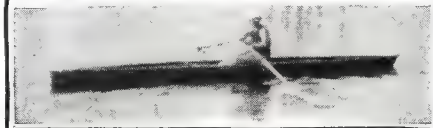
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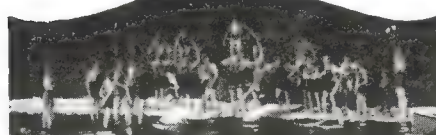
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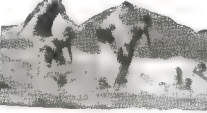
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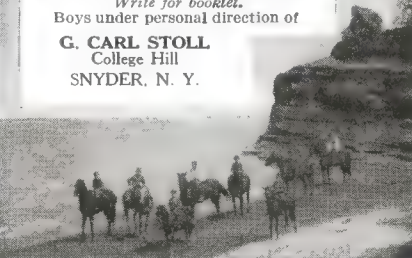
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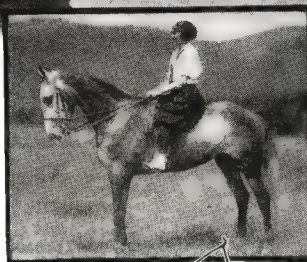
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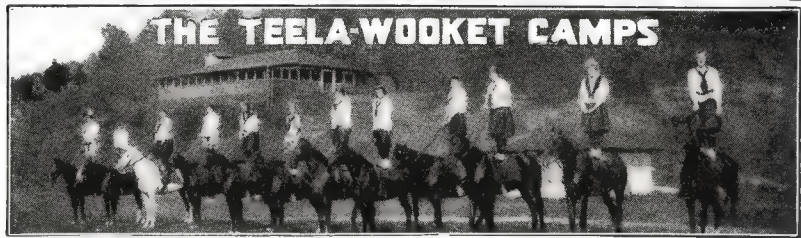
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# What the Editor Has to Say

## *We Hold a Reception for Our Contributors*

**D**EAR readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, on another page we are asking you to introduce us to your friends. In return, we want you to know in a more intimate way the men and women who wrote and illustrated this issue of your magazine. They are a fine company.

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH is a Philadelphian by birth and lifelong residence, but she is at home wherever a Mother Goose rhyme is lisped. She studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and under Howard Pyle, began painting in 1890, has illustrated reprint editions of many of the children's classics, and is our best known painter of children. MARGARET WIDDEMER is as well known as a story writer as she is as a poet. She wrote "The Rose Garden Husband" and several other novels. "The Old Road to Paradise" is her best known book of poems. In 1919 she married Robert Haven Schaffer, author and musician. HELEN TOPPING MILLER is Mrs. Roger Miller of Macon, Georgia. MAURICE L. BOWER was born near Cincinnati, studied at the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art and under Walter H. Everett, and prefers to illustrate country stories.

DR. EUGENE LYMAN FISK has spent most of his life checking up people's health troubles, having been a life insurance medical director before associating himself with the Life Extension Institute. He has written authoritatively on many phases of the subject of prolonging life. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT began writing for magazines in 1867, when she was eighteen. Born in Manchester, England, she came to America in 1865, and has written most of her novels here. For many years she has spent the winter in Bermuda, the summer at Plandome Park, Long Island. FREDERICK C. YOHN is inseparably connected with John Fox's famous novels, which he illustrated for serialization; also frontier sketches by Roosevelt and serials by James Barnes. S. E. KISER tried farming and telegraphy before he smelled printers' ink. For nearly a quarter of a century his name has appeared daily in some prominent newspaper. A poem a day is his usual job. ANNE SHANNON MONROE inherited the wanderlust from an ancestor who was with Lewis and Clark when they explored Oregon, where she lives when she isn't living in Chicago or New York. Born in Missouri, she has made the world show her why a woman should not make good in any profession she chooses. A. P. MILNE inherited a love for the camera, but he was trained as a civil engineer: the result is a photographic type of illustration that has both imagination, exactness, and art.

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER is a newspaper writer in Los Angeles, with designs on New York. "The Wild Heart" stories are true stories of her experiences as a little girl, when for a time her family lived on the shore of Puget Sound. PAUL BRANSOM prepared himself for the fine work he is now doing by haunting the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C., where he was born, and the Zoo in Bronx Park, New York, where he had a studio for three years. ALFREDO GALLI is an Italian who came to America about four years ago, after distinguishing himself as a portrait painter in Germany and London. MARTHA HASKELL CLARK sends us her delightful verses from Hanover, New Hampshire. SHEILA YOUNG is a Boston young woman who has spent many years of her life in giving joy to children. DR. HARVEY W. WILEY you already know.

CONINGSBY DAWSON is entitled to credit for distinguished conduct in three different fields of activity: as writer, as soldier, as lecturer. Before the war he wrote several novels that were widely acclaimed; during the war he served with the Canadian Field Artillery on the western Front and was twice wounded; after the war he lectured on its results in every state in the Union. He is a son of the Rev. W. J. Dawson and was born in England, but has made his home in America since 1905. W. D. STEVENS studied at the Chicago Art Institute under Vanderpoel and in art galleries abroad. CHARLES JOHNSON POST was born in New York and still lives there, where he has been both journalist and artist since 1893. FREDERICK STROTHMANN is another New Yorker, his advent being in the days when stage coaches were still running on Broadway. He studied in Berlin and Paris.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES was born at the University of Virginia, was educated here and abroad, was the First Lady of New Hampshire, is the wife of a real live Senator, fights for anything she thinks is right, and was made a Doctor of Letters by George Washington University at its recent centennial celebration. GENE STRATTON-PORTER was born on a farm in Indiana, where she still lives and studies the birds and bees and butterflies and incidentally humans. The list of her books is a notable one—and everybody knows it. FANNY HEASLIP LEA is Mrs. Hamilton P. Agee, of Honolulu. That is why she writes such delightful stories of Hawaii. She was born and "brought up" in New Orleans. That is why she writes such delightful stories of anywhere. H. R. BALLINGER brought the Pacific Coast to New York. He was born at Port Townsend, Wash., studied there and at the Art Students' League in New York and with Harvey Dunn.

ELISABETH SEARS was the traveling organizer of the League of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, an association now solidly on its feet. RUTH SAWYER is the wife of Dr. A. C. Durand of Syracuse, N. Y. She has written much for the magazines, the best known stories being the Sheila O'Leary series in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. PRUETT CARTER was born in Missouri, spent his boyhood at an Indian Trading Post in Wyoming, studied at the Art Students' League in Los Angeles, was art editor of several prominent newspapers, and became art editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING in 1916. He is now devoting his full time to illustrating. JOHNNY GRUELLE is the author and illustrator of several books that are loved by every child fortunate enough to own one. Among them are "Raggedy Ann," "Raggedy Andy," and "My Own Book of Fairy Stories." JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD is a descendant of Captain Marrayat, and of course had to write. He got—and gets—his material by taking long trips through Canada. His information is so extensive and so accurate that he was at one time employed by the Canadian government as a descriptive writer. He was born, forty-odd years ago, in the Michigan town where he now lives. WALT LOUDERBACK is an Indianian—another of them—who studied at the University of Michigan and the Chicago Art Institute.

There are others here, but they are practically all members of our family, and you may meet them at another time. The thirty writers and artists we have named are an unusually brilliant group to be gathered together in one magazine. But GOOD HOUSEKEEPING tries to be an unusual kind of magazine.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW





## MOTHER-WISH

*By Margaret Widdemer*

*Decoration by Maurice Lincoln Bower*

**I**F I could only follow,  
Little son, little son,  
Your way by hill and hollow  
Till your long road's done!  
You have so many miles to go,  
So many things to meet  
Where I can never, never guide  
Your careless feet . . .  
Will they know you true and kind,  
The stranger-girls you find  
When you journey from your mother  
Where the world's roads wind?  
*But I can only strive to build you strong and wise  
Before your path leads far from me and childhood dies.*

If I could only find you,  
Baby-girl, baby-girl,  
When colored world-lights blind you  
And world-dances whirl!  
But you will only laugh to stand  
And greet the careless hour  
When love shall take your willing hand  
And show the world in flower  
Will the man you love that day  
Keep you safe and glad and gay  
When you journey from your mother  
Down the old, new way?  
*But I can only strive to build you fair and true  
Before you pass too far to heed my love for you.*



# "Two Women...at a Mill"

By Helen Topping Miller

*Illustrated by  
Maurice L. Bower*

OLD Hettie Featherly tramped down the steep path to her spring-house, a bucket of milk in her hands. An upstanding, hewn frame of a woman, stubborn of sinew, with a face like a storm under hair not yet gray in spite of her fifty years, Hettie marched dominantly when she moved, like an army with banners.

The spring-house was old and built of mossy stone, and creepers had made it beautiful. Pennyroyal and spearmint, lush with the crowding growth of spring, made green cushions along the little stream. A song-sparrow, tremulous upon a hackberry bush, spun himself out in a thread of music like opals strung on silver. But Hettie Featherly halted neither to listen nor to see.

She crushed the passionate mint under her broad shoes as she stalked across the little plank bridge and flung open the spring-house door. The pool hid in the heart of the dark little house, shimmering like a moss agate, beaded like absinthe, was to her a utilitarian thing only, good to keep the milk cool and hatefully certain to roil muddily in rainy weather.

Poetry of soul, even of that instinctive, inarticulate kind which thrills mutely when dogwoods set white harlequin balloons afloat in the solemn cathedral woods, was as foreign to Hettie Featherly as the occult. Beauty, in her stern creed, was married to vanity, and vanity was conceived of sin. Pennyroyal was good for fevers, but birds—a vagabond set refusing to eat potato bugs and gorging instead on the berry rows of the widows and fatherless—were good for nothing!

Stooping, her gaunt bulk filling the little, chill room, Hettie strained the milk and began to skim the crocks which stood knee-deep in the cold water. Her movements were brusque, masculine, resentful. Hettie Featherly was always savage in the springtime. Spring was a thing of youth, and youth reminded her of Turley Featherly, her daughter-in-law, whom she hated. Spring reminded her, too, of Hume, her one son, husband of Turley. Hume had been killed in the spring, two years ago now. Shot like a mad dog in his own field, and left to die with the curling crest of a new-turned furrow under his head.

Strong Bailey had done that! Youngest, boldest, handsomest of all the handsome devil's-breed of Baileys, Strong had shot Hume Featherly in a dispute over a cattle pond. Hettie plunged the skimmer into the cream vindictively, as though the ivory breast of it had been the throat of her enemy. Strong Bailey had come clear in the courts. They had found a knife in the fingers of Hume—who had carried a knife since he could open the blade!

THROUGH the ages men have wondered at the meaning of the prophecy of the two women grinding at a mill, one of whom was to be taken, the other left. In this powerful story of the feud country Mrs. Miller has given a happy newness to the ancient picture of despair. It will grip you to the very last line

But Hettie, abiding by no jury verdict, hung Strong vengefully in her heart every day. And in the spring, when remembrance was bitter upon her, she hung beside him upon her tragic gibbet the frail, wistful body of her daughter-in-law, Turley.

Turley had been the core of it, Hettie told herself for the thousandth time. There had been quarrels before Hume drained the cattle pond—hot words, recriminations, threats. The Baileys were a dark, passionate race of men, fearing nothing. Strong Bailey had cursed on the day that Turley married Hume Featherly. There were people who had heard him. Turley, with her eyes like blue glass and her yellow hair, was to blame!

And now Strong Bailey, magnificent in his youthful insolence, was riding the boundary lane again. Hettie had seen him that morning as she came to the spring-house.

With the crock of cream balanced upon her hip, she marched up the gravelly rise to the farmhouse. A red cow, almost as gaunt and tragic of countenance as Hettie herself, thrust her head over the gate and bawled a maternal reproach, but Hettie did not raise her eyes. She strode into the kitchen and thumped the churn down on the floor.

"I seen that feller again this morning," she announced with sinister accent.

Turley Featherly, young and wispy, with skin a trifle too white and chest a bit sunken, sat by the window cutting the eyes out of sprouting potatoes. Hettie flung her a searching look, tightened her mouth sternly, and jerking the churn dasher down from the shelf, scalded it briefly with a fling of boiling water and dropped it into the cream. Then she began to churn with quick upliftings of her wrists, brown and fleshless as the forelegs of a colt. Turley gouged juicy circles from the potatoes, her small thumbs muddy. Her face was expressionless. Her silence maddened old Hettie more than insults would have done.

For two years Hettie Featherly and Turley had lived alone in the old Featherly house, hating each other as only two women who have loved the same man can hate; abiding in sullen silence for days, broken only by the rending of quarrels, sharp and bitter as lightning.

By the will of Hume Featherly the farm belonged to Turley, his widow. But his mother's dower right gave her a leasehold over it until her death. Neither would leave, neither give way to the other. Turley, frail as a feather, with a perpetual, bewildered fright in her young eyes, clung to the farm with a dumb, steely stubbornness which resisted the acrid venom of her mother's-in-law tongue. Friendless and shy, it is likely that Turley's fear of the great, grinding, unknown world was stronger than her dislike for Hettie Featherly.

Hettie, who had come to the place a bride, daily announced her intention of remaining until she was carried away in mortuary pomp.

By an unspoken agreement, the feud between the two women was not allowed to hinder the work on the farm. Hettie managed the field work and the stock. Turley kept the house, working doggedly in spite of her weak body; gardened and managed the poultry. If anything was sold, they divided the money scrupulously, penny for penny. Hettie kept her high oak bedstead by the sitting-room stove. Turley climbed the stairs to the icy chamber where the sun came in but seldom in winter and spring. They ate in silence, sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table.

To outsiders they presented a united front, proud and repellant. Their mutual antipathy was their own affair, and if a field hand or an obliging neighbor suspected their animosity, they wisely kept silence. The fame of old Hettie's wrath had gone abroad, and though there were people who vaguely pitied Turley, there was none bold enough to say so.

Hettie bounced the churn dasher with a sulky thud. "I reckon," she said sourly, "that Strong Bailey's got a reason for ridin' that boundary lane!"

Turley trimmed a potato elaborately. There was a faint twitching at the corners of her lips, but her face kept its controlled look of utter apathy.

Hettie grew dark with fury, goaded by the girl's indifference. "If Strong Bailey wasn't encouraged by somebody, he wouldn't dast to ride my boundaries!"

Turley took up the one challenge which never failed to rouse her. "This farm belongs to me. Anybody can ride by it that wants to. I ain't got any objections."

Hettie's gaunt countenance grew deadly.

"No," she cried, "you ain't got no objections. If it wasn't for me, I reckon Strong Bailey could tie his horse to the block and cross my threshold! You—that ain't got no respect for the dead in their graves! It was you with your doll face and your pretty, triflin' ways that put my





Hettie was always savage in springtime. Spring was a thing of youth, and youth reminded her of her daughter-in-law, Turley, whom she hated. Spring reminded her, too, of her son Hume, who had been killed in the spring two years ago

son in his casket and made my house desolate! Now you sit there so meek—cuttin' your eye out the winder to see him ride up the hill—the murderer!"

Turley's small chin went up a trifle. There was something grim about her, something that gave her the air of a thing made of resilient metal and painted with pale-pink paint. She hated Strong Bailey as thoroughly as Hettie did, but the baiting of her mother-in-law was the only thrill in her drab, dreary life. It gave her a sense of power, and because there was nothing better or nobler in her life she enjoyed this power. Turley had never

been very happy, and she had never quite forgiven Hume Featherly for being so much like his mother.

"I ain't wantin' to look at men," she declared coldly. "But if I did, you couldn't stop me!"

"No," said Hettie tragically, "I couldn't—nor nobody else. You'd brazen it out—just like you're doin' now! What does Strong Bailey come ridin' up my lane for—and settin' on his horse lookin' over my land like he was the King of Darkness? What's he lookin' for?"

Turley shrugged silently. She rose up, brushed the dust from her apron, and

going to the sink, washed her hands and wrung a wet cloth to lay over the cut potatoes.

Hettie gave the churn a gathering swish. "I just got this to say," she cried angrily, tilting her black sunbonnet with a bony hand, her eyes glowing in the shadow of it. "If Strong Bailey sets a foot on my land, I'll shoot him like he was a varmint!"

"All right," returned Turley dully, picking up the two buckets. "Go on and shoot him. I expect the gun is loaded!"

She opened the door and went out, closing it listlessly behind her. Hettie halted her churning to listen. She heard



Turley's footsteps going down the stairs to the cellar, heard the thump of the buckets on the floor. Then Turley came up again and crossed the yard. Standing well back from the window, old Hettie watched the girl enter the barn.

"Goin' up in the mow where she can see out the winder," she muttered to herself. "Pity them Baileys ain't got her instead of Hume." She said this every day like an office, and every day she said it with more bitterness. "There she is—up in the mow. I can see her apron. Watchin' the Bailey place. Watchin' to see him come ridin' out like the King of Darkness!"

She gave the churn a savage twist, and a wash of buttermilk slapped over her wrist. She wiped it off mechanically with her apron. The apron was clean, but for once she did not care for that.

In the mow, where the dusty staleness of winter was gilded with the slanting gold of the April sun, Turley Featherly sat on a sack of corn and looked across the brown, stubbled fields and the orchards, still black and misty.

She was not looking at the Bailey farm where a white house sprawled dominantly among barns of new red. She scarcely thought of the Baileys, least of all of Strong, the younger, who looked at her so boldly. She was looking far beyond, where the hills crowded against the sky and the light lay longest. There was a town there, very dim, with only a feather of smoke to mark it, and Turley, looking at it, felt something strong and reckless stir in her heart. Something that was drugged by day until this hour and which was prone to wake at twilight and whisper folly as drugged things do.

The whispering recklessness was her own hidden discontent, and the voice of it grew every day a little bolder. The distant town wore a glamour of mystery; the appeal of it was the lure of a thing unknown, wonderful and fearful and, Turley surmised, slightly wicked. It was her pride which fought with this a mazing temptation, the pride that held her stubbornly unmoved before the scorning hate of her mother-in-law.

The youth in her, smothered and browbeaten and weary, longed to run fast and far, to close the door of the stormy Featherly house with one forceful, final slam. But the metal in her would not yield. Her weariness of old Hettie and of their eternal bickering was keener than her hate and more corrosive, but neither could bend her obstinate pride.

"If I go, she'll say she run me off!" Turley told herself. "She'll glory in it forever. I ain't going to be run off—yet!"

She sat by the window until the brief day was beginning to pale and the sun to be quenched. She heard the cows come in, bumping their bony hips against the stalls. It was milking time, yet she was loath to leave her place of peace. Somehow she dreaded to move, dreaded the renewal of the everlasting nag and tension, dreaded the pettiness of the tasks she must do.

She was tired now, always tired. Her skin felt hot and dry. When she rose up,

there was a strange sense of lightness about her, and she drew a deep, steadying breath, her hands clenched. Then the breath hissed over her teeth suddenly.

Strong Bailey was riding the boundary lane. Like the King of Darkness, imperious, handsome in a dark, insolent fashion, he rode his chestnut mare slowly. His wide hat was tilted back over his dark hair. His eyes roved over the muddy Featherly fields. Turley's small fingernails bit into her palms. Strong was magnificent to look at—a glowing, virile animal. But she was not looking at him. She was looking at the kitchen door. It stood open a little way, and in the narrow shadow of it she saw the black bonnet of Hettie Featherly and the blue of her apron. And she knew that Hettie's grim hands were clenched about the cold barrel of Hume's heavy shotgun.

Fleetly, as a frightened yellow kitten might run, Turley flew across the mow. She dropped down the ladder with one spring. A gaunt red cow barred her way in the back door, but she shoved her away roughly and sped across the miry barnyard to the orchard. Once behind the fence among the trees and old Hettie could not see her from the house.

"There's been enough killin'," gasped Turley to herself as she ran. "There's been enough blood on this ground!"

She was sated with tragedy, worn with horror and misery. She told herself that she could not stand any more. She could not endure the sight of another man writhing horribly in a welter of blood and earth. She was too tired, too spent, too

"Get away!" she shrieked at him. "She's a-comin'. Mis' Featherly's comin'. She's crazy! She's got a gun! You get out of our lane."

Strong turned slowly and looked across the fields toward the weatherbeaten Featherly house where the lurching figure of the old woman was silhouetted grimly against the twilight sky. Then he laughed aloud, and the laugh turned Turley cold as ice. He had laughed like that when Hume Featherly had cursed and dared him. He had laughed like that when Hume had fallen, horribly!

"You get away!" shrilled Turley desperately. "You get back on your own land—and don't you ride up here no more!"

But Strong Bailey swung down from the saddle audaciously and came on foot to the fence, the mare following. "You're a pretty thing," he said as he laid his arms on top of the rail. "You sure are pretty when you're mad!"

Turley leaped back tensely. "Leave me alone!" she cried. "I hate you. I could—kill you—myself!"

The man smiled. It was a slow smile, like a caress. "Could you?" he asked carelessly. "Look here." He drew a blue, slender gun from his pocket and handed it across the fence. "Go ahead and do it, then. Hold it steady!"

The girl drew back horrified. Her fingers recoiled from the pistol as though it had been flame. Then an impulse seized her, and she snatched it swiftly, and turning, flung it far into the orchard where it thudded into the mud.

"I ain't going to have any more killing!" she announced, in a strange, dry voice.

Before the man could move, she had climbed the fence swiftly and was running down the lane. She ran uncertainly, as one bewildered, and she met old Hettie in a plunging collision which sent the older woman reeling backward. Turley snatched at the shotgun, and the two struggled for it, stumbling about in the mud, breathing in sobbing, furious

gasps, twisting, clinging, each trying to wrest the black barrel from the other.

Suddenly Turley's small teeth bit into Hettie's sinewy wrist. With a cry the other woman jerked back, and swift as a flash the girl wrenched the gun away and swung it viciously above a boulder by the fence. It came down with a crash, the stock splintered, the barrel bent.

"I ain't going to have no more killing," repeated Turley monotonously.

"Hussy!" shrilled old Hettie furiously as the girl threw the ruined gun over the fence. "Brazen hussy!"

But Turley did not hear. Without a backward look she turned doggedly toward the house. She was tired, achingly tired. Her head felt strange and fevered. She ached to lie down and never get up any more. She wondered dazedly if she might rest for a little in the shelter of the trampled strawstack. The house was so far—so far! She staggered blindly and twice she fell, striking her palms in the mud. Somehow she reached her clean, cold bed and fell across it. (Continued on page 163)

"MISS MACK of the Sixth" is one of our June stories. The author thinks it is one of the best stories she ever wrote. The author is

*Kathleen Norris*

curiously buoyant and dazed. And she had seen Hettie Featherly once bring down a hawk in the orchard, cleanly, without a falling feather! She had to get to the boundary fence first!

The orchard was muddy, and the mud clung to her broken shoes and made her slip. She could see old Hettie now, marching militantly down the lane, her head very high, the tremor of her madness setting her gaunt old body a-quiver.

"She's crazy!" declared Turley to herself. "She's crazy wild. There ain't goin' to be no more killin' on this place!"

She reached the fence and crashed weakly against it. Her head felt light and strangely detached from her shaking body. Her voice sounded hollow and alien as she shouted warning to Strong Bailey, who rode slowly a dozen yards away. He heard her and, wheeling, kicked his horse and trotted nearer. He looked at her, at the flush on her face and the glitter in her eyes, and smiled an intimate, arrogant smile that made Turley burn with resenting fury.





"**YOU** get away," shrilled Turley desperately. "You get back on your own land—and don't you ride up here no more!" But Strong Bailey swung down from the saddle audaciously and came on foot to the fence, the mare following. "You're a pretty thing," he said as he laid his arms on top of the rail. "You sure are pretty when you're mad!"





As a corrective for much that is disintegrating and discouraging in this present age, we suggest a rallying ever they may lend themselves temporarily to the mob psychology of the hour and assume a superficial reckless-

## “Our Girls!” Says Dr. Fisk

*But we will have a better chance of bringing them into the true woman-sensible suggestions laid down by Dr. Fisk, Medical Director of the*

**T**HIS is not a Mrs. Grundy article. There will be no nagging or scolding or odious comparisons of the girl of the period with the girl of the mid-Victorian epoch. Such comparisons draw no cooperative response, and the lament “*O tempora! O mores!*” is more than likely to be regarded by our young rebels as mere calamity howling on the part of old-fashioned reactionaries.

The “best minds” in all ages have found their times out of joint; there is no record of a perfect state of society. Nevertheless we can not safely judge the present epoch—neither can we offer reasonable prediction for the future without taking into account the fact that millions of species have perished from the earth because they failed to qualify for continued existence. Hundreds of nations have justified the jeremiads of their philosophers by passing into decay, and even races of mankind have utterly disappeared after reaching a high cultural stage of existence.

It would be just as nonsensical to sit with folded hands and optimistically trust to luck for everything to come out all right as it would be unqualifiedly to predict the downfall of our civilization because of certain unpleasant and degenerative tendencies now plainly apparent to any really alert and unprejudiced observer. Mere scolding and vituperation will not, however, settle any of these problems. It is far better that we endeavor first to make a diagnosis of existing social conditions as they are reflected in the behavior of our young people, especially our girls and young women, and then see what can be done to plan some constructive program that will exert a steady, wholesome influence.

There is no need to devise punishment for these derelictions, as punishment will come automatically. There is need for education and the gentle insinuation of ideals and directive influences that will turn into the proper channels this great stream of youthful vitality. True as it may be that the philosophers of all periods have found occasion for deploring the moral derelictions of their times, there can be no question but that the world is now passing through a period of riot and unrest which has no analogue in history. Never before has there been the opportunity for such a wide-spread civilization to fall to pieces and drop from a level of complex and diversified culture to an almost primitive condition of brute struggle with its attendant primitive evils of disease, starvation, immorality, and high death-rate. Most of this world misery we see from a distance. Only a small fraction of our population participated in the actual physical struggle; nevertheless we all feel its repercussion and disrupting influences. We felt the wave of intense idealism and its strong emotional appeal; we also felt the gross material aspect and horrors of the war, and its release of purely animal instincts.

We are now feeling a recession of the idealistic wave and the movement to the other extreme of recklessness, skepticism, discontent, and contempt for authority. The wiping out of long-established governments and the inevitable criticism even of the organizers of victory, the inevitable discontent with the post-war settlements, far beyond the ability of human intelligence to adjust in any satisfying fashion—all contribute to the creation of a certain lawless spirit, a certain recklessness of conduct and contempt for the opinions of a generation which has been charged by one





of the forces of true womanhood—of our girls and women who are wholesome and healthy at heart, how-ness wholly foreign to their true character. Healthful activity automatically excludes unhealthful activity

## “God Bless ‘Em!” Say We

*hood that we should seek for every girl in America if we will follow the Life Extension Institute, in this straight-out-from-the-shoulder article*

of our youthful cynics with having failed to prevent the World War and its attendant calamities.

But this is not the whole story. It was well said by Victor Hugo that “parents endeavor to take revenge on the world through their children.” There are few lives that are not to some extent thwarted, and there are few dreams that come true. It is a normal human trait for parents to struggle to attain through their children what they have been denied in their own existence. While these aspirations are variously directed, the underlying motive is to attain happiness for the child. Unfortunately, these efforts too frequently take the course of least resistance. Mere amusement, so often easily bought, is confused with true happiness, that can only be earned.

Several decades prior to the World War this country passed through a period of extraordinary industrial development and prosperity. This tremendous material prosperity brought with it a multiplicity of opportunities for self-indulgence, and indulgence of the child is in itself a form of parental self-indulgence. This period has been described as the age of the child. Child culture, child training, and many splendid activities directed to protecting and improving the health of the child, were carried on *pari passu* with child indulgence, over-stimulation of the youthful imagination, and concentration on the rearing of small families. The simplicity of child life was destroyed by premature social activities and by a wide range of exciting amusements. Unquestionably there was relaxation of discipline and at least a subconscious generalized disposition on the part of American parenthood to find short cuts to happiness for their children.

As a further influence in relaxing the strict standards of the home and of home government, we have the widespread employment of young girls in commercial life and industry, inevitably bringing about a certain independence of control and an opportunity for buying indulgences “on their own.” Vast numbers of young women are in employment who, in former times, would have been employed in home duties. This so-called emancipation of women has both its favorable and its unfavorable phases. Unquestionably it is sound hygiene for girls to have useful, productive employment. It is far better for the health of mind and body that they should be engaged in gainful occupation than leading aimless and frivolous lives in homes where indulgence makes no exacting demand for systematic service, self-denial, or cooperation in home duties. We must not lose sight of the fact, however, that if the race is to survive, the majority of girls must look forward to wifehood, motherhood, home building, and home government. To that sphere they must bring qualities peculiarly feminine and not learned in secretarial schools or technical professional training. If these essential feminine qualities are not brought to the home partnership these bonds will indeed be loose, and it is easy to forecast a society that may be sufficient unto itself for a time but not destined long to endure.

Not long ago I sat on the porch of a Junior College for young women and observed about two hundred girls assembling for church. It was a merry and pleasing sight. I wondered what these young citizens in the making would do with the ballot, and I was impressed by the thought of the feeble power of their ballots to (Continued on page 168)



# The Head of the House of Coombe

By

Frances Hodgson Burnett

Illustrated by

Fred C. Yohn

IF you read the first instalment of this fascinating story, you will remember that it closed on a note that roused a protest in the heart of motherhood—a baby crying in the night, its mother covering her own head with a pillow because she was afraid to go up the dark stairs to the nursery and could not comfort her baby if she did. Amabel Darrell, one of several lovely daughters of a poor country doctor, had married Robert, one of the poor Gareth-Lawlesses, whose prospects made it possible for him to conduct an establishment which he could never hope to pay for. In a smart little house in the right neighborhood, Amabel and Robert lived a gay and irresponsible life, their drawing-room frequented by a smart set, of whom the Head of the House of Coombe, a middle-aged bachelor, was the leader. So the first year passed. Amabel, light-hearted and light-headed, came to be called Feather; she floated through life like that. Then Robin, an intruder and a calamity, was born; then Robert, who made the slice of a house and its gaiety possible, died. Chaos followed. Tradesmen presented long-unpaid bills and stopped credit. Servants demanded unpaid wages and left without them. Gay friends stayed away. Fear, of the present and of the future, filled the house with dread. Night came, the first night Feather had ever spent alone—no, not alone, for there was the baby Robin, crying, crying



"I have no mother and no father," Robin  
you but me?" "No," she answered. "I'll

THE morning was a brighter one than London usually indulges in, and the sun made its way into Feather's bedroom, but she did not awaken to a sense of brightness. She had slept, it was true, but once or twice, when the pillow had slipped aside, she had found herself disturbed by the far-off sound of the wailing of some little animal which had caused her, automatically and really scarcely consciously, to replace the pillow.

Feather, staring at the pinkness around her, reached at last, with the assistance of a certain physical consciousness, a sort of spiritless intention. "She's asleep now," she murmured. "I hope she won't waken for a long time. I feel faint. I shall have to find something to eat—if it's only biscuits." Then she lay and tried to remember what Cook had said about her not starving. "She said there were a few things left in the pantry and closets. Perhaps there's some condensed milk. How do you mix it up? If she cries, I might go

and give her some. It wouldn't be so awful, now it's daylight."

She felt shaky when she got out of bed and stood on her feet. She had not had a maid in her girlhood, so she could dress herself, much as she detested to do it. After she had begun, however, she could not help becoming rather interested, because the dress she had worn the day before was crushed, and she put on a fresh one she had not worn at all. It was thin and soft also, and black was startlingly becoming to her. She would wear this one when Lord Coombe came after she wrote to him. It was silly of her not to have written before, though she knew he had left town after the funeral. Letters would be forwarded.

She opened her bedroom door and faced exploration of the deserted house below with a quaking sense of the proportions of the inevitable. She got down the narrow stairs, casting a frightened glance at the emptiness of the drawing-rooms, which seemed to stare at her as she passed them.

There was sun in the dining-room, and when she opened the sideboard she found some wine in decanters and some biscuits and even a few nuts and some raisins and oranges. She put them on the table and sat down and ate some of them and began to feel a little less shaky. But just when she was beginning to be conscious of the pleasant warmth of the sun which shone on her shoulders from the window, she was almost startled out of her chair by hearing again stealing down the staircase from the upper regions that faint wail.

"Just the moment—the very *moment* I begin to feel a little quieted—and try to think—she begins again!" she cried out. "It's worse than *anything*!" Large crystal tears ran down her face and upon the polished table.

"I suppose she would starve to death if I didn't give her some food—and then I should be blamed! People would be horrid about it. I've got nothing to eat myself."

She must at any rate manage to stop





explained quite simply. "No one kisses me." "No one!" said Donal, feeling curious. "Has no one kissed kiss you as often as you want me to," he volunteered nobly. "I'm used to it—because of my mother"

the crying before she could write to Coombe. She would be obliged to go down into the pantry and look for some condensed milk. The creature had no teeth, but perhaps she could mumble a biscuit or a few raisins. If she could be made to swallow a little port wine it might make her sleepy. The sun was paying its brief morning visit to the kitchen and pantry when she reached there, but a few cockroaches scuttled away before her and made her utter a hysterical little scream. But there was some condensed milk, and there was a little warm water in a kettle because the fire was not quite out. She imperfectly mixed a decoction and filled a bottle which ought not to have been downstairs, but had been brought and left there by Louisa as a result of tender moments with Edward.

When she put the bottle and some biscuits and scraps of cold ham on a tray because she could not carry them all in her hands, her sense of outrage and despair made her almost sob.

"I am just like a servant, carrying trays upstairs," she wept. "I—I might be Edward—or—or Louisa."

And her woe increased when in the dining-room she added the port wine and nuts and raisins and macaroons as viands which might somehow add to infant diet and induce sleep. She was not sure, of course, but she knew they sucked things and liked sweets.

A baby left unattended to scream itself to sleep and awakening to scream itself to sleep again does not present to a resentful observer the flower-like bloom and beauty of infancy. When Feather carried her tray into the night nursery and found herself confronting the disordered crib on which her offspring lay, she felt the child horrible to look at. Its face was disfigured and its eyes almost closed. She trembled all over as she put the bottle to its mouth and saw the fiercely hungry clutch of its hands. It was old enough to clutch, and clutch it did, and suck furiously and starvingly—even though actually forced to stop once

or twice at first to give vent to a thwarted remnant of a scream.

Feather had only seen it as downy whiteness and perfume in Louisa's arms or in its carriage. It had been a singularly vivid and brilliant-eyed baby at whom people looked as they passed.

"Who will give her a bath?" wailed Feather. "Who will change her clothes? Some one must!"

And then the front door bell rang.

What could she do—what could she do? Go downstairs and open the door herself and let every one know? Or let the ringer go on ringing until he was tired and went away? Let them go away—let them! And then came the wild thought that it might be Something—the Something which must happen when things were at their worst! She did not walk down the stairs—she ran.

The people who waited upon the steps were strangers. They were very nice looking and quite young—a man and a woman, perfectly dressed. The man



## The Head of the House of Coombe

took a piece of paper out of his pocket-book and handed it to her with an agreeable, apologetic courtesy.

"I hope we have not called early enough to disturb you," he said. "It is an 'order to view' from Carson and Bayle." He added this because Feather was staring at the paper.

Carson and Bayle were the agents they had rented the house from. It was Carson and Bayle's collector Robert had met on the threshold and sworn at two days before he had been taken ill. They were letting the house over her head, and she would be turned out into the street.

The young man and woman, finding themselves gazing at this exquisitely pretty creature in exquisite mourning, felt themselves appallingly embarrassed. She was plainly the widow Carson had spoken of. But why did she open the door herself? And why did she look as if she did not understand? Indignation against Carson and Bayle began to stir the young man.

"Beg pardon! So sorry! I am afraid we ought not to have come," he protested. "Agents ought to know better. They said you were giving up the house at once, and we were afraid some one might take it."

Feather held the "order to view" in her hand and stared at them quite helplessly.

"There—are no—no servants to show it to you," she said. "If you could wait—a few days—perhaps—"

She was so lovely, and Madame Hélène's filmy black creation was in itself such an appeal that the amiable young strangers gave up at once.

Having shut the door on their retreat, Feather stood shivering. "I am going to be turned out of the house! I shall have to live in the street!" she thought. "Where shall I keep my clothes if I live in the street?"

She staggered upstairs to the first drawing-room, in which there was a silly, pretty, little buhl writing-table. She felt even more helpless when she sank into a chair before it and drew a sheet of note-paper toward her.

"Dear Lord Coombe," trailed tremulously over the page. "The house is quite empty. The servants have gone away. I have no money. And there is no food. And I am going to be turned out into the street—and the baby is crying because it is hungry."

"It's a beggar's letter—just a beggar's," she cried out aloud to the empty room. "And it's true!"

Robin's wail itself had not been more hopeless than hers was as she dropped her head and let it lie on the buhl table. She was not, however, even to be allowed to let it lie there, for the next instant there fell on her startled ear another ring at the door-bell and two steady raps on the smart brass knocker. It was merely because she did not know what else to do, having lost her wits entirely, that she got up and trailed down the staircase again.

When she opened the door, Lord Coombe was standing on the threshold.

### VI

IF he had meant to speak, he changed his mind after his first sight of her. He merely came in and closed the door behind him. Curious experiences with which

life had provided him had added finish to an innate aptness of observation and a fine readiness in action.

If she had been of another type he would have saved both her and himself a scene and steered ably through the difficulties of the situation. But Feather gave him not a breath's space. She was not merely on the verge of hysteria. She had gone farther. And here he was. Oh, here he was! She fell down upon her knees and actually clasped his immaculateness.

"Oh, Lord Coombe! Lord Coombe! Lord Coombe!" She said it three times because he presented to her but the one idea.

He did not drag himself away from her embrace, but he distinctly removed himself from it. "You must not fall upon your knees, Mrs. Lawless," he said. "Shall we go into the drawing-room?"

"I—was writing to you. I am starving—but it seemed too silly when I wrote it. And it's true!" Her broken words were as senseless in their sound as she had thought them when she saw them written.

"Will you come up into the drawing-room and tell me exactly what you mean?" he said.

AS he followed Mrs. Gareth-Lawless and watched her stumbling up the stairs like a punished child, he was aware that he was abnormally in danger of pitying her as he did not wish to pity people. A lovely being greeting you by clasping your knees and talking about "starving"—in this particular street in Mayfair—led one to ask oneself what one was walking into. But once in the familiar surroundings of her drawing-room, her ash-gold blondness and her black, gauzy frock heightened all her effects so extraordinarily that he frankly admitted to himself that she possessed assets which would have modified most things to most men.

As for Feather, when she herself beheld him against the familiar background so reminiscent of the days which now seemed past, she began to cry again.

He received this with discreet lack of melodrama of tone. "You mustn't do that, Mrs. Lawless," he said, "or I shall burst into tears myself. I am a sensitive creature."

"Oh, *do* say 'Feather' instead of Mrs. Lawless," she implored. "Sometimes you said 'Feather.'"

"I will say it now," he answered, "if you will not weep. It is an adorable name."

"I feel as if I should never hear it again," she shuddered, trying to dry her eyes. "It is all over!"

"What is all over?"

"This!" turning a helpless gaze upon the two tiny rooms crowded with knick-knacks and nonsense. "The parties and the fun—and everything in the world! I have only had some biscuits and raisins to eat today—and the landlord is going to turn me out."

It seemed almost too preposterous to quite credit that she was uttering naked truth. And yet—After a second's gaze at her, he repeated what he had said below stairs.

"Will you tell me exactly what you mean?"

Then he sat still and listened while she poured it all forth. It was not necessary to add color and desperation to the story. Feather in her pale and totally

undignified panic presented the whole thing with a clearness which had—without being aided by her—an actual dramatic value. This in spite of her mental dartings to and fro and dragging in of points and bits of scenes which were not connected with each other. Only a brain whose processes of inclusion and exclusion were final and rapid could have followed her.

COOMBE watched her closely as she talked. No griefstricken, young, widowed loneliness and heartbreak were the background of her anguish. The strength of the fine body laid prone on the bed of the room she held in horror, the white, rigid face whose good looks had changed to something she could not bear to remember, had no pathos which was not concerned with the fact that Robert had amazingly and unnaturally failed her by dying and leaving her nothing but unpaid bills. This truth indeed made the situation more poignantly and finally squalid, as she brought forth one detail after another.

When Feather reached the point where it became necessary to refer to Robin, she felt suddenly that certain details might be eliminated.

"She cried a little at first," she said, "but she fell asleep afterward. I was glad she did, because I was afraid to go to her in the dark."

"Was she in the dark?"

"I think so. Perhaps Louisa taught her to sleep without a light. There was none when I took her some condensed milk this morning. There was only c-con-d-densed milk to give her."

She shed tears and choked as she described her journey into the lower regions and the cockroaches scuttling away before her into their hiding-places. "I *must* have a nurse! I *must* have one!" she almost sniffed. "Some one must change her clothes and give her a bath!"

"You can't?" Coombe said.

He thought she was in danger of flinging herself upon him again. She caught at his arm, and her eyes of larkspur blue were actually wild.

"Don't you see where I am? How there is nothing and nobody—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered. "You are quite right. There is nothing and nobody. I have been to Lawdor myself."

"You have been to talk to him?"

"Yesterday. That was my reason for coming here. He will not see you or be written to. He says he knows better than to begin that sort of thing. You may recall that your husband infuriated him years ago. Also the man has a family. He will allow you a hundred a year, but there he draws the line."

"A hundred a year!" Feather breathed. From her delicate shoulders hung floating, scarf-like sleeves of black transparency, and she lifted one of them and held it out like a night moth's wing. "This cost fifty pounds," she said, her voice quite faint and low. "A good nurse would cost fifty! A cook—and a footman and a maid—and a coachman—and the brougham—I don't know how much they would cost. Oh-h!"

She drooped forward upon her sofa and lay face downward on a cushion—slim, exquisite in line, lost in despair. The effect produced was that she gave herself





FEATHER'S mourning, wonderfully shading itself from month to month, was the joy of all beholders. Her circle watched her with humorous interest as each fine veil of dimness was withdrawn. "The things she wears are priceless," was said amiably in her own drawing-room. "Where does she get them?"



into his hands. He felt as well as saw it, and considered. She had no suggestion to offer, no reserve. There she was.

"It is an incredible sort of situation," he said as if he were thinking aloud, "but it is baldly real. It is actually simple. In a street in Mayfair a woman and child might—" He hesitated a second, and a wailed word came forth from the cushion, "Starve!"

He moved slightly and continued. "Since their bills have not been paid, the tradespeople will not send in food. Servants will not stay in a house where they are not fed and receive no wages. No landlord will allow a tenant to occupy his property unless he pays rent. It may sound inhuman—but it is only human."

The cushion in which Feather's face was buried retained a faint scent of Robert's cigar smoke, and the fragrance brought back to her things she had heard him say dispassionately about Lord Coombe as well as about other men. He had not been a puritanic or condemnatory person. She seemed to see herself groveling again on the floor of her bedroom and to feel the darkness and silence through which she had not dared to go to Robin. Not another night like that! No! No!

"You must go to Jersey to your mother and father," Coombe said. "A hundred a year will help you there in your own home."

Then she sat upright, and there was something in her lovely little countenance he had never seen before. It was actually determination.

"I have heard," she said, "of poor girls who were driven—by starvation to—to go on the streets. I—would go *anywhere* before I would go back there."

"Anywhere!" he repeated, his own countenance expressing—or rather refusing to express—something as new as the thing he had seen in her own.

"Anywhere!" she cried, and then she did what he had thought her on the verge of doing a few minutes earlier—she fell at his feet and embraced his knees. She clung to him; she sobbed; her pretty hair loosened itself and fell about her in wild but enchanting disorder.

"Oh, Lord Coombe! Oh, Lord Coombe! Oh, Lord Coombe!" she cried as she had cried in the hall.

He rose and endeavored to disengage himself as he had done before. "Mrs. Lawless—Feather—I beg you will get up," he said.

But she had reached the point of not caring what happened if she could keep him. He was a gentleman—he had everything in the world. What did it matter?

"I have no one but you, and—and you always seemed to like me. I would do anything—*anyone* asked me, if they would take care of me. I have always liked you very much—and I did amuse you—didn't I? You liked to come here."

There was something poignant about her delicate, distraught loneliness, and in the remoteness of his being a shuddering knowledge that it was quite true that she would do anything for any man who would take care of her, produced an effect on him nothing

else would have produced. Poignant as the thing was, it was also faintly ridiculous.

Then Robin awakened and shrieked again.

"Listen!" panted Feather. "She has begun again. And there is no one to go to her."

"Get up, Mrs. Lawless," he said. "Do I understand that you are willing that I should arrange this for you?" He helped her to her feet.

"Do you mean—*really*?" she faltered. "Will you—will you?"

Her uplifted eyes were like a young angel's, brimming with crystal drops which slipped—as a child's tears slip—down her cheeks. She clasped her hands in exquisite appeal. He stood for a moment quite still, his mind fled far away, and he forgot where he was. And because of this Feather's shallow discretion deserted her.

"If you were a—a marrying man—" she said foolishly, almost in a whisper.

He recovered himself. "I am not," he said with a finality which cut as cleanly as a surgical knife.

Something which was not the words was of a succinctness which filled her with new terror. "I—I know!" she whimpered. "I only said if you were!"

"If I were—in this instance it would make no difference." He saw the kind of slippery silliness he was dealing with and what it might transform itself into if allowed a loophole.

"There must be no mistake."

In her fright she saw him for a moment more distinctly than she had ever seen him before, and hideous dread beset her lest she had blundered fatally.

"There shall be none," she gasped. "I always knew. There shall be none at all."

"Do you know what you are asking me?" he inquired.

"Yes, yes—I'm not a girl, you know. I've been married. I won't go home. I can't starve or live in awful lodgings. *Somebody* must save me!"

"Do you know what people will say?"

His steady voice was slightly lower.

"It won't be said to me." Rather wildly. "Nobody minds—*really*."

He ceased altogether to look serious. He smiled with the light, detached air his world was most familiar with. "No, they don't, really," he answered. "I had, however, a slight preference for knowing whether you would mind or not. You flatter me by intimating that you would not. Let us sit down and talk it over."

A hansom drove up to the door and stopped before he had time to seat himself. There followed a loud, authoritative ringing of the bell and an equally authoritative rap of the knocker. Feather ran to the window and caught sight of a stout man. She clutched Lord Coombe's sleeve.

"It's the agent we took the house from. We always said we were out. It's either Carson or Bayle. I don't know which."

Coombe walked toward the staircase.

"You can't open the door," she shrieked.

"He has doubtless come prepared to open it himself," he answered and proceeded leisurely down the narrow stairway.

The caller had come prepared. By the time Coombe stood in the hall, a latchkey was put in the keyhole and being turned. The door opened to let in Carson—or Bayle—who entered with an air of angered determination, followed by his young man.

The physical presence of the Head of the House of Coombe was always a subtly impressive one. Carson—or Bayle—had doubtless contemplated seeing a frightened servant trying to prepare a stammering, obvious lie. He confronted a tall, thin man about whom—even if his clothes had been totally different—there could be no mistake. He stood awaiting an apology so evidently that Carson—or Bayle—began to stammer even before he had time to dismiss from his voice the suggestion of bluster.

"I—I beg pardon," he began.

"Quite so," said Coombe.

"Some tenants came to look at the house this morning. They had an order to view from us. They were sent away, my lord."

"Quite so," said Coombe. "Suppose you step into the dining-room."

He led the pair into the room and pointed to chairs, but neither the agent nor his attendant was calm enough to sit down.

Coombe merely stood and explained himself. "I quite understand," he said. "You are entirely within your rights. Mrs. Gareth-Lawless is, naturally, not able to attend to business. For the present—as a friend of her late husband's—I shall arrange matters for her. I am Lord Coombe. She does not wish to give up the house. Do not send any more possible tenants. Call at Coombe House in an hour and I will give you a check."

There were a few awkward, apologetic moments, and then the front door opened and shut, the hansom jingled away, and Coombe returned to the drawing-room. Robin was still shrieking.

"She wants some more condensed milk," he said. "Don't be frightened. Go and give her some. I know an elderly woman who understands children. She was a nurse (Continued on page 91)

## The Nuisance of Writing

By S. E. Kiser

He might have made her, oh, so glad

By writing to her now and then;

But there was much he had to do,

And writing's such a nuisance, too;

He had no liking for the pen!

The good excuses that he had

Have long been serving many men.

He knelt beside her bed and wept,

When she had ceased to watch and wait;

His tears fell hot upon her hand,

But if she still could understand

He saw no sign who came too late;

No smile came to her lips who slept,

Because his grieving was so great.





We have talked about love, at it, around it, but when it comes to making a clear, scientific analysis of what we mean by "love," and why it is absolutely essential for a real union, we have dodged it like a plague

## Shall I Marry *This Man*?

By Anne Shannon Monroe

*Illustrated by  
Alexander P. Milne*

**T**HERE is one comforting thought regarding this upset old world of ours, and that is, that though changing boundaries may spoil this year's geographies for next, changing styles make yesterday's clothes impossible for today, changing standards shock the great-grandmothers in their graves—still there does exist a world of stability, into which we are rooted deep, where there has been no change since the universe started on its way, and will be none till the last meteor explodes into space: and that is the world of natural law. Granite wears away into soil, mountains tumble into the sea, the sea lifts again into mist, nations come and go on the earth, but the natural laws of man stand as eternal sentinels at every door, there at the dawn of life, there till the last breath is drawn, immutable, unvarying, persistent.

We readily learn physical laws—that fire burns, that cold freezes, that ice melts. We vaguely learn a few spiritual ones—that love begets love, that hate begets hate, that we receive in proportion as we give—though we are inclined to take these as moralities rather than laws and thus lessen their weight. But there is one basic, primal, all-important law of life that

should be shouted from the housetops, proclaimed from pulpit and platform, taught babes in their cradles and children in schoolbooks, and that is the law of human blend: the law on which harmonious companionship is based, on which marriage should be founded, and the disregard of which in this most sacred, intimate comradeship is, I believe, the one unforgivable sin.

The elders have been needlessly dull-witted—even cruel—in dealing with the young in their matings. They have not helped them to a realization of the law at a time in their lives when the power is in their hands to curse or bless all their future years—the power without the understanding. Love has been a great joke, something to smile over, something connected with mooning and spooning, a subject for poets and fictionists, or sordid sensualists. No one has taken the matter of human blend as a law of nature and attempted to make it clear to the curious mind of youth. We say we "like" this person, we "love" that,

and these two overworked, misapplied words have been about all we have had on the weightiest subject in the universe. We have talked about love, at it, around it, mixing up the main issue of mating with economic considerations, but when it comes to making a clear, scientific analysis of what we mean by "love," and why it is absolutely essential for a real union, we have dodged it like a plague.

What is the reason for this? Is it possible that the generality of people do not get nature's law, written plain, "These shall marry, these shall not"? Didn't they arrive at any understanding of this law, all those generations that went before? Did their mistakes and blunders and tragedies teach them nothing? Are parents so blind, so dense, so poor at tracing results back to causes, that they wholly miss the lesson of their errors? It would actually seem so, for the greatest of human tragedies goes on and on, and the results work sadly down through the generations, and no one seems to become any wiser, and no young person is instructed, and getting the world mated is just about as haphazard a matter as ever it was.

Now wait—just a moment, please! I know where your (*Continued on page 113*)



# *The* WILD HEART

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

*Illustrated by*

*Paul Bransom*

## HENRY, THE HERON

ON THE shores of Puget Sound, where the woods come down to the shore to fraternize with the little white-capped waves of the bay, lived Henry, the heron. How old he was before Brother and I came to know him, we could not tell. But an old-man bird he must have been surely, for his was a knowledge of fishing that comes from long experience.

Every day we would watch him from the little log cabin where we lived—watch him sail majestically toward the float, pause directly above, and flap down upon it, using his lanky legs as balancing weights. He would stand there for many moments, turning his head slightly from side to side as if revolving in his mind whether he had done the wise thing in coming, and what his next move ought to be.

Such a deliberate bird Henry seemed, but this apparent deliberation was only one of the tricks of his trade. I am sure that had I been a fish, I would have believed there was nothing to fear from the immobile bunch of gray feathers balanced on two skinny stilt legs, and I would have swum merrily under the very tip of his beak. But Henry's sharp, black eyes missed nothing, as the hapless fish found to their cost when they ventured too near the surface. With one lightning swoop the great bill cleaved the water, and the next instant a shiny fish was wriggling in his beak.

Sometimes he did his fishing while standing in the water up to his knees—or where his knees would be if herons had such things. With his head drawn in between his feathered shoulders and his long beak sticking out at right angles like a lance at rest, he seemed to be taking a siesta, and only the occasional plunge of his long bill into the water, and the accompanying twinkle of a small silver fish as it flapped in amazement before it slid down into his gullet, proved that he was awake—and hungry.

We gave Henry his name when he was but an acquaintance of ours. We never really hoped to have him for a friend, but we liked him, and we felt that he liked us, too. So when he did his fishing on our float or knee-deep in the water of the little cove before the cabin, we threw scraps of bread to him, which he accepted gravely and always dipped in the salt water before swallowing.

We used to hear his strange, mournful cry late at night as he flew northward past the cove on his way to the pine-tree where he lived, and we always pretended he was giving us a greeting before he turned in for the night.

MANY a friendship between man and man has been lost through a woman—but not so often does it happen in animal life. This novel triangle story of Henry, the heron, Cannon, the bantam rooster, and Sirona, the brisk little mischief-making hen, will encourage the cynic who says that what a woman wants she takes. It will also show how blind most of us are to the romance in the living, moving world that is about us, but does not speak our language.

We found out, too, where he made his home. We had often seen him land on a bony, fallen tree half a mile up the beach, which jutted straight out into the water and which we called "the Pointing Finger." Once, in our explorations along the beach trail, we saw Henry standing on the gray shaft of the dead tree, and as we watched, he stooped slightly, then flapped upward and flew into a tall pine tree almost in front of us. When we stood under it, we could distinguish the outlines of a nest high up in the branches. Perhaps at that time there was a Mrs. Henry and maybe some young Henry's—I do not know. But certain it was that when he became a friend of ours by reason of a happening which might have ended in tragedy for him, he seemed to be without family cares or responsibilities.

During the season when the salmon were running, the Old Fisherman, who was at once our mentor and playfellow, spread his nets from the shore-line straight out into the bay for a hundred yards, leaving them there the night through to catch the large silver salmon on their way to the creeks to spawn. One of these nights he had laid his net near the Pointing Finger, and Brother and I, going with him in his creaky, flat-bottomed boat to see the result of the haul, heard ahead of us a great splashing, and saw dimly outlined in the midst of the cork floats a dark body that flapped and struggled.

We whispered excitedly that perhaps a seal had become entangled in the net, but the Old Fisherman thought it only a salmon, or perhaps a dog-fish whose pointed snout had been caught in the meshes of the cords.

But it was neither seal nor salmon, for on rowing close to the net we saw by the light of the Old Fisherman's lantern a huge, gray bird with flapping wings and slashing beak. It was Henry, the heron, who had alighted on one of the cork floaters, perhaps thinking it safe footing, and had thus become hopelessly snared in the net.

What was even worse, he had hurt himself cruelly in his struggles, for one long

leg was dangling helplessly, and one of his wide gray wings hung limp at his side. When the Old Fisherman, with gruff words but tender hands, released him from the cords which bound him, he could not fly, but flapped helplessly upon the water. And so it was that we lifted him into the boat and tied a gunnysack around him so that he should not injure himself further, for he did not understand that our intentions were kindly and snapped at us fiercely with his huge beak.

The Old Fisherman, who had lived with the Indians and who had acquired their curative gifts, took Henry, the heron, in charge when we reached the little cabin in the cove, first muzzling him by tying a stout cord about his beak. Then he set the broken wing and put the leg in splints. The grown-ups were for putting Henry in the henhouse for the night, but Brother and I would not have it so, and we constructed for him a pen behind the kitchen stove where he could be warm and comfortable. We left him moving his head jerkily from side to side, blinking his beady eyes now and then and snapping his bill as if in troubled retrospect.

But during the next week Henry, the heron, came to know that we were his friends and that he had nothing to fear from us. He allowed us to stroke him and would accept morsels of food from our fingers, even taking care not to nip us with his powerful beak.

When he had finally ceased to fear us, we gave him the liberty of the back-yard, and he would stalk about stiffly like a peg-legged veteran of the wars. But most of the time he would stand with his head drawn in between his shoulders, the picture of dejection, and Brother and I knew he was longing for the freedom of the air and the water which had been his. He was longing for the cool lapping of little waves against his legs, for the silver gleam of fish in the blue depths; and he wanted to fly once more—to circle over the bay, to flap down upon the Pointing Finger. Perhaps he was even lonesome for the nest in the pine-tree. At any rate we were sorry for his sadness and set about to remedy it as best we could. We fished indefatigably from the float, and the Old Fisherman brought us smelts and silver perch from his nets.

Then, to make our guest feel more at home, we would put our catch in a wash-tub filled with water, and Henry would fish for them, choosing his prey with calculating eye and gobbling it up with one great peck. It was the best we could do for him, and we felt that he appreciated that, too, for he obligingly hunted down every fish (*Continued on page 152*)





CANNON was not used to being ignored. If his enemies would not fight, they must at least give way before him, so his neck ruff distended more and more, his tiny comb was an angry red, and in his best game-cock fashion he hopped up and down stiffly, trying to strike at the heron's broad, feathered breast above him



# *The Reason For* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING WEEK

*"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house"*

THE reason for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Week, which will be observed from the 20th to the 27th of April, is not a hard one to find. In fact, it is almost obvious. Nevertheless we were wondering how to present it to you when one of your number did just what we want all of you to do—said a good word for us. She sent it to us—which you need not do—and here it is:

"I like GOOD HOUSEKEEPING immensely; so does my husband. Last year we dropped another magazine to meet your raise in price—so closely do we have to count the pennies. I have sent you, indirectly, several subscriptions, and felt that I did my friends a favor when I interested them in your good magazine. In fact, I think I could improve my community wonderfully if I could get GOOD HOUSEKEEPING in about half of the homes."

There, now, "plain as daylight," is the reason for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Week. We want to get GOOD HOUSEKEEPING into every worth-while American home. We think it will help those homes—or most of them—morally and materially, spiritually and financially, educationally and socially. Most of you think that, too, for never did a magazine have a more intelligent, more earnest, more loyal body of friends than those who have read this magazine in its thirty-six years of service. "Conducted in the interests of the higher life of the household" was printed on page one of the first GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ever printed; the spirit of that watchword, just as sincerely our goal as ever, runs, we think, through every page of every issue of the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING of the present day—a day in which the interests of the household are seen to be far wider than they seemed to be a generation ago.

And now won't you talk about us? We'd like, if you please, to meet your friends. If you stand sponsor for us, they will be glad to meet us. We want to be their friend, because we are sincere in our belief that we can be of service to them. In speaking of us, when you take us to meet your friends, tell them just what we are; be as frank as you would be about an acquaintance—telling our faults along with our virtues—for we shall be very close to them if we get into their homes. We may even make some of them over; we will surely make some changes in them if they are the abiding places of an intelligent desire to make life yield to every one its richest fruits. If we were introducing a friend like us, we would do it something like this:

First we would speak of the

*Fiction.* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING originally published no fiction. We think that was a mistake. Women are the great readers of fiction—home

women read most of all. That is their way of getting away from their jobs. They should get away from them: all work and no play never made any home or individual happy. So here's fiction, the best that money can buy, by writers every one loves.

Next we would speak of the

*Special Articles.* Here we would boast a little, perhaps even quote a friend who wrote that she prefers GOOD HOUSEKEEPING because it "presupposes that we women have some brains, some ideals, and can endure to think." Then we would say without fear of contradiction that GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has during the last year and a half reported the activities of women more completely than any other magazine. A representative has attended every important gathering of the women who were and are doing big things, just because we thought that was our duty. And of the campaign for mere every-day justice for mothers and babies that made the Sheppard-Towner Bill the most discussed bill of the year we would speak in pride.

After that we would speak of

*The Institute.* Here we would boast a lot. Other magazines have fiction and special articles, but no other has an Institute. It is an institution unique with GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and is conducted solely in the interests of our readers. Whether we are testing a recipe or a piece of household machinery, the end sought is that the reader shall get satisfaction out of the use of either.

The same thing is true of

*Dr. Wiley's Department.* This great man—history will call him that—is fighting the battle for purity in foods and drugs as capably as in the days when he was a storm center. Much of his work you do not see, but his O.K. is back of every food product advertised in the magazine. For the last year he has been conducting the League for Longer Life, hoping all other people will live as long and usefully as he has.

We would feel completely at home when we had spoken of the

*Fashions.* Month by month these are the completest and most up-to-date in any general magazine. Straight from Paris, some of them, the others the best the American shops can offer.

There's our story, the way we would introduce ourselves. If you believe it, we ask you to speak to a friend about GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—not just anybody, but some one who would appreciate it. There are many such who do not know the magazine. Will you help us to find them—this GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Week?





THE LITTLE ADMIRAL — *From a painting by Signor Alfredo Galli*

FROM the day imagination is born till the day it dies, man sends out his ships, in hope or in pride, expecting them to come back again, some bearing wealth, some joy. The artist has portrayed a child who has just launched his first boat, and is as proud of it as an admiral of his fleet. The lesson he would teach is that contentment and satisfaction may be derived from even the little things of life if we keep the imagination God gave us as a child





STUDIO

## *The Stay-At-Home*

By Martha Haskell Clark

WHEREVER dark pines lift their plumes against a sunset  
sky,  
Or blue hills watch through hemlock-dusk the small  
white roads creep by,  
There you will find the heart of me that will not sit and bide,  
But follows vagrant wisps o' dream a-down the countryside.



WILLIAM GORDON SHIELD



*Disease does not come with the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets. It pussysfoots. It creeps along on velvet slippers. It makes no noise, sounds no alarm. But there is a way in which you can detect whether it is coming your way—join*

# *The League for Longer Life*

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

*Director Good Housekeeping Bureau  
of Foods, Sanitation, and Health*

THE wise business man in the very height of his prosperity does not neglect an auditing of his accounts at least once a year, in order that he may understand exactly the trend of his business. He may know that he is doing a bigger business, on a sounder basis, and making a larger profit than he has at any other time of his life. This fact does not in any way minimize his desire for an audit. "Taking stock" they used to call it in the country store. He wants to know his liabilities, and he wants still more to know his assets.

There is one kind of liability and one kind of asset, however, which the ordinary audit does not disclose. What effect has the pace at which he has been living and doing business had upon his store of vitality? How are his vital organs bearing up under the strain? Are his arteries still flexible? Is his heart sound? Are his lungs, liver, and kidneys discharging their functions easily and perfectly? Is he growing puffy under his eyes? Is he dizzy when he leans over? Does his heart thump at any unusual excitement? Does he still have a keen interest in outdoor life? Does he love to see children at play? Does the rising sun greet his eyes with that joyful acclaim it did when he was a boy? Does he enjoy the sunset over the hills that border the river? Are his senses still keen? Does he hear and see well? Does food taste as it did when he was young? In fact, there are dozens of things which bear upon his vital state that he does not seek to know, and yet the fortune invested in his vitality and prospect of life is greater than it is in banks and bonds and stocks and farms.

There are reasons which should lead a wise man to go to a competent physician at least once a year and have all these things determined. The beginnings of the trouble are usually of such a character as not to make themselves evident to the victim. He does not feel the difference when his arteries begin to get hard. A slight change in the rapidity of the heart beat is not noticed by him. A dulness at the top of the lung is not evident to any of his senses. A slight congestion of the kidneys does not make its presence evident in any manner to the busy man. He may have sugar or albumin in his urine and not be conscious of it. Yet, in order to preserve his vitality to the utmost, and to make his days that are full of vigor and usefulness as long as possible, it is necessary to know all these things in order to be forearmed against the invading enemy.

Disease does not come with the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets. It puss-

THE purpose of the League for Longer Life is to keep well people well, to check little ills before they can become big ones, to make all the years of a man's life happier, more efficient, and more useful. Most of those who write for questionnaires are already troubled with some disease. They are welcome, but the purpose of the League will not be accomplished until people become more interested in keeping their health than in getting it back after they have lost it. If this seems to you to be a good business proposition, send a stamp to Dr. Wiley at the Woodward Building., Washington, D. C., for a copy of his questionnaire

syfoots. It creeps along on velvet slippers. It makes no noise, sounds no alarm. Yet its coming means to countless thousands a speedy and an early death.

The class to whom I am writing this letter belongs to this business type. The man or woman between forty and sixty is peculiarly amenable to the beginnings of disease. These are sometimes called diseases of old age, especially after fifty. In this lesson, I want to call attention to another one of the diseases that begins its ravages in these years. This disease against which I am about to warn you is even more threatening to the next group—that is, the group above sixty—but it usually has its foundations laid somewhere between forty and sixty.

I am not going to go into the symptoms, cause, prognosis, and medical treatment of Bright's disease. Bright's disease takes its name from the physician who first definitely described it as a distinct malady. The chief symptom of Bright's disease is the presence of albumin in the urine. Albumin is that common form of nitrogenous matter soluble in water, and which is typified in nature most completely by the white of egg. Naturally, only substances soluble in water are found in the urine. Why this particular substance escapes digestion and destruction in the body and thus becomes an evidence of a serious disease, I will not undertake to explain. I doubt if anybody in the world could explain this phenomenon. That it attacks older people rather than younger is the outstanding fact with which we are interested just now.

That does not mean, however, that it is not found in children. It is so found. In the five years included in the mortality statistics from 1914 to 1918 inclusive, in the registration area, which comprises practically three-fourths of the total population of the United States, the deaths from

Bright's disease among children under five years of age amounted to 1461 boys and 1154 girls. From five to nine years inclusive, the deaths of boys were 721 and of girls 647. These numbers show that children under five are more subject to Bright's disease than children from five to nine years.

From ten to fourteen inclusive the deaths of boys were 682, and of girls 824; from fifteen to nineteen inclusive, 1073 boys and 1248 girls. Combining these into one expression, the total deaths, from birth to twenty years of age, are, of boys, 3937 and of girls, 3873. These data show that boys and girls from birth to twenty years of age are about equal victims of Bright's disease.

In the period from twenty to twenty-nine inclusive, 4456 men and 5363 women died of this malady. This shows quite a preponderating number of women. In the period from thirty to thirty-nine inclusive, bringing the data up to the group which we are now discussing, 10,057 men and 9969 women died. These data show that the men are now forging ahead. In the period from forty to forty-nine inclusive, 20,212 men and 18,306 women succumbed. From fifty to fifty-nine inclusive, 34,647 men and 24,799 women were victims of this malady. Between these years, men are much more likely to die of Bright's disease than women.

Unfortunately, this tale of mortality does not cease with our sixtieth year. Bright's disease is one of the few diseases which continues its ravages with increased vigor after sixty years of age, but these inroads into human vitality will be discussed at length when we come to discuss the group above sixty.

Statistics are interesting in more respects than one. The actual number of persons who die is, of course, a matter of consideration, but the periods of life in which we are most subject to certain diseases is a matter which heretofore has not interested the public at large at all. Even medical literature is almost silent in regard to the specific causes of death in respect of age and sex. This is not at all surprising when we consider that until within a few years we have had no really reliable statistics on this subject. When the registration area embraces the whole country, and when reports of mortality are more accurate and uniform than at the present time, the data which refer to specific causes at special ages, and in respect of sex, will grow in importance and interest.

Summarizing these data for the sake of further comment, (*Continued on page 154*)  
(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 84*)



# The Kingdom Round the Corner

By Coningsby Dawson

Illustrated by  
W. D. Stevens

**M**AISIE sat very silently, the way he had seen men sit when they were wounded. She had been expecting the blow and trying to postpone it; now that it had fallen, her only feeling was one of peace because the expecting was ended. As though a mask had dropped, the real, tired, lonely Maisie watched him. The wistfulness of her beauty surprised and touched him.

Several times her lips moved in an attempt to say something. Then, at last, "What right have you to ask?"

"I should like to claim the right of friendship."

"Of friendship!" She frowned slightly, then her eyes cleared, and she smiled. "If you don't mean it, please don't say it. You see, it would hurt afterward. And—and I should like to have you for my friend."

He came over from the fireplace and seated himself beside her. "We've been almost enemies—just a little afraid of each other. Isn't that so? It's ever so much more comfortable now; we'll be able to talk more easily. Tell me honestly, what do you see in Adair?"

"See in him!"

She commenced sipping her coffee. She looked extraordinarily as Terry used to do years ago, when she was a little lass and had been naughty, and had come reluctantly to ask pardon. He thought that if he went on talking he might make it easier for her.

"You'll wonder why I, who never knew you until today, should have taken upon myself to broach this subject."

"I don't wonder," she headed him off. "I know. Terry's my friend. Her father was determined to send somebody, so she worked things in order that you might be sent. She thought you would be the kindest person."

"She thought that?" Tabs was a little taken back by her assertion; it seemed to pledge him to kindness before he had learned whether kindness was required or deserved. It made him in a sense her partisan, when he should have been impartial.

"I think I can be trusted to be kind," he said, "but you must remember that I've got to be kind all round. I must be kind to Adair's wife and to his children. If this goes much further, it will spell tragedy for them."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed without mirth. "Adair's wife should have remembered to be kind herself. If a woman can't keep her husband, she

**T**HE signing of the Armistice brought peace to the world, but peace to very few men. Instead of coming home to the quiet they had hoped for, they found all the tangles of the last four years waiting for them to solve. For Lord Taborley there was a double problem. Terry, the girl he expected to marry, had become infatuated with a General Braithwaite, ignorant that he had been Lord Taborley's valet before the war. And in his home, Ann, the parlor maid, was breaking her heart for this same Braithwaite, who had promised to marry her when he returned. Just in time to save him from exposing Braithwaite, Terry breaks with him herself, distrusting a past that he is manifestly concealing from her. The most that Tabs can anticipate is a fighting chance to win her all over again. In the midst of his own troublous problem, Terry's father calls on him to rescue his son-in-law from an affair with a notorious war-widow, called Maisie. Tabs undertakes the commission, and finds it easy to understand Adair's liking for her. You will find them in Maisie's drawing-room, after dinner; Tabs has just asked her why she can't leave Adair alone

never deserved to win him. And Adair—he's the easiest man in the world to keep; far too easy to be exciting. If she doesn't lose him to me, she'll lose him to some one else, unless— But she won't lose him to me, for I don't want him."

Tabs sighed with relief. "Then that's settled. If you don't want him, the trouble's ended, and I think Sir Tobias and all of us owe you an apology."

Again she laughed. This time some of her old mischief had come back. "You go too fast, Lord Taborley. I shouldn't advise any of you to apologize to me yet. It's true that I don't want him for keeps, but—"

Tabs guessed the way the ground lay and went back to the question with which he had started. "What on earth do you see in him? That's what I can't make out."

She kept him waiting for his answer. While he waited, like sunshine struggling through cloud amused happiness fought its way into her expression. When she turned, she met his gaze with complete candor. She was again a woman of the world.

"What do I see in him? Not much—only a makeshift, a second best. Only a

man who needs me for the moment because he's lost his direction. You remember what we said this afternoon about having to feel you were needed. He gives me that feeling, so I'm grateful. That's why I have to have him."

"Are you so lonely as to stoop to—well, to steal to get it?"

He was sorry he had asked it. She bit her lip in an effort to keep back the tears and to force herself to go on brightly smiling.

"Yes, as lonely as all that," she nodded. "So lonely that it's almost a joke."

"No joke." He was at a loss what to say. "But you have friends. You go everywhere. You—"

"Friends!" she interrupted, laughing with the high-pitched note of breaking nerves. "What are friends? People to whom you say, 'How d'you do' here and 'How d'you do' there; every one of them can do without you. I want some one who can't do without me for a second. No joke, you said. But it is almost a joke to be young, and eager, and good-looking, and to know how to dress, and to be so willing to love, and to live in the world just once, and to hear the world go by you laughing, and to desire so much—" she paused for breath—"and to want to give so much that no one is willing to accept. If one didn't laugh over it, it would be more than one could stand. If one didn't treat it as a joke—"

He caught her hands. "Steady, Mrs. Lockwood. Stop laughing at once. There's nothing to laugh about. You're nearly over the edge."

She stared at him with wide eyes filled with panic, while little ripples of laughter which she did her best to suppress kept escaping from her.

"Now, listen to me," he continued quietly. "You're not exceptional. You've been expressing something that not a man or woman hasn't felt. I feel it when I realize that I may lose Terry; so does Braithwaite. Lord Dawn felt it when he couldn't drag his wife down to him and couldn't climb up to her. And his wife must have felt it, too, when she sat always by herself. Phyllis feels it when she sees that for the moment you have more attraction for her husband than she has. And Adair feels it as well, when he risks his good name for a little desperate comfort and is willing to clothe you, for whom he professes to care, with all the appearance of dishonor. You're no exception; it's the feeling that you are exceptional that makes you unscrupulous in your self-





Terry's violet eyes danced with eager secrets. "Invite me out to lunch," she whispered, "I've such heaps to tell you." Then, in a sly aside, "You've been getting on famously with Maisie, haven't you?"

pity. Half the world's with you in the same box, but it smiles and doesn't own it. Have you got that?"

She nodded and tried to withdraw her hands, but he held them fast.

"And now as regards this desire to be wanted; that's perfectly right and natural. There's nobody who doesn't share it.

And I understand what you say about mere friendship. It's unsatisfying and impermanent. It's like a meal snatched at a restaurant; none of the dishes or napkins or tables or chairs belong to you. They've been used by other people before you, and they'll be used by other people after you leave. What you want and

what every one wants is something more than friendship—a human relation with one person who is so much yours that your intimacies are a secret from all the world."

"Some one with whom I can be little," she whispered, "and foolish, and off my guard."

He smiled. "That's it exactly. But



you won't get that sort of relationship with a man who belongs to another woman."

"One gets the pretense."

He shook his head. "Not even the pretense. There was a phrase you used about Adair; you said he'd lost his direction. That's true; he has for the moment. Presently he'll find it, and the road leads back to Phyllis. You said something else: you called him a second best. That's all he is, however you take him, whether as a husband, a father, or a lover. He lacks earnestness; he has always lacked it. But you're not a second best, Mrs. Lockwood. You're a top-notch too fine for anything but the best. You really are. You ought to set a higher value on yourself."

SHE had regained her composure. He showed a willingness to release her hands, but she let them rest where they were like tired birds, while she regarded him with wistful kindness.

"Too fine for anything but the best! It's a long while since I heard any one say that. Reggie used to say it in almost those very words. But then Reggie—" she caught her breath at the remembered ecstasy. "Reggie used to think that the sun rose and set for me. He was different from all other men. You advise me to reserve myself for the best. How can I do that, Lord Taborley, when the best is in the past?"

She was very beautiful in the simplicity of her pathos. She had become a little child for the moment, and her littleness was baffling. He felt extraordinarily near to her and alone with her. There was no longer any danger in their aloneness. He realized why it was that she was able to give away so much of herself; there was no value in the gift, for her heart was beyond the capture of any man. She was the shuttered house of a vanished happiness, inhabited by a restless ghost. The gold light from the lamp fell in a pool about her. It revealed startlingly the whiteness of her arms and throat, the blueness of her eyes, and the primrose gleam of her polished head. She seemed insubstantial as a dream, envied by shadows. And what did she mean by saying that all her best lay in the past? Surely she had misjudged! With her power of charm she could build her world to any pattern.

"The best in the past! None of us knows enough about the future to say that. The best lies ahead—always. To believe that brings our best within our grasp."

"For me it can't." She spoke hopelessly. "No believing can do that when your best is dead."

The finality of her despair silenced him. He could feel it like fingers tightening on his throat. He realized in a flash that this was how he, too, would be tempted to speak were he to lose Terry—that having lost the best, any careless makeshift would suffice to comfort him. While he considered, her hands snuggled closer in his clasp, establishing a new sympathy.

"I think," he said at last, "even though my best were dead, I should try to go on acting as if it still lay ahead. If I did that, round some new turning I might find it waiting for me as a kind of recompense."

She leaned forward, peering eagerly into his eyes. "Yes. You would do that. I'm sure of it. I knew you had something to

give me the moment we met. That was why I wouldn't let you escape me. I've learned the secret at last, the secret of your air of conquest. It isn't that you get your desires. It's not that. It's your belief that you will get them that makes you strong."

He laughed. "Perhaps you have guessed. I'm what you might call a round-the-corner person. I have a philosophy all my own; it's a round-the-corner philosophy. I believe that we find everything that we've lost or longed for, if we'll only press on. Everything that we've ever loved or wanted waits for us further up the road, round some hidden turning. It's always further up the road and just out of sight. The whole trick of living is to march forward with the appearance of success, no matter how badly other people say you've been defeated. More often than not, we're nearer our hidden corners than any of us guess; it's the pluck to struggle the last hundred yards that swings us round the turning and wins our kingdoms for us."

She withdrew her hands and lay back against the cushions. "No amount of courage—" She broke off and tried afresh. "Being brave wouldn't put him again into my arms. You're wondering whom I'm talking about—Reggie Pollock, my only husband. The other two didn't count any more than Adair counts. They were passers-by—that was all. They hung their hats in the hall, and somehow they stopped. You see, they needed me; so when they said they loved me, I didn't have the heart to turn them out. I suppose I was too amiable. But they didn't count—not at all."

"The war's over," Tabs reminded her with quiet humor. "How long is this amiability going to last?"

She smiled dreamily. "Adair again! You don't leave him alone for long. If you think that I ever let him make love to me, you're mistaken. It's only that he's unhappy, and I can do something for him."

TABS wasn't sure it was only that. This fatal amiability might have raised quite different expectations in Adair. Like her two latest husbands, he might take a notion to hang his hat in her hall. If he did, would she abate her amiability sufficiently to tell him to hang it somewhere else? She was drifting; what she needed was either a tow-rope or a rudder. He sent his gaze questing through the shadows.

"Those five photographs, all of the same man—they're of Pollock?"

"Yes."

"He was one of the first of all the aces, wasn't he? It was he who brought down the Zeppelin over Brussels and went missing a few days later. You see, I remember his record. He was outstandingly brave at a time when the world was full of brave men. And you tell me he loved you?"

An expression of triumph flitted across her face. "Not loved." Her voice was full-throated. "He adored me, and to me he was a god whom I worshiped. I'd have gone through hell for him. I'd—"

"No, you wouldn't."

The flatness of the contradiction pulled her up short. "No, you wouldn't," he repeated quietly. "You wouldn't even go through this for him. You wouldn't play the game by him when he was dead. He

always kept his end up, whatever the odds against him, but you—you couldn't. This was your chance to show that you were worthy of him. While he was alive, you played a winning game; it was easy to be true to him. But he—he was stauncher: he was most to be trusted when the game seemed lost. You ought to have kept his spirit alive for us, but you've understood so little of his spirit that you've been willing to put any stranger in his place—to quote your own words, any stranger who chose to hang his hat in your hall. Pollock was a soldier; he didn't need to be sure of victory to show courage. It was in tight corners that he was at his best. You're in a tight corner now, and you're his wife—the wife whom he didn't love, but adored."

THE brutal impact of the truth had struck her dumb at first. Her lips had fallen apart. While she listened, her face had gone white. Now that she paused, she slipped back into the cushions, covering her eyes with her hands. "For God's sake, stop torturing me! Though you think I'm as contemptible as that, don't say it. Tell me what you think I ought to do."

"Do! Until you find a living man who's his match, carry on as though he were not dead."

She uncovered her eyes and sat upright, staring at him. "As though he were not dead! But Reggie is dead. You know as well as I do that he's dead."

Tabs nodded. "I'm not denying it. But for all that, try to live as though he weren't—as though somewhere up the road—a day, a week, a month, a year hence—he would meet you round the corner."

Her interest faded forlornly. "What good would that do? It would only be making-believe with myself."

He spoke gently. "Yes, but games of make-believe come true. You couldn't meet him, but you might meet some one his equal—a man who's perhaps already waiting for you, while you squander yourself on makeshifts and second bests."

The little silence which had ended his speech dragged on from seconds into minutes. In the quiet room nothing stirred. She attempted to free herself from his gaze by refusing to look at him. Against her will her eyes crept up to his, clashed, evaded, fell back, and again crept up to them.

At last, speaking humbly, she said: "I was ashamed. You made me ashamed. Whatever I'd done, if he came back, he wouldn't be ashamed of me. It wouldn't matter how cowardly I'd been or however many husbands I'd had; he'd be so glad to have me in his arms that he wouldn't find time to be ashamed of me. So I'm not going to be ashamed any longer; I'm going to start to live as if he were coming back. It'll be hard at first. Adair—he was nothing. And yet I shall miss him, no doubt. You said something this afternoon that you didn't mean."

"Did I? What was it?"

"It was when I was crying because nobody wanted me. Do you remember what you said? You said, 'I do,' not meaning a word of it. Could you manage to want me just a little, Lord Taborley? Not for long, you know; only till I've got past the loneliest places— (Continued on page 98)





TABS fell back as Porter, with every sign of deference, admitted the mysterious stranger; but in crossing the hall she had to pass him. Scarcely pausing, she swept him with a pair of stone-gray eyes made mischievous for the moment with merriment. "You're no good as a butler," she whispered. "You carry discretion too far"





WORTH

RENÉE

*Many Designers Find in Directoire Modes a Respite from the  
Chemise Frock, but the General Silhouette is None  
the Less Straight, Girdled in Varying Themes*

THE openings have declared that we are to wear the straight low-girdled frock with a skirt showing somewhat greater width, either in the form of a circular flare or, more happily, in the form of overlapping panels of uneven length. The skirt is longer as a rule—about eight inches from the floor, with loose panels falling often to the heels. Many skirts, owing to this arrangement of drooping panels, are longer in effect in the

EDITED BY  
HELEN KOUES

*Destiny adorns most gowns with panels of some shape or other, so here they are in the form of rose lace flounces on a Worth gown of rose crêpe de Chine. Brown hat trimmed with plumes of uncurled ostrich. Of frailest white organdy, the Renée shows a tailored skirt which is laid in lengthwise two-inch plaits across the back from the left side-back to the right*

back than in the front. Some of the period frocks, the styles of 1840-1850, shown by Lanvin, Premet, and some of the other houses, are quite instep length and altogether quaint and charming.

Tailored skirts are often straight and narrow in effect, with overlapping panels or plaits lending greater width. Paquin shows a tailored skirt which is laid in lengthwise two-inch plaits across the back from the left side-back to the right



hip. This skirt, which is very slender in silhouette below the straight, hip-length jacket, is only one example of the one-sided effect so much aimed at now.

Paquin shows several plaited skirts, which indeed appear in almost every house in Paris. Mme. Lanvin employs the tablier very effectively, a narrow apron being attached to the front—from a bit above the girdle to the hem—of many of her smartest models. Often this apron differs from the frock in color. Beer shows skirts composed of tablier over tablier of crêpe or mousseline, two in front and two or three in the back over the slender underskirt.

Mme. Jenny shows many circular effects—the circular panel falling softly and not increasing particularly the width at the hem—but many of the prettiest models of this house show the loosely paneled skirts which are destined to be most worn this season. These skirts are especially lovely when composed of panels of lace or Georgette—all sorts of wonderful transparencies being evolved, luminously seductive in color and graciously vague in silhouette.

One of the chief features of the

*Fashion's whims and fancies are varied, for just as we are almost assured of the straightness and slenderness of the present silhouette, along comes this Beer model of light green organdy, dispelling all illusions of any settled mode*

season's fashions is the draped hip girdle, which appears in every house and in every width, from a tightly folded version knotted closely on the side at the top of the hips, to a broad girdle of eight or nine inches in width, swathing the broadest part of the hips, with or without a long end falling on the side.

There is one wide girdle which crosses the back and is knotted low in front over the skirt in Egyptian fashion; one of plain or gay striped silk which is tied about the top of the hips like a low-posed sash with long ends falling below the skirt-edge; one of embroidered fabric, eight inches wide, which girdles the hips closely, fastening invisibly on the side; and one of toile de Jouy in tones of dull blue and rose, which is worn over a frock of black crêpe Georgette. This girdle is tied in a flat bow with two loops which

are laid very flatly—one forward and one back—over the hips, the folds being ironed, giving the impression of plaits, and the long ends falling to the skirt edge and below.

There is the true bayadère girdle posed low about the hips below a very short boléro, the wide draped crêpe de Chine girdle which is tied once on the side—the long ends finished with knotted shawl fringe—and a draped girdle of plaid taffeta tied in a flat bow in the back, with others of every conceivable design.

Poiret shows a wide draped girdle extending from just below the bust to a slightly low waist-line. This is worn under the very short, jaunty boléro which is featured this season in the Poiret salons. This boléro is either closed in front—when it is edged with a narrow fringe—or open, over a soft chemisette. The rather full skirt below is either distended somewhat at the hips or falls softly to the ankles—and most of the Poiret models are ankle-length.

Jackets are often fitted to the waist-line and flaring slightly over the hips—the simple little model sketched at the lower left on (Continued on page 88)

*Grace and length of line are embodied in this coat dress of mastic-colored gabardine, caught in front with a coral button and embroidered in silver, which characterizes the newest style of street dress worn in Paris. Designed by Beer*



*Among the season's novelties in trimmings, cube beads take a definite place, as seen by this frock of pale rose crêpe de Chine, wherein Beer relieves demure simplicity by a girdle of beads and a long cascade of exquisite pink roses*





MADELEINE ET  
MADELEINE

Going back twenty years or so, could one detect in the new blouse any relation to its former interpretation? It now rises to the rank of afternoon costume in its loose, straight lines, drawn gracefully down over the skirt. Madeleine et Madeleine interpret the new blouse in such lines as that of white crêpe de Chine at left, embroidered in beige, with transparent sleeves

The Chinese influence is perhaps one of the latest to be found in blouses. This is shown in the Beer model of white crêpe de Chine at right, with its narrow Chinese collar terminating in a dangling cravat of red and blue beads

Having risen from a nondescript past in fashions, the new blouse gains new life from new lines; particularly charming is the Renée model of white crêpe de Chine below, delicately embroidered with striking black stitching



BEER



CHÉRUIT



RENÉE

Rose voile dresses cross-barred in brown are wearing small flowers fashioned of cords of voile, thus decorating the corsage of the Chéruit frock at left. The plainness of the bodice accentuates the fulness of the plaited skirt

Upon the hang of the girdle depends all the chic of a French gown, say Miler Sœurs in the frock of turquoise blue mousseline at right, beaded in crystals and edged with silver fringe. The blue girdle is lined with silver



MILER SŒURS





*Graceful and Varied are the Arrangements of Gown  
and Veil which Lend Stateliness to the Bride*

*Many a bride finds herself the proud possessor of a real lace veil. If so, nothing could be more stately and more comely, for within its folds grace and beauty are revealed at every step. With real lace select as simple a mode of draping as possible*

*In draping the veil above, and those on following page, the secret of success lies in placing one point of the veil in the center of the forehead, then adjusting it to suit the contour of the face, letting it fall over the eyes or having it caught under a bandeau*



BRIDAL PHOTOS BY IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO



*In Spanish style this bride veils her eyes with a point of tulle, further encircling her brow with lustrous pearls*



*Of all bridal veils none lends the grace and stateliness that is found in real lace. With a veil of this type, the simpler and straighter the lines of the gown, which must be of satin, the smarter the effect achieved*

*White satin makes the bridal gown at right, showing the season's long-waisted effect and a subtly draped skirt studded with glass beads. Tulle falls from the head-dress in rippling folds over a long satin train*

BRIDAL VEILS AND GOWNS FROM B. ALTMAN & CO.



The picturesque and becoming lines of the fichu effect have made it a favored style of bridesmaids, only enhanced in the B. Altman frock of cream lace at right by slight eighteenth century panniers topped by a narrow girde of burnt orange velvet and diminutive nosegays

Chiffon and lace not only combine this season for summer wear in general but make for charm in a bridesmaid's frock, as seen below in the model of flesh-colored chiffon and cream lace with a contrasting sapphire colored sash that marks the somewhat low waist-line



A chased platinum Orange Blossom wedding ring, set with diamonds, and a platinum engagement ring as seen in center below are much sought after now. Accessories such as a lace fan and handkerchief, stockings, slippers, and gloves are also needed by the bride

Because of its individuality, effectiveness, and graceful lines, the handkerchief point drapery has gained rapid favor and is well suited to this pretty bridesmaid's gown of rose, blue, peach or gray chiffon and cream lace, girdled with a contrasting colored ribbon



## Chiffon and Net Laces Make for Charm in Bridesmaids' Gowns

TWO BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS FROM BONWIT TELLER





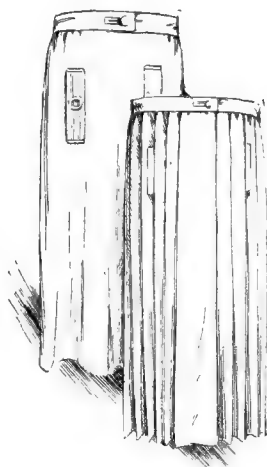
*Clothes That Will Meet  
Every Requirement Of  
The Week-End*



UPON a correct wardrobe hangs more or less the success of a week-end, for though the sojourn is short, its demands are varied and the proper clothes of utmost importance. For years the suit or cloth dress has been the adopted costume for travel. Custom, however, permits in very hot weather the use of a dark silk dress, and that of satin, above, in the season's favored combination of navy and gray, would lend itself admirably to this use. This same dress would be appropriate for street wear during the hot months or for church in the country on a cool day. A drop in temperature may suddenly overtake the traveler; a wrap is therefore indispensable. Newest of all in wraps is the circular cut which is illustrated in the model at the left above. Upon arrival a semi-evening gown may be needed, and

*With the circular trend of the day, capes adopt a similar mode in the model above of Orlandette, a lightweight boliviacloth. Navy and moufflon, plain navy, plain Hindustan brown, or moufflon; \$50*

*For sports wear is the slightly gathered skirt of cotton gabardine in center, with pocket laps trimmed with pearl buttons; \$5.75. The skirt of cream white jersey is a side-plaited model; \$14.50*



for this purpose the summery chiffon frock at right would be suitable. In many instances, however, an organdy, dotted swiss, or lace frock would be sufficient. For day wear choose a chambray or gingham dress, such as is illustrated on the opposite page, while for sports such as tennis, a wash skirt is more practical. For golf a plaited wool skirt is preferable, for here the exercise is less violent. With these, sports waists should be worn, together with a contrasting slip-over or tuxedo sweater, knitted in a soft pastel shade, of wool or silk, and a sports hat to match in color. The hat of a mushroom shape will generally be becoming. If the week-end is to be spent at the seashore, it is wise to include a bathing suit, and a particularly smart model is illustrated in the center of the opposite page.

*Comfort is achieved for either travel or town wear in hot weather, in the dress above of navy satin with side set in panels of gray crêpe de Chine and the low girdle which is generally becoming; \$58*

*Below: Camisole of écreu net with real filet; \$3.90. White satin shadow-proof skirt; \$4.95. White embroidered nainsook drawers, \$2.90; and nainsook embroidered petticoat at extreme left; \$4.90*







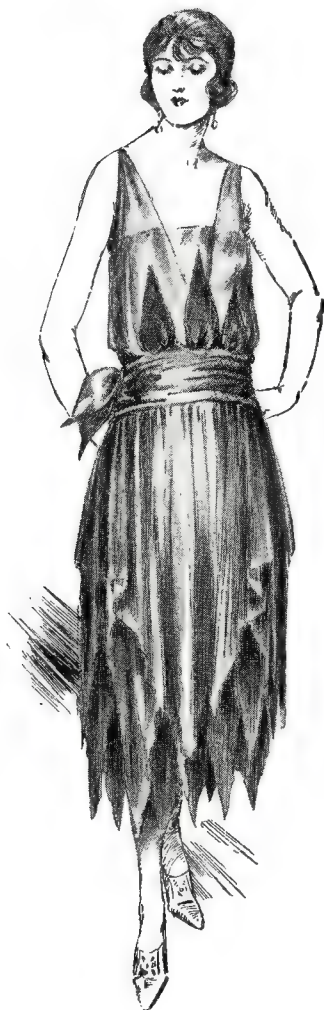
*A pretty set for the bride is this sleeveless gown of white batiste with insertions of real Irish lace; \$5, and a square-necked envelop chemise to match; \$5*



*One of the new hand-made French waists opening down the back is here illustrated, of white batiste, which trims its collar and cuffs with hand drawn-work and tiny ruffles. Sizes 32 to 44, \$7.50*



*For sports in general the overblouse has taken a definite place in the summer wardrobe. This one of white striped dimity with a Peter Pan collar is cut on strictly tailored lines. Sizes 32 to 44; \$9.75*



*If the week-end is spent at the shore, a bathing suit is needed. Unusually smart is that above of black silk poplin with piping and lacings of green, Copenhagen, or purple. Tights are included in the suit; \$7.90. The charming long-waisted frock at right, of green, blue, or lavender chambray, is banded with white linen; \$14.50*

*Grace and softness are the first requisites of a summer evening gown, and these seem embodied in the exquisite frock of chiffon at left, which fashions its skirt of filmy petals over a satin underskirt of a shade to match. This same petal effect is carried out on the waist in petals of chiffon. It may be had in jade, rose, or sapphire blue; \$78*

*We have made the tour of the shops to obtain the best possible values in summer models for you, and it is comforting to find that much lower prices than a year ago are now asked for the same material and workmanship. We shall be happy to buy these models upon receipt of money-order. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service*



# FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

## Dressmaking Lesson IV.—Two Summer Dresses From the Same Straight Pattern

THE straight pattern which was used last month for the charmeuse and serge dresses is equally usable this month for gingham for morning wear, or lace and net for afternoon wear. The vogue of dyed lace is a very marked one this year, and one which the girl who makes her own clothes can attempt with success if she follows carefully the directions given with the various dye preparations on the market. However, it would be rather better to make the dress in cream net and lace. If a pretty écu can not be bought, or if white lace is on hand, it may be dyed in tea or coffee, while the lace is damp, to give it the desired tint.

2 yds. net, 42 or 48 in. wide, at \$1.10  
a yd. . . . . \$ 2.20  
7 yds. lace for flounces at \$1.75 a yd. . 12.25  
2 yds. velvet, 1 in wide, for girdle at  
\$0.55 a yd. . . . . 1.10  
\$15.55

The bodice and sleeves of this net frock are cut according to the accompanying diagram, the neck being cut out sufficiently to allow the dress to go on over the head. In this dress it is necessary to have a foundation skirt to which the ruffles of

*Cut out sufficiently round the neck to slip over the head, this dress is cut from the chart below. It has a foundation skirt to which ruffles of lace are attached, and a girdle of narrow velvet at the waist*

lace can be attached. This foundation can be cut from a forty-two-inch width of net; the dimensions for this foundation can be found in the diagram and are exactly like the plain skirt section used for the silk and serge dress. To this the three flounces are sewed. They are 10 inches wide by 65, 69 and 72 inches long. The first flounce covers the seam which joins the waist and skirt, the second and third are sewed an inch under the edge of the one above. The pretty panel effect of the waist is given by a loose panel of lace which is cut in V shape in the front. This is caught at the waist-line by a girdle of narrow velvet ribbon. The same effect exactly is used in the back, except that the panel runs to the neck-line. The sleeves may be short as here illustrated, or a straight piece of lace or net may bring them to elbow length. This is a dress which, with the exception of the underarm seam, should be made entirely by hand and it will be found easier to do it by hand than by machine.

As the net and lace are quite transparent, a pretty one-piece slip of charmeuse should be worn with it. These slips may be bought inexpensively in the shops or may be made at home for very much less. They are made of two straight pieces of material, slightly curved in at the waist, which extend from the bust-line to the bottom of the skirt. Ribbon straps hold it in place over the shoulders. It is well to make at least a five-inch hem. One of the beauties of this little frock is that there are no intricate finishings. The neck-line may be picoté as may the sleeve edges. If broad insertion is used for the flounces, or lace edging, there is no finish used in applying the flounces to the skirt

foundation, as the finish of the lace edge is sufficient.

1½ yds. plain gingham 32 in. wide, \$0.65  
a yd. . . . . \$1.03  
1½ yds. checked gingham 32 in. wide,  
\$0.65 a yd. . . . . 1.03  
\$2.06

The gingham dress is also easy to make, but requires a little more careful fitting as is the case with anything which is tailored. The waist section is cut according to the diagram, following the dimensions given there; the skirt is cut according to the diagram of the skirt. The checked band shown at the bottom of the skirt is a false hem applied to the plain gingham. This band should be cut one-third of the skirt length. This length varies with people of different heights, so it would be best for the individual to adjust it. The sleeves are lengthened by a slightly circular fold of material between four and five inches deep, according to the length of the arm. When the dress is once cut, the first step is to attach this plain cuff to the sleeve. This cuff section is cut slightly (*Continued on page 122*)

*From the same pattern as the dress at left, this dress of plain and checked gingham may be cut. The neck-line, which is oval, is slit down the front and finished with a bias fold of the plain material*

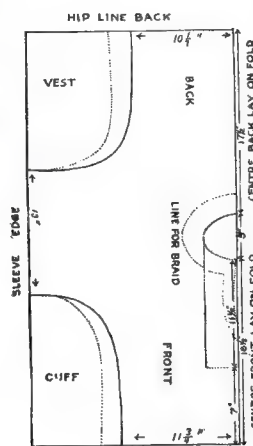


Diagram I  
Waist Section

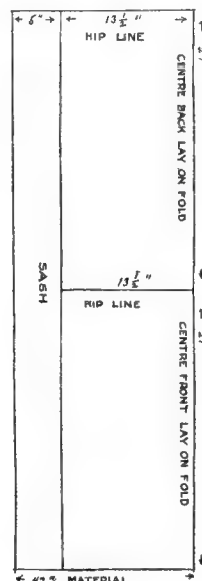


Diagram II  
Skirt Section

*If expert at all, you may cut a pattern by this chart and measurements, which can serve for both dresses illustrated, or secure a pattern from Good Housekeeping Shopping Service for 60c*







Rare in quality is this Philippine embroidered batiste gown; \$3.95. Envelop chemise: \$3.65

## LINGERIE FOR THE SUMMER BRIDE

*Surprising Values from the White Sales*

Very reasonably priced, yet the essence of good taste because of its utter simplicity, the envelop chemise at right, of flesh-colored crêpe de Chine, is only \$2.95

For light dresses the white, flesh, gray, navy, or black slip of crêpe de Chine in center is invaluable; \$12. The flesh, blue, or lavender satin sack is \$5.95

An attractive addition to the summer bride's trousseau is the surprisingly inexpensive white dotted swiss negligée below, trimmed with platings; \$3.75



Here is an inexpensive gown of soft pink batiste, with a Valenciennes edge, and bows, that will suit the woman who prefers a slight sleeve. An exceptionally good value for \$1.95

Lace has its devotees, but when it adorns a sleeveless gown of flesh-colored crêpe de Chine trimmed with Valenciennes and Georgette, its charm becomes irresistible; \$4.95

These are not only attractive models, but some of the best values in the New York shops. We shall be happy to buy them for you on receipt of check or money-order. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service





## IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

*Attractive House Dresses You  
Can See for Yourself*

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK NAMES, WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING NATIONAL SERVICE, NEW YORK, TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE DEALER IN YOUR TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES

Here are various styles of smart house dresses at surprisingly reasonable prices, which may be purchased under their trademark name throughout the country. If you can not get them, write us to know your nearest dealer's name. The dress of navy or Copenhagen ground with white, red, tan, or green dots, above, 16 to 46, is about \$8

A low waist-line girdled with a wide sash tying in the back is a favored mode of summer. The frock of checked tissue at right is a youthful and becoming model with its collar and cuffs of white organdy, and lacings and bow of black satin ribbon. Red, blue, gold, black, pink, or brown checks on a white ground; 16 to 46, about \$13.50

The panel effect achieved in the dress of checked tissue in center gives the slimness of line that most women seek. This frock affords absolute comfort and proves an unusually practical model for the house. The self-trimmed collar and cuffs are of white organdy. In red, blue, pink, gold, black, or brown and white; 16 to 46, about \$12

Light and cool for summer, the frock of white dotted swiss at extreme right, with a sash of white, green, burnt orange, jade, brown, pearl, or turquoise organdy, is not only practical as a house dress but charming for the country or the seashore. The roll collar and cuffs are of white swiss embroidery; 16 to 46, approximately \$15

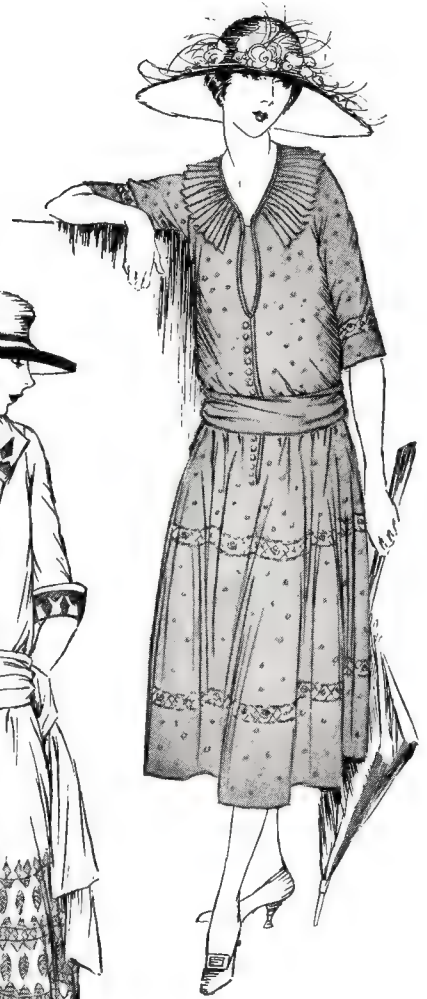




# IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

## *Pretty Frocks and Children's Suits for Summer Wear*

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK MAKE. IF HE DOES NOT CARRY THEM, WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, NEW YORK, FOR THE NAME OF A DEALER IN YOUR TOWN WHO DOES



CO-ED DRESSES



Our National Service enables the woman in the small town to buy in her locality under their trademark name the very same models that are made and shown in New York. The dress of rose dotted organdy at extreme right above, with real Irish trimming and white organdy collar, makes a delightful summer frock; 14 to 40, about \$25

All crêpy materials will be good this summer, but one of the most sought-after weaves is Roshanara crêpe, which fashions the dress at left above. This in white, embroidered as shown in green. Harding blue, or orange, answers the purpose of a smart sports frock. A loose girdle tied on the side gives an effective finish; 14 to 40, about \$55

Koveralls for girls or boys come in a square neck with short sleeves or in round with long, are worn as a suit over underclothes or as protection to clothes. The two smallest boys' suits of fast color khaki twill trimmed with red are the same, only in different sizes; 1 to 8 yrs., about \$1. All suits also in Navy light-weight twill or hickory stripes

Durable because of their material and workmanship, Koveralls have buttons that will not pull off, buttonholes stitched over cords that will not fray out, and double stitched pockets and seams. The girl's suit is of fast color cadet blue twill with khaki trimming, and the big boy's of indigo blue denim; with fast red trimming; 1 to 8 yrs., about \$1 each

KOVERALLS







"Marrige, as me Dinny says when he's thryin' to flatter me—an' doin' it, too—is the greatest thing in the wurruld"

## Mrs. Hogan on Marriage

By Charles Johnson Post

Illustrated by  
Frederick Strothmann

"**I** DINNAW as I ever tarked on marriage before," remarked Mrs. Hogan as she laid down the evening paper of the night before, "though th' good Lar'-rd knows that I've thart enough about it—me bein' a marrid wumman."

"I've heard ye say that marrige needed no difinse," said Mrs. Cassidy.

"Oh, so I have—manny's th' time—but it needs lots av explainin', sometimes," said Mrs. Hogan.

"Marrige," she went on reflectively, "marrige is a business thransaction—when it's succissful, that is—betwixt a young leddy an' a young gintlema-an, each av whom thinks that th' other is only th' reflection av their own splindid virchoos. At least they sta-art off thinkin' so."

Mrs. Cassidy raised her palms, aghast. "Marrige a business thransaction, Mrs. Hogan!" she exclaimed with her orthodox and primness shocked to their orthodox depths.

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Hogan firmly, "it's a good business thransaction or else it's a bad marrige, an' th' hist'hry av marriges proves it. Business is bargainin'. An' marrige is a good bargain for both av thim that gets marrid. Or if it ain't, some-wan's gettin' cheated—an' it ain't gin'rally th' ma-an, him being nach'rally gifted an' geared for business annyhow."

"But a business thransaction, Mrs. Hogan—it's onnachral!" protested Mrs. Cassidy feebly. "Oh, think av th' two

young hearts settin' out in th' frail bark av Life, with th' soft zephyrs av Love caressin' thim, an' their lovin' hands pullin' together on th' oars av Hope as they fa-ace th' great Ocean av Life with Dan Cupid at th' helm—"

"Lave off, Mrs. Cassidy," interrupted Mrs. Hogan calmly and mildly. "Lave be. I know thim Belle Bunkley heart-balm colyums mesilf. I read the pa-apers, too. If ye think that th' romantic heart-throbs av a spider-legged gurrul just beginnin' high-school is all there is to marrige ye'll find lots av people who'll agree with ye. But I'd hate to think av ye thravelin' in such a intellect-chool va-acuum, as me Dinny sa-ays."

"But th' love—," insisted Mrs. Cassidy, bewildered but righteous. "But th' heart—"

"I'm comin' t' that," said Mrs. Hogan firmly, "an' there's a-plenty to it when ye get it. Marrige is a bargain, isn't it?"

"Yis," admitted Mrs. Cassidy after a pause.

"An'," went on Mrs. Hogan, "as me Dinny's grandfather used t'say, 'No bargain's a good bargain unless both fellys think they've each got th' best av th' other felly.' Ain't that business?"

Mrs. Cassidy paused again. Then she nodded indefinitely. At least a nod was a basis for controversy if she had slipped into a trap.

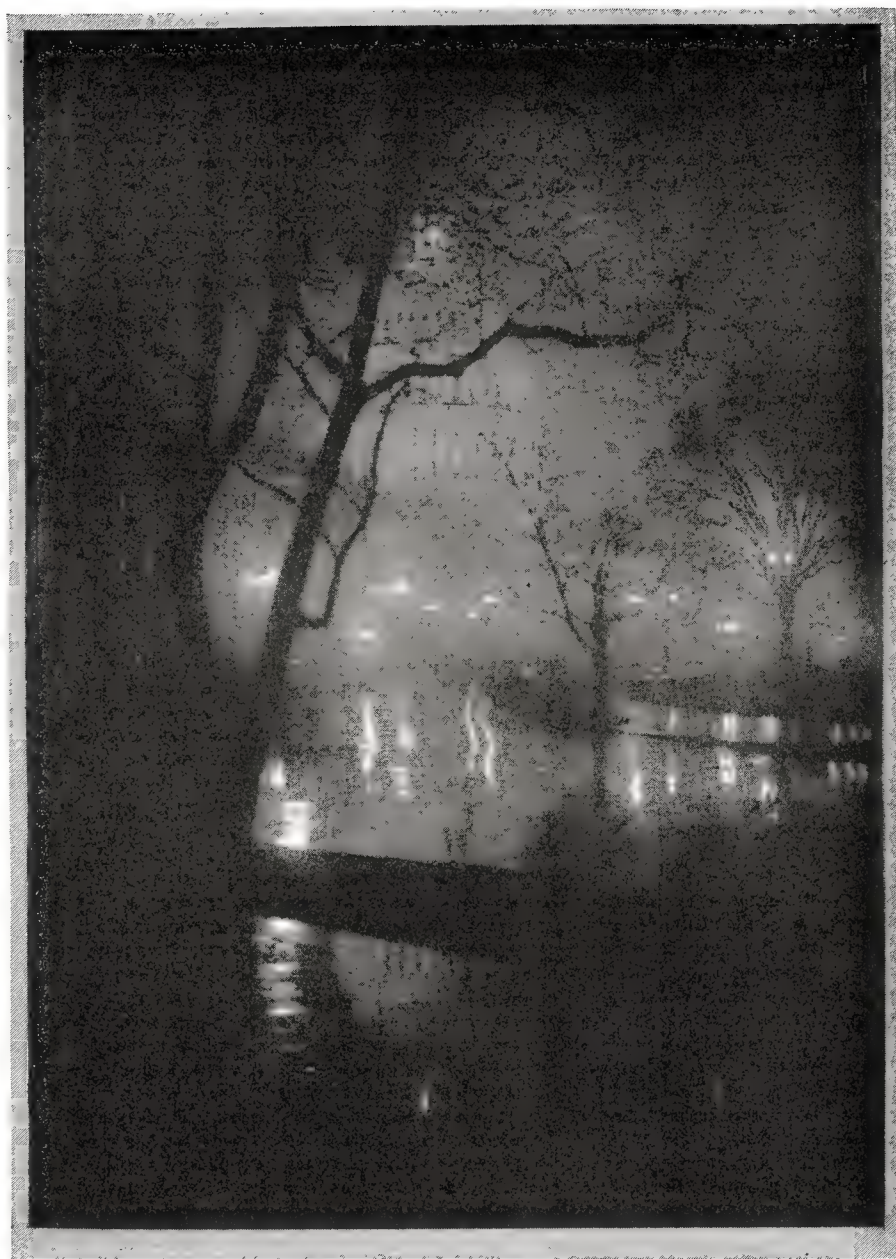
"An' so," resumed Mrs. Hogan, "marrige—a good marrige—is just like that. Th' young bride or th' old wife—'tis th' sa-ame if ye're tarkin' about a real marrige—is contin-yilly marvellin' at how she's gettin' more than she's givin'. An' th' young felly 'i th' old ma-an—it's the sa-ame thing, too—is feelin' that he's gettin' more than he's givin' and wonderin' at th' bargain Providence has handed him. An' so each av thim goes from th' Battery t' th' Harlem av life, as me Dinny says, thryin' their lovin'est to keep th' other from bein' cheated too much—if ye get what I mean. Thim's th' business marriges that's founded on th' rock-bottom av a business thransaction."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cassidy, "I thart ye meant a reg'lar business thransaction."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Hogan complacently, "ye might well think so, too, in some cases, for business thransactions hasn't ma-ade for themselves anny too good a rippyta-ation. There's manny a business ma-an that thinks he must have cheated himself somehow unless he's bein' in court before a judge for misrippysintation, or larceny, or burglary, or arson, or fraud, or ma-aybe just plain stealin'. There's no doubt that business has been givin' itself a (Continued on page 158)



A WELL-KNOWN senator said of Mrs. Keyes' first article: "It is a wonderfully vivid picture of the Senate and what takes place there. You have done a real service in showing the people back home, who never have a chance to come to Washington and see for themselves, why it often takes so long to pass bills." When you read this article, which is one of the most forceful Mrs. Keyes has ever written, we are sure you will be glad that **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING** is showing you what is happening in Washington month by month. The next letter will tell about the inauguration



(C) HARRIS AND EWING—FROM PAUL THOMPSON

## *Letters from a Senator's Wife*

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

DEAR JANE:

It was great fun to escape to New York for a few days, and to have such a splendid visit with you. Even though the trip was a business one, it gave me a wonderful excuse for a "bat"—and oh! the joy of not making a single call for three whole days! Since I got back, every day has been so crowded that my bread-and-butter letter is very tardy—I'm afraid it doesn't represent anything much better than a dry crust! I'm sorry, but I haven't been able to help it. Be thankful that your office hours are from nine to five, with Saturday afternoons and Sundays free. If you were a Senator's wife, instead of a lawyer's private secretary, you would find that they usually ranged from eight o'clock one morning until two the next, Saturdays and Sundays *included!*

Since I wrote to Margaret last month about our official gaieties of midwinter, and shall write to Elizabeth next month about the even more important and delightful inauguration gaieties, I think I won't write to you about gaieties at all, but about what seem to me the two greatest *public* events of February—the unveiling of the statues of the three great pioneer suffragists in the rotunda of the Capitol on the fifteenth, and the Centennial celebration of George Washington University this last week.

More than two months ago, a member of the National Woman's Party telephoned me, and asked if I would serve on the "presentation committee" when Adelaide Johnson's statue of Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton was presented to the nation. And when the time came, I went with

Madame Grouitch, the wife of the Serbian Minister, and with two other Senators' wives to the Capitol. It was a wonderful night, still and clear and frosty, with starlight and moonlight as brilliant as I have seldom seen it outside of the Connecticut Valley; and in the great open space in front of the Capitol were standing literally hundreds of men and women who had not been able to gain admittance—standing quietly and patiently, hoping to be able at least to file through the building after the exercises were over. There was not the slightest sign of impatience or rebellion or disorder. And the spirit as well as the size of this vast throng was the most wonderful tribute to the triumph of the cause that was being celebrated that I can possibly imagine. It moved me indescribably. Never, except in a great church, have I felt as I did standing there silently

in the starlight, one atom in an immense mass, looking up at the huge white marble building towering before me.

Of course there was no question of a "reserved seat in section A" even though I still held the ticket for it in my hand. The crowd was so large that I barely managed to get inside the building, and my companions did not get in at all. Of course I had to stand, throughout the entire ceremony—and I think I occupied the last available inches of room at that! I shouldn't have got in at all, when women like Madame Grouitch were shut out, but, Jane, in spite of everything, it was worth it! Not if I had had to go through something twice as hard would I have missed it.

The rotunda was illuminated only indirectly, by two rows of lights concealed under marble cornices high in the dome, giving a wonderfully soft, dim radiance to the great room and to the famous paintings hanging on its walls. Beside Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln—a position so impressive and symbolical that it brought tears to my eyes: the likeness of the great emancipator, with his hands outstretched, wrought by a woman in the days when women who produced works of art, like women who pleaded for their political rights, were far from being free to achieve them or respected for trying to—stood the huge block of marble, still covered with an orange-colored cloth. At one side of the room was a stringed orchestra; at another, near the veiled statue, a choir of women; and all around it, carrying banners of blue and scarlet and purple and gold, were the representatives of one great woman's organization after another—so many that they crowded each other, even in that vast space, and the floating flags touched waving over their heads.

Jane Addams, who presided and made the speech of presentation, was still speaking when I entered. Then Mr. Gillette, in the name of both Houses of Congress, accepted the statue. The orchestra began to play; every light was turned off. Then one powerful searchlight from the back of the room was turned full upon the statue, leaving everything else still in darkness. Two women, dressed in flowing, orange-colored robes, stepped slowly to either side of it, and lifted the orange cloth. The statue, a block of glistening white in the black chamber, was revealed!

It has been the custom—I might almost say the fashion—to deride the statue this last month, and I was fully prepared not to be favorably impressed with it. But I am free to say that now that I have seen it, I feel that the criticism heaped upon the work is neither just nor intelligent. I can think of no way in which the heads of three women, combined in one statue, could be treated with more dignity and effectiveness than rising from the massive block which forms their base. And, Jane, isn't that symbolical, too? No one seems to have thought of it—at least I've heard no one speak of it—but didn't those three women have to fight through, and rise above, something as hard as marble in their lifetime? It seemed so to me, as I stood there, a queer lump in my throat, watching the great proces-

sion begin, listening to the military music to which it marched, as the representatives of the women's organizations, carrying their banners before them, started forward, and, one after another, first lifted an immense wreath of laurel or flowers high in the air, and then laid it in tribute before the statue, until the marble block was completely covered, and only the three noble faces showed above the fragrant mass piled high around them.

This unveiling was, unquestionably, the most important feature of the Convention of the National Woman's Party, which lasted for several days. The meetings were marred with a good deal of difference of opinion, which might even be called something harsher; and I am personally very sorry that after reorganization, the old name has still been kept. Surely we have passed the time for a *woman's* party, and come to the time for a *national* party! For, in my opinion, the hard-won victory can never bring about the greatest results until men and women begin to do political work not as antagonists, but as partners. We have blamed men for years—and justly, I am beginning to feel—because they would not let us work with them; and now, if we refuse to let them work with us, will we show any better spirit than they have done—than they are still doing, I might say? For I never felt this spirit of antagonism any more strongly—the men's side of it, I mean—than I did Wednesday morning, when I went again to the Capitol, summoned by a hasty message telling me that the Sheppard-Towner bill for Maternity and Child Welfare (which, as I have written before, passed the Senate in December, and was "favorably reported out" by the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House some time ago, but which had never "got to the floor" of the House of Representatives) was coming up for a hearing before the Rules Committee, to see if it could not be given precedence over some less important measures, and passed before this dying session breathed its last. It was raining hard—it *always*

rains, it seems to me, when the Sheppard-Towner bill is under consideration, as if the very heavens were weeping in sympathy!—and since a Senator's salary does not admit of a limousine, or even of too frequent taxicabs, I paddled along in the downpour, and reached the Rules Committee Room bedraggled and damp. And certainly nothing happened within its walls to make me feel any less gloomy.

Judge Towner pleaded for his bill; Miss Lathrop, the head of the Children's Bureau, pleaded for it, quoting again the ghastly statistics which we all know by heart now about maternal and infant mortality; Mrs. Maude Wood Park, her sweet, lovely face transfigured with earnestness and emotion, pleaded for the bill, pointing out that this was the *only* measure that women had asked for during this session, and asking if mothers and babies were not as important as railroads—for the railroad bill, with a \$400,000,000 appropriation, was given precedence! And finally I spoke—begging that the committee would not call it a "woman's bill" but a national bill.

The chairman, Mr. Campbell of Kansas, came and shook hands with me after the hearing was over, and told me that what I had said was sensible, and that he wished to thank me for it. But I am afraid he didn't really mean what he said, for fifteen minutes later we learned that the committee had adjourned without taking a vote, and that consequently there would be no hope that the bill would pass this session. So the legislatures of the different states, which will not meet again for two years, will adjourn, too, without being able to take action. And the terrible conditions that exist now will go on without even an effort to stop them.

Where are we getting, Jane, as long as we continue like this? And are we ever going to stop going on like this, as long as men and women divide themselves into separate camps, like hostile armies?

But to turn to pleasanter things—do you remember what fun we had last year, when you were in Washington, going to the Midwinter Convocation of George Washington University together, and seeing Ibañez, and Hoover, and a dozen or so other prominent men get honorary degrees? But no woman did—indeed, the University has conferred an honorary degree upon but one woman—Mrs. Larz Anderson—until this winter, when it gave them to four. And I have wished, over and over again this last week, that you were here to go with me again this year—for *I was one of the four!* I am entitled to sign this letter Frances Parkinson Keyes, Doctor of Letters!

Having flung my great piece of news at you like that, whole, so to speak, I must pick it apart and tell you some of the details. The Midwinter Convocation is always a great event here, as you know, but this year it was a Centennial Celebration as well, and consequently doubly great. One hundred and thirty representatives and delegates from colleges and universities from all over this country, and from other countries as well, came to help celebrate (Continued on page 177)

## Blue-Eyed Mary

By Gene Stratton-Porter

When winter's chill has scarce left earth  
And April winds blow "Hey down derry!"  
Comes gaily dancing down my hill  
Sweet, laughing, blue-eyed Mary.

She wears a dress of bronzy green  
Draped round her light and airy;  
She lifts the loveliest face I've seen—  
Brave, tender, blue-eyed Mary.

Her eyes shine like the azure sky,  
Her step light as a fairy;  
Her face, no crystal drift so white,  
Dear, steadfast, blue-eyed Mary.

My hat is off to Bouncing Bet,  
Gill-over-the-ground runs quite contrary,  
Black-eyed Susan is my pet,  
But I'm in love with blue-eyed Mary.



# IN EVERY PORT

*A story that has the magic that  
is in every story written by*

Fanny Heaslip Lea



*Illustrated by  
H. R. Ballinger*

**T**HEY met the day the Fleet came into port, at a tea-fight of the most innocuous.

Somebody—which of the three grim Fates it matters rather less than not at all—said blithely: "Margot, dear—one minute! Here's a nice new man, Mr. Nicolls!"

Margot turned, lifted her lazy lashes, Jim Nicolls made her a bow, and the thing was done.

She liked him at once, for the humorous glint in his keen, dark eyes, for the whiteness of his teeth, for the unusual quality of his voice—something between velvet and steel—and for the tinge of bronze in his close-cropped hair. He liked her for no reason at all—as men mostly did just at first—beyond the undeniable rose-and-amber loveliness of her small, calm self. He was in uniform, of course, a fine, slim figure of a man, even in a room full of uniforms. She wore a Frenchy lace frock and a big hat with a rose on the brim. By way of further detail she balanced an empty teacup, he a full one.

"Let me get you some tea," said he,

"Is there anybody at this party that you'd rather talk to than me?" asked Nicolls suddenly. "I'd just as lief talk to you," conceded Margot. "You're new"

"and some of those cucumber sandwiches. They're good!"

"I loathe tea," said she. "Take this cup away and put it down somewhere, that's all I ask."

"Will you be here when I come back?"

She smiled up at him coolly. "If nobody comes along that I like better."

"Then, doggone it, I stay!" said

Nicolls unexpectedly. "And we'll let the little cup just sit on the bookcase."

"Until Rosie Morrison sees it's made a ring on her cherished mahogany."

"Oh, lord!" he groaned and removed it at once.

Margot melted to a smile. "I'll wait," she assured him. "Go put it on the table, yonder."

## Fanny Heaslip Lea

He did and came back through the crowd empty-handed, having left his own, as well.

"Let's go sit on the veranda," he suggested, "and listen to the music boys. I like this Hawaiian music, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Margot. "It's too sweet—all sentimental whines and whimperings—out of time."

They found an unoccupied corner and preempted it. She leaned back against a fat black-and-gold cushion and regarded him disinterestedly out of long, hazel eyes, black-lashed and level-browed. Her mouth, while frankly owing something of its rose-red vividness to art, was not the least alluring feature of her small, cool face. She smiled infrequently and with a madden'g suggestion of secret amusement. While she sat there with Nicolls, one man or another cast questioning glances in her direction which she evaded with a delicately obvious indifference.

"You got in just this morning, didn't you?" she asked suddenly.

HE nodded. "Why?"

"By tomorrow night, you'll be well started," said Margot. "Every Jack will have his Jill, and we'll all be off on an orgy of parties—and emotions."

"You've lived here long?"

"No—but I've known the Navy all my life. I've seen it in action before this."

Nicolls admitted with a grin, "We work fast."

She returned with a look and inflection delightfully at variance with the words: "Yes—I'll say you do!"

"Have to. Ten days ashore and ten months at sea."

"Expert in guns and girls," she drawled. "Aren't you?"

"Wouldn't be modest for me to say so," he objected.

"One sees," said Margot pleasantly, "that modesty is your favorite flower."

"I and the violet—it's a fact. What's that they're playing now?"

She told him with her first touch of earnest: "That's *Na Lei o Hawaii*—the Wreath of Hawaii. Isn't it wonderful? You know, to me, that song is the soul of these Islands. It's so sweet that if I loved the place—"

"You don't love it?"

"I was born in Mobile, Alabama. I've lived there all my life. Do you suppose Mobile is adequate preparation for Honolulu?"

"But you said you'd known the Navy—"

"In New Orleans, mostly—and I've visited different Yards—League Island, Newport—all that! One or two girls I knew at home married Navy men."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there was Lenore Greene—she married Dick Cummings. He was in New Orleans, one year, for Carnival, on the *Castine*."

"Dicky Cummings!" cried Nicolls happily. "I remember that youngster. Who else?"

"Then there was Rosalie Miller—married Commander Erskine last winter."

"I was on the *Memphis* with Erskine—time she went aground. He's a good scout. Never met his wife."

"Do you know Neil Patterson?" Margot's eyes reflected an answering warmth.

"Or Benny Cochran? He was Annapolis—let me see!"

"Nineteen-eleven—my class."

She threw him a delighted glance.

"Really? Were you friends?"

"Thick as thieves."

"I almost married Benny once—in Philadelphia."

"What happened?"

Margot's smile held an awakening mockery, subtly more intimate, but mockery still. "Oh, somebody else came by."

"You see why we have to work fast, eh?" said Nicolls mournfully. "Dashed civilians always beating our time!"

"You have a hard life," said Margot sweetly and patted his spotless white sleeve with the tip of one languid finger.

"You haven't told me what you're doing so far from home," said Nicolls suddenly. "And by the way, is there anybody you'd rather talk to at this party than me? Because I'm about to dig in."

"Oh-h, I'd just as lief talk to you," she conceded; "you're new. Why—I came down here about a month ago to visit Rosie Morrison—and I don't seem able to get away. Nice place, isn't it?"

"If you like the tropics, it's all right, I suppose."

"You don't like them? By the way, what is your name? And what are you? Nobody mentioned the details."

"Name's Jim Nicolls—funny, what a fool it makes you feel to tell your own name, isn't it? Yours is Margot? I never knew a girl named Margot before."

"I've known thousands of men named Jim. My other name is Castleman."

He told her cheerfully, "We won't need it after today."

She began to laugh. "If you only knew how familiar all this sounds. It's like getting home again. You didn't say what you were?"

"Lieutenant-Commander, by the grace of God—and Josephus."

"Where are you from, Buddy?"

"Old Virginia."

"Oh, this is too perfect!" sighed Margot.

JUST here, Rosie Morrison came by with a naval aviator on one hand, a rear-admiral on the other. "Having a good time, Honey?—Don't you vamp that child, Jimmy!"

Nicolls got to his feet with a forbidding scowl, and the intruders drifted on.

Rosie called back over her shoulder: "He's a home-breaker, my lamb! Best in the Fleet."

"As I haven't a home," said Margot, suppressing a yawn, "that doesn't intrigue me in the least. Where did you know Rosie, Mr. Nicolls?"

"Down in Pensacola—but believe me, Miss Castleman, she does me a terrible injustice."

"I haven't a doubt of it. At least I haven't now. If you continue to use those melting tones on me and those awfully personal glances, I may turn skeptical."

"You're staying here?" he demanded suddenly.

Margot nodded without a word.

"I'm asked to dinner, tonight."

"How nice!"

"That means I see you again."

"It would seem so."

"Oh, well, then," said Nicolls with a

sigh of relief, "we don't have to worry. Fate's with us!"

It was extraordinary how much of that ridiculous conversation Margot could remember—rather, could not help remembering—as she dressed for dinner that night. She had been vaguely indifferent to the coming of the Fleet, sophisticatedly amused by the frank flutter in Honolulu dove-cotes, but this man, Nicolls, was more than a good-looking philanderer in uniform. He had known Cummings; he had known Erskine; he had been at Annapolis with Benny Cochran. He was a link between Margot and a deliciously careless past. He belonged. Oh, well! No reason to suppose the future would be any less careless, any less delicious than the past had been.

"Things are really breaking very nicely," said Margot to herself, stifled a sigh, and got out an extravagant fantasy in blue and violet tulle, which had cost her more than she liked to think of and which she had by no means intended to waste on a mere dinner-party.

HE did not sit next her, as it happened, but he came to her directly afterward with an intention not to be ignored, took her plummy violet fan out of her unresisting fingers, and deftly steered her away from the rest of the party to a wide marble bench on the terrace overlooking the sea, washed by the incredible radiance of a moon not quite at the full.

"It's been a long time," he murmured, as he sat down beside her.

Margot broke into an appreciative chuckle. "I could have given you your cue," she answered. "Really, you *are* just perfect. You have what Rosie Morrison would call 'a beautiful line'!"

"And what would you call it?" he demanded with irresistible good-humor.

"Why, I'd call it very soothing," said Margot gently. "It seems to come so naturally to you."

"You don't think I'm sincere?"

"Oh, more than sincere—you're absolutely convincing!"

"You're laughing at me, Margot," he told her with exquisite reproach.

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "that might have been better a bit further on—a bit subtler, perhaps. Still, it doesn't really matter. You would have got to it tonight in any case. Does one call you Jim, now?"

"I'd love to hear you say it."

Margot said it with pleasant distinctness, adding kindly: "I've known lots of Jims. Do I say it right? I should. I've had some practise on it."

He admitted regretfully, "I can tell that you have." Then he opened and shut her fan and laid it back in her lap. "Why wouldn't they let you sit next me at dinner?"

"Oh, did you want to? I fancy Rosie thought she had done beautifully by you, giving you that lovely Miss Alleyn. Besides—"

"Besides—you were otherwise occupied, weren't you?"

Margot said, smiling a little: "That was young Carruth on my right. He's a nice child—from one of the submarines."

"And that was Mr. Garrett on your left. How nice a child is he?"

"Why, what do you know about Mr. Garrett?" (Continued on page 189)





OUT beyond the fire the sea lay dark and mysterious at the edge of a shadowy strip of sand. The wind was edged with chill. "Tomorrow this time, I'll be gone," said Nicolls in a low voice. "Tomorrow, this time," Margot echoed. "What are you going to give me to remember you by?" he asked her

# DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

## *Good Housekeeping Institute*

Mildred Maddocks, Director

### *Accept Our Service*

**Y**OU can rely with safety upon the accuracy of the methods and recipes which you find on the Department of Cookery pages. Every recipe, every method, and every article represents material which is first tried and proved to be good, by experiments which are conducted daily in the laboratory-kitchen of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE at 105 W. 39th Street, New York City. Use the cookery helps which you find here to aid you in planning your every-day menus, for we are always ready to be of assistance to you

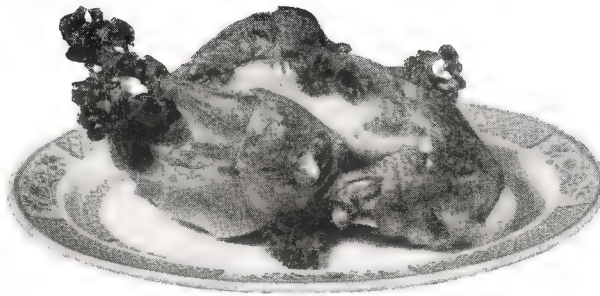
## *Cooked by Steam Pressure*

By Dorothy B. Marsh

*Evolved in the Department of Cookery*

**T**HE use of steam pressure for canning and food preservation has been growing more and more universal during the past few years. But recently the possibilities of steam pressure in simplifying meal preparation have suggested themselves to the housewife, with the result that the Department of Cookery has been besieged with the inquiry, "Is it true that a steam pressure cooker can accomplish cookery with such a saving of time and fuel and still preserve the original flavor of all foods prepared in it?"

Our past experience with canning work has proved without doubt that the steam pressure cooker will always be a time and fuel saver. But flavor—the keynote to



Hot from the steam pressure cooker

all good cookery of foods—how does steam pressure affect it? This is the question we were asked to answer, and more than ever we realized that now had come the time for practical research on the part

of the Department of Cookery, to answer such an inquiry accurately.

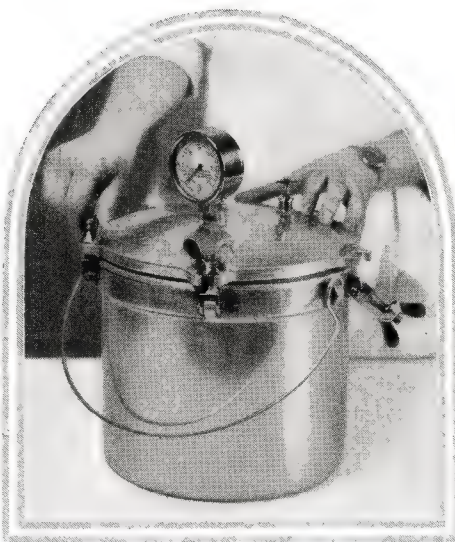
For many weeks past, the INSTITUTE laboratory-kitchen has been the scene of bustling activity. Every variety of meat, every variety of vegetable found in the time-table on the opposite page was actually prepared in a steam pressure cooker, and at the same time a duplicate piece of meat, a duplicate vegetable, was prepared by the ordinary method of cooking. Then it was that the INSTITUTE staff of tasting judges was called to council, and a comparison of the two methods of cooking was made. A unanimous decision was the result. The steam pressure cooked foods were equally as flavorful, equally as fine-textured as those prepared by the ordinary



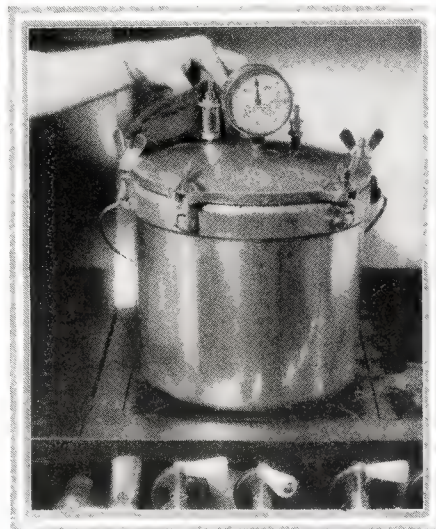
Place the food on the rack in the bottom of the steam pressure cooker, then add the boiling water



In adjusting the cover, be sure that it fits perfectly and that the pet-cock is open; tighten the wing nuts, screwing each one gradually in rotation



Close the pet-cock when steam begins to issue. When the desired pressure is reached, lower the heat to maintain this, and regulate the safety valve



fits on are thoroughly dry to insure perfect contact; that the pet-cock is wide open to allow the escape of all air; and last that the arrow on the edge of the cover points to the arrow on the cooker itself. After the cover is in position, tighten the wing nuts, screwing each one gradually in rotation until the cooker is steam-tight. Now place the cooker over the fire with the heat on full. As soon as steam begins to issue from the pet-cock, close it at once. The pointer on the steam gauge now begins to rise, registering the amount of steam pressure. As soon as the steam gauge indicates the pressure desired, lower the heat under the cooker to hold the steam gauge at this point.

method of cooking, and in the great majority of instances it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Steam pressure cooking not only saves time, not only saves fuel, but more than that, preserves the original flavor of the food itself. In short, the steam pressure cooker suggests a worthy cookery aid for any housewife.

A steam pressure cooker may be used with equally successful results on a gas, coal, kerosene, or electric range. As is to be expected, more time is required to bring up the steam pressure when using an electric range than with the other fuels, but the amount of time saved in the actual cooking of foods overrides this loss of time in producing the proper temperature. It was interesting to note, in a test made with a five-pound piece of corned beef, that the one and one-quarter hours of cooking in the steam pressure cooker cost approximately one and one-fourth cents for gas while the four and one-half hours of ordinary boiling cost three and one-half cents for gas, though the results in the end, as far as texture and flavor of the corned beef were concerned, were the same. And only a glance at the time-table is needed to convince one that this is true not only in the case of corned beef, but with every meat and vegetable as well—time and fuel are saved over the ordinary method of cooking.

Steam pressure cookers may be purchased in more than one size, according to the capacity desired. Insets and racks for holding the various foods accompany them. The operation of the cooker is very simple if a few directions are followed. Always place the rack or mat in the bottom of the cooker before putting in the food. Pour the desired amount of boiling water into the bottom of the cooker and arrange the food for steaming. Each time, when adjusting the cover on the cooker, take care that both the cover and the edge of the cooker where the cover

To determine the desirable pressure at which to cook the foods from the standpoint of flavor and texture, duplicate roasting chickens were prepared in the steam pressure cooker at five, ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds. Here, also, the tasting staff passed its opinion on the result. The chickens steamed at fifteen and twenty pounds for the shorter length of time were equally as tender and flavorful as those steamed at five and ten pounds for the greater length of time. Time is an important factor, of course, so the use of the higher pressure seems advisable. Likewise, since the difference in the results at fifteen and twenty pounds was so small, we have adopted fifteen pounds pressure as the basis for computing the time-table of cooking.

Once the desired pressure has been reached and the heat lowered under the cooker, it is surprising how little attention the cooker demands during the cooking period. If the safety valve is regulated properly, it will release any excess steam. *Begin to count the time for cooking when the steam gauge registers the required pressure.* Cook all foods for the number of minutes indicated in the time-table. At the end of the cooking period, remove the cooker from the fire, open the pet-cock gradually, and allow the steam to escape slowly. If strong-flavored vegetables such as cauliflower are being steamed, set the cooker near an open window before opening the pet-cock, and then allow the steam to escape out-of-doors. When the steam gauge registers zero, unscrew the wing nuts, lift the cover, and remove the food. *Never unscrew the wing nuts or remove the cover before all the steam has been released.* After each time of using, wash and dry the cooker kettle, being careful to keep the steam gauge out of water. Occasionally remove the valve ball in the safety valve and wipe it dry, not only to prevent rusting, but (Continued on page 198)

## TIME-TABLE FOR COOKING

Steam Pressure 15 lbs.

Minutes

### Meats and Fish:

Beef Stew . . . . .	40
Beef Loaf . . . . .	30
Beef Tongue . . . . .	75
Chicken Fricassée . . . . .	30-40
Corned Beef . . . . .	75
Halibut (1 inch thick) . . . . .	20
Ham, Shoulder . . . . .	65
Leg of Lamb . . . . .	40
Leg of Mutton . . . . .	50
Loin of Pork . . . . .	50
Pot Roast . . . . .	50
Roast Fowl . . . . .	45
Roast Veal . . . . .	40
Salmon (1 inch thick) . . . . .	20

### Vegetables:

Beans (lima) . . . . .	15
Beans (string) . . . . .	12
Brussels Sprouts . . . . .	6
Beets . . . . .	20-30
Cabbage . . . . .	8-10
Carrots . . . . .	8
Cauliflower (divided) . . . . .	4-5
Celery . . . . .	7
Greens, beets . . . . .	10
Onions . . . . .	8-10
Parsnips . . . . .	8
Peas . . . . .	8
Potatoes (white) . . . . .	10
Potatoes (sweet) . . . . .	8
Pumpkin . . . . .	8
Rice . . . . .	15
Spinach . . . . .	8
Squash (winter) . . . . .	18
Turnip . . . . .	10

### Puddings:

Suet Pudding . . . . .	60	30
Boston Brown Bread . . . . .	60	30
Apple Tapioca Pudding . . . . .		20

Steam Pressure  
0 lbs. 15 lbs.





These specially posed photographs are made by Bradley & Merrill

Meat Timbale with a decorative crust is a real company dish

## French Ways with Meat Left-overs

By Jeanne Marie

*Every Recipe Tested by the Department of Cookery*

**T**O a certain degree, it is possible to plan meals so carefully as to eliminate left-overs. However, when roasted meats are served, there is bound to be a surplus which must be served at another meal. Great care must be taken in the cooking and serving of left-overs. Make the dishes attractive; a little parsley, thinly sliced pickles, sliced lemon, or hard-cooked egg make inexpensive and appetizing decorations. It is most satisfactory, in these days of expensive living, to succeed in making left-overs so that they are thoroughly appreciated, and it is well worth the little trouble taken.

In any of the following recipes calling for sliced meat, it is difficult to give the exact number of slices required, because the slices are bound to vary in size. But in every case, see that the meat is cut in slices as thin as wafers. This adds greatly to the palatability of a left-over meat dish. In all the recipes designating sliced meat, use enough to weigh from three-quarters of a pound to one pound.

The following methods of serving will make palatable even boiled beef, which may have been left from the making of soup stock, etc. These directions may also be used for preparing left-overs of roast beef or pot roast.

Cut the beef into very thin slices. Cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Add slowly one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Spread a little of this mixture over each slice of beef, using about three-quarters of a pound of the beef. Arrange

the slices of beef thus prepared in a greased baking-dish, add five tablespoonfuls of hot stock or water, and sprinkle over all two tablespoonfuls of fine dried bread or cracker crumbs. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes—no longer, or the meat will dry and toughen. Serve baked potatoes with this. Thinly sliced corned beef is delicious prepared by this recipe. Omit the salt in this case.

For another method of preparation, cut two slices of bacon in small dice and try out in a hot frying-pan. Add two small onions and one clove of garlic very finely chopped, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Cut the beef in wafer-thin slices, using about one pound, and arrange in a greased baking-dish, alternating layers of beef with layers of the onion mixture. Moisten with one-fourth cupful of hot water or stock, to which one tablespoonful of vinegar has been added, and bake, covered, in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with creamed potatoes.

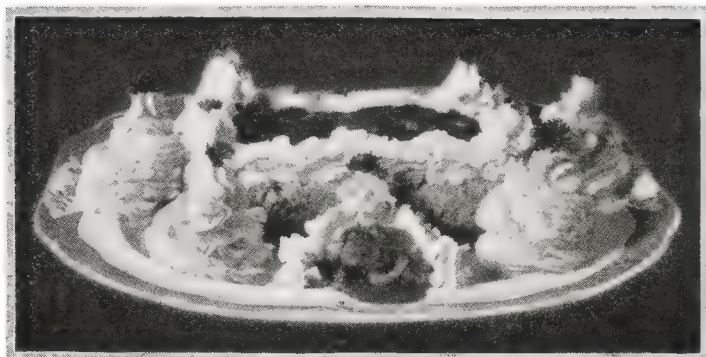
Here is another delicious way of serving left-over boiled beef. Wash and pare potatoes and thinly slice enough to make one quart. In a baking-dish place one large slice of bacon cut in tiny dice; over this arrange alternately layers of the sliced potatoes and cold beef cut in very thin slices, having a layer of potatoes on the top. Use about three-quarters of a pound of the meat. For seasoning, mix together one finely chopped onion, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Sprinkle part of this mixture over each layer. Add one cupful of hot water and one cupful of

stock. Spread over all one-fourth cupful of dry crumbs and dot with one tablespoonful of butter or margarin. Bake one-half hour in a hot oven.

Left-overs of roast beef or steak may be transformed into delicious and attractive dishes by using either of the following suggestions for their preparation.

Cut the beef into wafer-thin slices. Place one tablespoonful of butter or drippings in a frying-pan or chafing dish, add one small onion chopped fine, and cook until yellow. Then add one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of water gradually, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened and season with one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup. When well mixed, place the beef in it. There will be sufficient sauce for eight or ten very thin, but large slices. Heat for ten to fifteen minutes and serve with boiled rice. This may be varied by substituting mustard pickle for the catchup.

Or, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin in a saucepan, and cook in it until yellow two medium-sized onions finely chopped. Then add three tablespoonfuls of flour and one tablespoonful of parsley. Stir together until bubbling and add gradually two cupfuls of hot water. Stir constantly until thickened and season with one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one teaspoonful of prepared mustard. Then drop in the beef, about twelve slices thinly cut, and cook just long enough to heat the meat through, not over ten minutes. To serve, arrange the meat on rounds of bread which have been fried in drippings and (Continued on page 128)



Garnish each dish attractively and always cut the meat in wafer-thin slices



Serve dainty flower sandwiches on a summer afternoon; a spicy herb or rose geranium leaf will transform an otherwise plain dish



By

Katherine Campion

*All tested by the  
Department of Cookery*

**S**ALT and pepper, pepper and salt, with a dash of paprika added—this is the average housewife's formula for seasoning and flavoring. Surely the salt has lost its savor, when, with its twin seasoning, pepper, it has been used to the exclusion of every other spice or condiment which might supply piquancy to our meals. Upon seasonings and flavorings rests the whole structure of good cooking. Why not, then, to make a quick beginning, set aside a small corner of your home garden patch this year for the cultivation of a few herbs and spices which will go far toward improving the standard of your menus?

Almost no knowledge of gardening is required to make the lacy-leaved, spicy little green things that may be used for flavoring grow and flourish. A box on the back porch, or a few flower-pots on the window-sill, will supply enough for a small family, while, with a corner of the garden to spare for them, it will be possible to put away a liberal supply for winter use.

Parsley and chives are well-known flavors, but the convenience and delight of having them close at hand as a means of giving a new flavor to a salad or a different savor to a stew are not fully appreciated. If grown in the garden, they may be dried for winter use, or transplanted, when cool weather arrives, to pots and kept green and flourishing all through the cold weather. There is nothing prettier than



the curled parsley for garnishing, and the chives may be used to improve all sorts of soups, stews, salads, and sauces. A few of the tiny, grass-like blades chopped fine and added to French dressing will lend to it a piquancy that will coax the most jaded appetite. For variety, split baked potatoes in halves lengthwise, spread each with a little butter, and sprinkle thickly with chopped chives and paprika.

Chervil is an herb that is most sadly neglected. Its delicate, aromatic flavor should make it one of the most popular seasonings. Let me recommend this dainty herb for a veal stew, made from the most scraggly part of the neck, if you will, but delicious if carefully prepared. Brown one pound of the meat, after cutting in convenient serving pieces and flouring well, in a little melted dripping. Add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, six small white onions, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half teaspoonful of paprika. Cover the kettle and simmer for one and one-half hours, then add a sprig of parsley cut in small pieces, and two sprigs of chervil,

## S E C R E T S of F L A V O R a n d S A V O R

also shredded, one cupful of green peas, and two cupfuls of potatoes cut in dice. Cover and again allow the ragoût to simmer until the potatoes are tender. Thicken the gravy very slightly, if necessary; then serve the ragoût, piping hot and fragrant. The chervil may be used also in your salads, soups, sandwiches, and dishes made from left-over meats, especially those in which veal or chicken play an important part. For the salads, simply wash and shake the moisture from the fern-like leaves, but chop or cut fine for soups and sandwiches.

Be sure to plant a little tarragon in your herb garden. Then you can make your own tarragon vinegar. Wash the leaves, dry gently, then cover with boiling vinegar, and steep till the liquid has cooled; strain and dilute with cold vinegar until of the desired strength. Tarragon vinegar is excellent for making salad dressings or for serving with cucumbers, tomatoes, onions or other green vegetables. Tarragon makes a charming garnish also.

Shallots, miscalled "scallions" in America, are far more delicate for flavoring than their stronger brothers, the onions. The shallot is delicious for flavoring gravies, stews, and salads, and also for sandwich filling. Try it sometime, coarsely chopped, mixed with French or mayonnaise dressing, and spread between slices of graham, oatmeal, or buckwheat bread.

Cress is known to most of us merely as a garnish or perhaps as an addition to a salad, but the fact that it makes the most delicious of cream soups, or is very delicate stewed, dressed with white sauce, and served on strips of toast is not so well known. To make the watercress soup of the French peasants, wash a bunch of watercress, put over the fire to cook for five minutes in one cupful of water; then add two cupfuls of diced potatoes with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one pint of boiling water; cook until the potatoes are tender. Then (Continued on page 144)





Pineapple and Strawberry Shortcake with Lemon Sirup

# Recipes Suggestive of Spring

*They Have All Been Tested*

All recipes serve six unless otherwise stated

## Luncheon Codfish

1309 Total Calories      385 Protein Calories  
 ½ pound salt codfish      ¼ teaspoonful pepper  
 2 tablespoonfuls butter      6 slices bread  
 1½ cupfuls milk      Paprika

Soak the fish in cold water for several hours, changing the water frequently. Drain, dry thoroughly, split, and place on a well-greased broiler. Broil until nicely browned on both sides. Remove from the broiler and cut in small pieces; place it in a saucepan together with the butter, pepper, and milk with lemon. Bring to a boil and pour over the slices of bread toasted. The bread may be toasted, if desired, at the same time that the fish is being broiled. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and serve.

Mary V. Anthony, 58 French St., Fall River, Mass.

## Mother's Gingerbread

3883 Total Calories      259 Protein Calories  
 1 cupful brown sugar      2½ cupfuls pastry flour  
 ½ cupful margarin      ½ teaspoonful soda  
 ½ cupful cream      1 tablespoonful ginger  
 2 eggs      ¼ teaspoonful salt  
 1 cupful molasses      ½ cupful milk

Cream the margarin and sugar together, add the cream and the eggs well beaten, then the molasses. Sift the dry ingredients together and add them to the other mixture, alternating with the milk. Pour into a small dripping-pan which has been well greased and floured. Bake in a moderate oven. This makes a large sheet of gingerbread.

Mrs. E. S. Shields, 5436 Pine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

## Baked Salsify

905 Total Calories      137 Protein Calories  
 1 large bunch salsify      1 tablespoonful chopped  
 2 eggs      chives  
 1½ cupfuls milk      1¼ teaspoonful salt  
 3 tablespoonfuls butter      ¼ teaspoonful pepper  
    ½ teaspoonful paprika

Scrub the salsify well and cook it until tender in boiling, salted water. Drain, cover with cold water, drain again, and remove the skins. Cut in dice and place in layers in a buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper, paprika, and chives, and dot over with butter. Beat two eggs slightly, add milk, and pour over the salsify. Bake until set in an oven registering 325° F.

Mrs. B. B. Nicklas, 701 Washington Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

## A MENU FOR A DAY

### BREAKFAST

Stewed Rhubarb  
 Scrambled Eggs and Bacon  
 Variety Corn-Cake  
 Coffee

### LUNCHEON

Luncheon Codfish      Toast  
 Mother's Gingerbread      Cottage Cheese  
 Tea with Lemon

### DINNER

Genuine Virginia Baked Ham  
 Broiled Sweet Potatoes      Baked Salsify  
 Lettuce with Tasty Salad Dressing  
 Pineapple and Strawberry Shortcake  
 Coffee

## Pineapple and Strawberry Shortcake

3480 Total Calories      164 Protein Calories

<b>PART I</b>	<b>PART II</b>
1 pint strawberries	1 cupful sugar
Sugar to sweeten, about	½ cupful water
½ cupful	1½ tablespoonfuls lemon-
1 pint shredded fresh	juice
pineapple	2 teaspoonfuls butter
Sugar to sweeten, about	
½ cupful	
Rich biscuit-dough	

Wash and slice the strawberries, shred or dice the pineapple, and add the sugar to each, as directed. While they are standing, make the biscuit-dough, using two cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of shortening, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and about three-fourths cupful of milk, shaping it into good-sized, individual shortcakes. Split while piping hot, butter lightly, and on the lower piece place a spoonful each of the berries and pineapple. Set the top on, cover with more fruit, and serve with the sirup made of the ingredients of Part 2. To prepare this, boil the sugar and water to a heavy sirup, about ten minutes, remove from the heat, and add the lemon juice and butter. This can be made in a large shortcake like the illustration, if desired.

Mrs. Jessie A. Boys, Monticello, Ia.

## Variety Corn-Cake

1910 Total Calories      168 Protein Calories  
 1½ cupfuls white corn-      5 teaspoonfuls baking-  
   meal      powder  
 ¾ cupful bread flour      1 tablespoonful cooking-  
 ¼ cupful sugar      oil  
 1 teaspoonful salt      1½ cupfuls milk  
    ½ cupful fine cocoanut

Mix the ingredients in the order given. Beat well, pour into a well-greased, shallow pan or muffin rings, and bake twenty minutes in an oven which registers 400° F.

Mrs. R. R. Roberts, Britt, Ia.

## Tasty Salad Dressing

525 Total Calories      6 Protein Calories  
 5 tablespoonfuls mayon-      1 teaspoonful finely  
   naise      chopped chives  
 2 tablespoonfuls tarra-      1 teaspoonful finely  
   gon vinegar      chopped olives  
    1 teaspoonful minced parsley

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly together and serve on lettuce hearts accompanied by Roquefort cheese balls. Other cheese may be substituted for the Roquefort if preferred or to vary.

Mrs. E. C. Clulow, 316 Woodworth Avenue, Glenwood, Yonkers, N. Y.

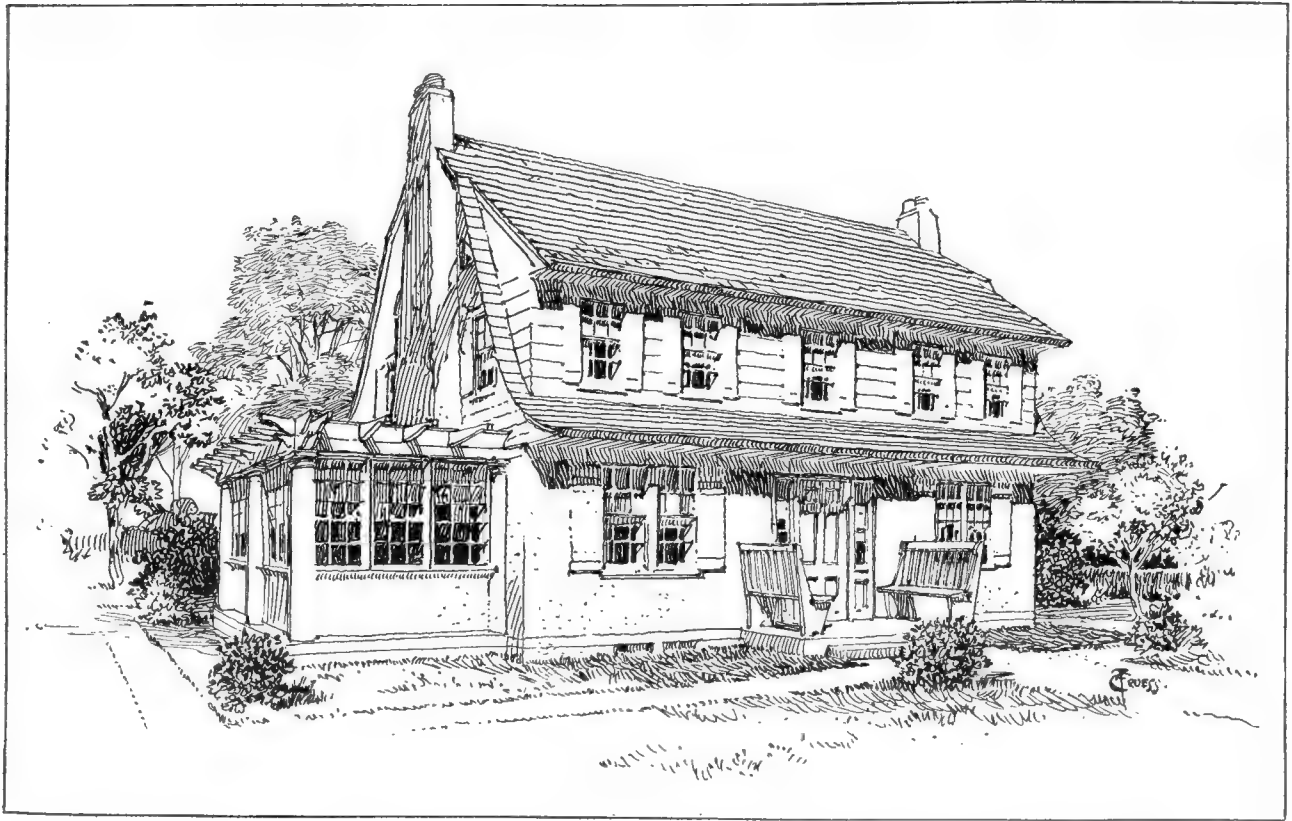
## Genuine Virginia Baked Ham

11594 Total Calories      1887 Protein Calories  
 1 small, rather lean ham      ½ teaspoonful ground  
 6 cloves      cinnamon  
 ½ teaspoonful celery seed      1 quart sweet cider  
 2 tablespoonfuls sugar      2 tablespoonfuls bread  
 Boiling water      crumbs  
 1 egg (beaten)      Celery leaves and curls  
 10 peppercorns      for garnish  
    Currant sauce

Select a ham weighing about seven pounds. Wash the ham thoroughly, sprinkle with soda, rubbing it all over the surface, rinse in cold water, and place in a deep kettle, with the cloves, celery seed, cinnamon, peppercorns, and cider. Cover with boiling water and simmer until perfectly tender, four or five hours. Take from the kettle, remove the skin, and sprinkle the ham with sugar. Brush over with beaten egg, cover with ground bread-crumbs, stick in cloves at even intervals, and brown in a hot oven. Trim the meat from the bone end, and decorate the latter with celery leaves and curls. Serve with currant sauce. The fireless cooker may be used for this recipe. This recipe, of course, furnishes the meat for several meals.

Mrs. Will Gage Carey, 2224 Endion Ave., Ogden, Utah





# The House I Built *for a Bride*

**I**T is a big responsibility for an architect—building a house for a bride—the greatest responsibility he has. For a house, to a bride, is something more than a house. It is a dream. And also it is a stage, a stage upon which often the whole drama of her life is played, act after act, year after year. And for the realization of that stage of her dream, which will be the best possible setting for the life she intends to live, she will come to the architect. She has the dream—he furnishes the plans and specifications.

# Way Down South in Dixie

*The story of a conference, of national significance, held in the South, by southern women*

By Elisabeth Sears

**H**ERE We Rest" may be the motto of the state of Alabama, but the women of that state, as represented at the Third Regional Conference of the League of Women Voters, deny that the motto has any claim upon them. It had no place in the conference, at all events, for the Third Regional Conference brought together in Atlanta, in February, representative women from nine of the southern states, to discuss the vital local problems confronting the new voters.

The women of the South have not rested since they came into the heritage of the vote, and judging from the discussions heard at the two-day sessions they do not intend to rest until they have wrought some radical changes in their various communities. This conference was preliminary to the National Convention of the League, at Cleveland, and was essentially a conference of southern women to discuss southern problems. It was by far the most important of all the regional conferences.

The mothers of the outgoing generation met the younger mothers on the common platform of building for future stability of the home and the nation. Here and there, as one waited in the few odd moments that were allowed, one overheard the age-old comparisons of children and of cookery. It was plain to see that all home details had been carefully planned and that no home and no family suffered because delegates were present at this conference. It was equally plain to note that delegates had come with the full expectation of working every moment of the time and that the various social activities of the conference were only further opportunities for an interchange of experience. Even the daily luncheons were special conferences between groups of workers, working out details of methods that could not be taken up in the intensive program of the daily sessions.

The four paramount subjects impelling the earnest group influence of the conference were good roads, good schools, social hygiene, and the repeal of archaic laws as affecting the interests of women and children. Not that these are problems common to the South alone, but because of geographic, political, and racial conditions that are compellingly serious in this special section of the country. These problems were correlated to a certain de-

gree, the solution of one bearing materially upon the solution of all. The importance of good roads, for example, came up early in the program. Every one who knows the southland knows that it is a region of hospitable people, beautiful scenery, progressive cities—but that it is surrounded by an outlying network of almost impassable roads. The greater part of the population of each state lives in isolated places, far from good schools, churches, or social gathering places. Such an isolation brings about an apathy toward good government that is difficult to overcome.

The southern women are alive to the fact that the future of their section depends upon the children of today, and their chance of advancement and education, and as a group these women of education and enlightenment are determined to have better roads that will permit the country children of both the white and

portance of finding the responsible party in every case of violation of the law.

She had been bumping over bad hill roads in her state for days during her work of establishing county schools for good government, until one especially terrific impasse led her to make inquiries.

"Who is responsible for these terrible roads?" she asked her driver.

The driver, having never considered the roads in the light of a responsibility, thought it might possibly be the county road commissioners.

"Then we will go to the commissioners," said the determined district leader. "Part of our work in the League is to define and to place responsibility. We'll trace this road back."

When she had successfully done this, she discovered that good roads meant more to the women of that community than the political affiliation of the president of the United States. The roads lay outside their doors and inside their comprehension. She drove from house to house and questioned them.

"Going to vote this fall?"

"No'm, I reckon I'll let Bill do the votin' for the fam'ly."

"How does Bill vote?"

"Oh, sometimes one way, sometimes another. I don't take no int'rurst in pol'tics."

"How about these roads here? Wouldn't you like to have better roads so the children could get to school regularly in the winter?"

"Yes, ma'am"—emphatically—"I would that! My youngest children, they don't git to school more'n half the time 'count of these roads."

"And the biggest surprise of the politicians," went on Mrs. Gellhorn, "was in the number of returns from the rural districts. It seemed as if every woman recognized all at once her power to improve matters locally, and turned out to exercise it."

It was in Missouri that the women began a stampede for registration, when the politicians of both parties openly decided

that women would not come out to register. The women's committees arranged at once for cards reading "A Woman From This House Has Registered," and planned for their distribution at the registration booths.

Before noon of the first day these cards began to flash from the windows of homes in every portion of the town, announcing the voting status (Continued on page 129)

## Mrs. Sears Reports

**I**N accordance with its policy of reporting to the women of the whole country the significant doings and achievements of the women of any large section or organization, GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING sent Mrs. Elisabeth Sears to the Regional Conference of the League of Women Voters at Atlanta, February 8th and 9th. A seasoned convention-goer, Mrs. Sears was impressed and tremendously gratified by the business-like way in which the women of the South bore themselves at this conference, as well as by the earnestness with which they are taking up the problems of their new citizenship. It is due them that the women of other sections know what they are doing. We are glad to be able to tell it for them here

the black races to attend school as much as possible every year. They know that good roads lead directly to the schoolhouse, and so to an enlightened vote, and they are teaching the mothers of the rural and the mountain districts the proper use of their political power.

It was Mrs. George Gellhorn, of Missouri, who led the good roads problem into the conference. She stressed the im-





He ate a little more in silence, then faced me with a searching look. "Eh, eh—you don't look so darn cheerful. What about doin' your own work? Ain't so easy to laugh as it was?"

## *Christopher Titmouse, B.B.*

The story of a straight soul in a crooked body

By Ruth Sawyer

*Illustrated by  
Pruett Carter*

**T**HE story of Christopher Titmouse began on the day that I sat hemming scrim curtains at the doorway of our little Dutch house. I had been married exactly six weeks and six days; I was young, and it was springtime. There is no time like bride-time for setting oneself in tune with the world and ringing real music out of every human being and every chance happening that the day brings. And why not? Then one has youth and uncrippled

optimism. I think charity and democracy are at flood-tide, and above all else there is a divine magnanimity—a wish to put into every one's life some of the exquisite happiness that wells up and overflows from those first carefree months of mating and loving. Even the leanest of incomes

remains a hazy, unobtrusive fact. As far as I remember, I never thought we were poor when we married with seventy-five dollars in the bank and a nine-hundred-dollar salary per annum from an instructorship in Hydraulics. It was enough for me that it was spring and that I was married to Dudley Maarten.

I was sitting on the porch when a big touring car stopped even with the red-brick path and out of the door jerked the most grotesque, uncouth little man I ever



At the end I came to five entries in the script of Christopher Titmouse. "... I can't help thinking that if I had ever come into my keeping, I would have been different. Well—maybe—next time—when the Lord Almighty

saw. Twice, as he was coming toward me, I closed my eyes, certain that when I opened them again I should find he wasn't real. But he was—horribly real. Old cathedral artisans, Thuringian carvers of nutcrackers, or makers of Chinese idols have achieved much the same in stone and wood; but it seemed unbelievable that nature could turn out anything so grotesque in human flesh. A huge head topped a shrunken little body, and on the head was a shaggy mop of iron-gray hair that made it seem the more monstrous. The back was bent, the shoulders crooked; the eyebrows bristled out so thick and far from the face that the eyes were almost hidden. The nose was little and flat, and underneath a large mouth seemed to hang open, the thick, spreading under lip sagging with sheer weight from the rest of the face. For the rest he looked white and drawn and snarly. I forgot the ears; they

were huge and flat and jutted out at right angles. If any one had brought me a replica done in papier maché or plaster, I should have laughed at it with great delight, but when it stood before me there in the spring sunshine, alive, I shuddered. And, oh, the pity of it—he knew I shuddered!

He opened his mouth wider and grunted: "Eh, eh! For a college town it's a darn bad one. Why don't you have a decent hotel?"

I tried my best to cover my shrinking with a smile, and I made my eyes look full and steadily at him just as if he wasn't ugly and wretched to look at. "You must ask me something easier. You see, I have lived here only six weeks and six days."

"Wouldn't live here six hours, not me!" he snarled in a way that was almost wolfish.

"Oh, yes, you would," I corrected, "if you had just been married and came here on your honeymoon. You would think it was the most beautiful spot on earth—even a bad hotel couldn't spoil it for you."

He tilted his head and looked at me from under those shaggy eyebrows, and I caught my first glimpse of his eyes. They startled me almost as much as he had done. Gray they were—a warm, violet gray—and gentle. But there was a hurt in them that seemed to strike straight at my heart, for they were hurt as a child shows it or as some poor, tortured animal.

"What is the matter?" I asked it because I did not know what else to say.

"Eh, eh. The matter? Darn it! D'you expect a man to stay in this town an' chew hide and mortar? E't what they called a breakfast when I got in; paid a dollar an' a quarter to look at the dinner—been dead by this time if I'd e't that.





ever had the love of a woman, or if any small fry had molds again—" He had left Death to add the period

Ain't there no place here where they cook food fit to put in a man's stomach? I'd give a factory for a bowl of milk and toast this minute."

I guessed then what the pallor meant. The little man was undoubtedly a dyspeptic, and even I could guess how all awry the world must look to him. And to me the world looked very beautiful. Was it any wonder, then, that I tumbled the scrim curtains I was hemming into the basket at my feet, and jumping up, I opened the door?

"I don't believe I could possibly use a factory," I said, "but if you will come in, I will make you a bowl of milk toast in just about a minute and a half."

He came; he followed me into the kitchen and stood by while I toasted the bread to a rich golden brown and warmed the milk. I was carrying the things for him into the dining-room when he jerked him-

I explained further, "and we are going to make play of it all. If you start in that way, it gets to be a habit, playing and laughing over your work; just as when you start in wrong you get the habit of drudging and whining. That's our creed."

He grunted again and looked sour. I didn't suppose he believed there was an atom of truth in what I was telling him, but then he looked ready to deny the spring and the sunshine which streamed in through the kitchen windows. But while he was eating and I was talking I had discovered something more about him. He had beautiful hands. They were delicate and sensitive, and there was none of the uncouthness of the rest of his movements in the way that he managed them. When he had finished, he picked up his hat without a word, walked to the door and out. But on the brick path he stopped, hesi-

self down by the kitchen table and snarled out:

"Set 'em here. I like a kitchen when it's clean."

So I spread my blue Delft cloth for him and brought him a Wedgwood bowl of grandmother's. And to make it more gay I picked some red geraniums from the kitchen window-boxes and put them in a little copper bowl. He looked at them and grunted—one couldn't have told whether it was from disgust or approval. While he ate, I showed him the many little contrivances Dudley had put up for me, telling by way of explanation that I expected to be doing my own housework for at least ten years. With a matrimonial send-off of seventy-five dollars and promotion for Dudley at the usual academic speed, it would take that time before we could afford even the most economical of maids.

"But we're young, you see,"

tated, and turned back to me, and I saw again those strange, hurt eyes of his.

"Feel better, darn it. G'day, ma'm."

And with that he was gone.

I watched him jerk himself down the path and slam the door of his car behind him. And when Dudley came home that night I told him how I had invited the Bogey-man to tea.

A year later, almost to the day, he came again. I was on the side porch, hushing two-months-old Buddy off for his afternoon nap. I had been watching his eyelids droop, then close—and then pop wide-awake open again in that fight-against-sleep way a baby has. But they had shut for good at last, and I was stealing off on tiptoe. I remember I was very tired. Buddy was a colicky baby—so many first babies are—and Dudley and I had walked the floor in turns every night since he had come. I believe it took us four months before we woke to the colossal fact that colic was not fatal. But before I discovered it for myself I had grown old enough to be Buddy's grandmother, and the real exuberant joy of life had dulled along with my brass andirons which I hadn't had time to clean since Buddy came. Yes, I was tired and old-feeling and drab when I saw the big touring car stop and my Bogey-man come up the path again. I hurried to the door to prevent his knocking.

"Eh, eh—well, ma'm!" He was half grinning, which made him seem more impossibly ugly than memory had painted him. "Still specializin' in milk toast, eh?"

I didn't feel a bit like smiling or asking him in, but somehow I couldn't fail him. It was so evident that he had carried away a memory from our door pleasant enough to last him a twelve-month and then bring him back again, and I had the feeling that pleasant memories had certainly not overcrowded his life. So I managed the smile, and I opened the door, and I nodded for all the world as if I had been expecting a welcome visitor.

"It will be ready in a minute," I said. "In the meantime there's something new to show you."

"More contraptions?" he snarled.

"Wait and see—and come softly."

I hadn't the faintest idea that he would be interested in babies any more than he had been in red geraniums or kitchen contrivances. It was just that Buddy was the best thing we had in the house, and common hospitality demanded that we share him. When the Bogey-man saw the go-cart on the porch and what was in it, he grunted precisely as I had expected he would. I left him there, and he did not follow me into the kitchen as he had the first time. I waited until I had cut the bread and put the milk on to warm, and then curiosity drove me back to the doorway. He was stooping over the go-cart, reaching out a slender, sensitive finger toward what I guessed to be a small pink fist.

The toast was just browning when I heard a waking, whimpering cry. I expected another, more insistent, but none came; and when I tiptoed to the porch to tell my self-invited guest that everything was ready, I found him joggling the go-cart back and (Continued on page 146)





# The Dwarfies

By Johnny Gruelle



**H**ENNY and Henrietta, the Hedgehog twins, were just two weeks old and the dearest, chubby little creatures you could imagine. Their little black eyes twinkled merrily, and their mouths were always wrinkled in smiles, just like Mama and Daddy Hedgehog.

Every day Mama Hedgehog put Henny and Henrietta Hedgehog in the tiny little double cradle and pulled them out in front of the Hedgehog home into the warm, golden sunshine, for, you know, there is nothing like sunshine for making little ones grow healthy and happy.

So, when Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie and Charlie Canary and Thadius Thrush came to the Hedgehog home, they stopped to see Henny and Henrietta Hedgehog.

"I tell you what, Mama Hedgehog, you should have a christening!" said Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie.

"It would be lovely!" said Mrs. Mama Hedgehog, "But I have never been to a christening and do not know what to do!"



All the woods creatures came to see the Hedgehog twins

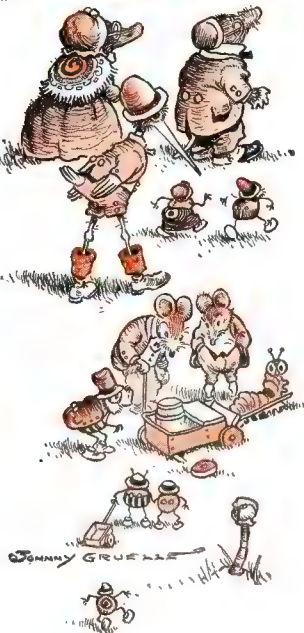
"Oh, when the Dwarfies come, Grampy Dwarfie will tell you just what to do!" said Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie.

So Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie, Charlie Canary, and Thadius Thrush climbed up in a tree right over the cradle of Henny and Henrietta Hedgehog and sang. And when Mr. Deedie Dwarfie and Danny Dwarfie heard them singing, they came running with their tiny Dwarfie musical instruments, and climbing beside Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie, Charlie Canary, and Thadius Thrush, they joined in the music. Johnny Cricket, who lived under a stone near the tree, also climbed up beside them and played on his tiny cricket violin.

When the Dwarfies heard the music and singing, they said to themselves, "Some one must be having a party," and they came trooping over the soft mosses and grass to where Mama Hedgehog lived.

Daddy Hedgehog was working in the garden, but when he heard the music, he dropped his hedgehog hoe and ran to greet his woodland friends. All the woodland creatures came. All the Dwarfies, all the Fieldmice, Jenny and Johnny Wren, Freddie and Felix Fox, the Bunnikin family, Harry and Harriet Hare, Paul and Pauline Potatobug, and their cousins and aunts.

Granny and Granpa Mole came and brought a long, sandy Snipe.







Even Unk and Auntie Turtle came from the pond and brought tiny Tilly Turtle in the new go-cart. Gertie and Georgie Gartersnake wiggled in happiness, and came so fast, they upset Uncle Ant's teeny-weeny wagon and knocked off a wheel. Annie Angleworm put her head up above the ground and saw everything that was going on. Annie would have liked to help Uncle Ant mend his wagon, but Granpa Fieldmouse came along just in time and put the wheel in place.

When Grampy Dwarfie learned that there was to be a christening, he ran back home and dressed in his best robe and hat.

When all the woodland creatures had arrived, Grampy Dwarfie asked Mama Hedgehog to hold the Hedgehog twins, and Grampy Dwarfie read the Dwarfie recipe for happiness, and named the Hedgehog twins Henny and Henrietta.

Just as Grampy Dwarfie had finished the christening, Charlie Gray Squirrel, who had watched the whole scene from his front window, began to call out as loudly as he could,

"Everybody run and hide! Here come two bad boys!"

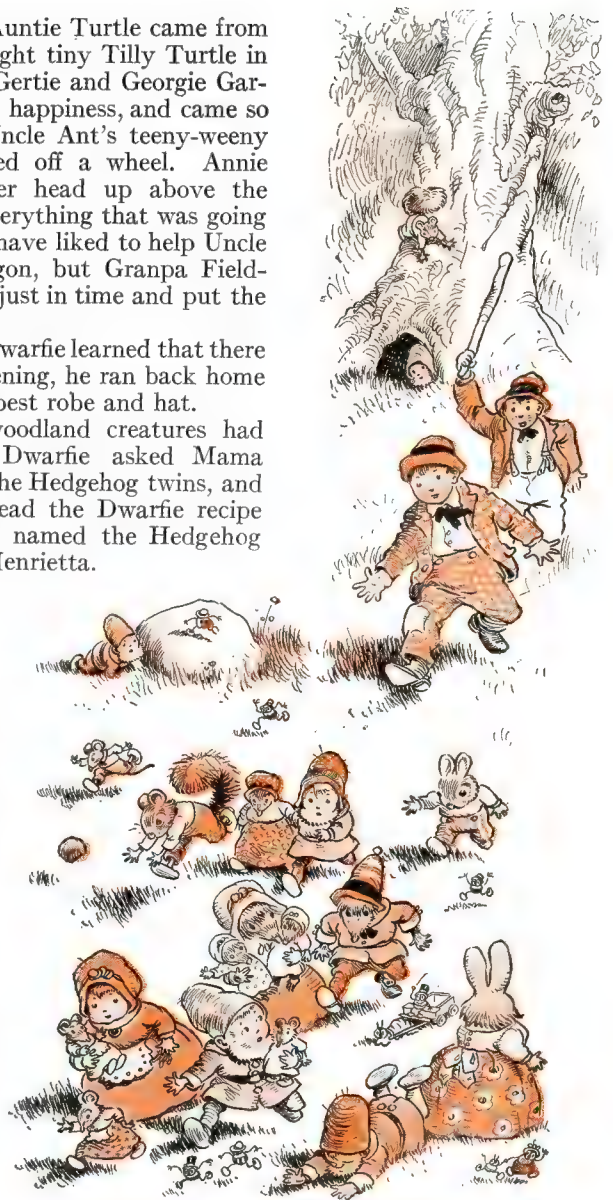
As all the little creatures of the forest fled for hiding places, two boys, with sticks and stones, came running through the woods to where the Hedgehog family lived. The Dwarfies helped the smaller creatures all they could and carried those who could not run as fast as they.

Charlie Gray Squirrel chattered at the boys in the hope that they would quit chasing the little creatures and try to catch him, for he knew the boys could not follow him to the tree-tops, and he wished his forest friends to escape.

But the two bad boys ran after the little creatures upon the ground until they came to the cave of Billy and Bertha Bear. Then, as they turned to run back, Billy and Bertha Bear each caught a bad boy by the ear.



Billy and Bertha Bear punished the boys as they deserved



Two rough boys broke up the christening

Dear me! The two bad boys were indeed sorry they had come into the forest that day, and kicked and wiggled to get away. But it was no use wiggling. Bertha brought out her butter paddle, and put the two bad boys across her knees, and paddy-whacked them soundly.

Then both she and Billy Bear growled ever so loudly, and with eyes twinkling, for their growls were only bear laughter, they watched the two bad boys scoot through the forest for home faster than they had ever run before.

When the two bad boys had gone, all the little woodland creatures came from their hiding places and told Billy and Bertha Bear of the christening of the Hedgehog twins.

So Bertha and Billy Bear invited them all into their cave. The Dwarfies made soda water out of Bertha Bear's honey, and Billy Bear went to the cupboard and brought out sixteen blueberry pies.

With such good cheer the little woodland creatures soon forgot all about the fright the two bad boys had given them, for it is just as Grampy Dwarfie says,

"You have no room for unpleasant thoughts if your hearts are filled with the cheer of making others happy!"



THE shock of the amazing discovery which Carrigan had made was as complete as it was unexpected. His eyes had looked upon the last thing in the world he might have guessed at or anticipated when they beheld through the window of St. Pierre's cabin the beautiful face and partly disrobed figure of Carmin Fanchet. The first effect of that shock had been to drive him away. His action had been involuntary, almost without the benefit of reason, as if Carmin had been Marie-Anne herself receiving the caresses which were rightfully hers, and upon which it was both insult and dishonor for him to spy. He realized now that he had made a mistake in leaving the window too quickly.

But he did not move back through the gloom, for there was something too revolting in what he had seen, and with the revulsion of it a swift understanding of the truth which made his hands clench as he sat down on the edge of the raft with his feet and legs submerged in the slow-moving current of the river. The thing was not uncommon. It was the same monstrous story, as old as the river itself, but in this instance it filled him with a sickening sort of horror which gripped him at first even more than the strangeness of the fact that Carmin Fanchet was the other woman. His vision and his soul were reaching out to the bateau lying in darkness on the far side of the river, where St. Pierre's wife was alone in her unhappiness. His first impulse was to fling himself in the river and race to her—his second, to go back to St. Pierre, even in his nakedness, and call him forth to a reckoning. In his profession of man-hunting he had never had the misfortune to kill, but he could kill St. Pierre—now. His fingers dug into the slippery wood of the log under him, his blood ran hot, and in his eyes blazed the fury of an animal as he stared into the wall of gloom between him and Marie-Anne Boulain.

How much did she know? That was the first question which pounded in his brain. He suddenly recalled his reference to the



St. Pierre was smiling when he turned to David. "M'sieu, I will fight you. And in it not so? And I—I love my Carmin as I love no other woman in the world."

## The FLAMING

By James Oliver Curwood

fight, his apology to Marie-Anne that it should happen so near her and he saw again the queer little twist of her mouth as she let slip the hint that she was not the only one of her sex who would know of tomorrow's fight. He had not noticed the significance of it then. But now it struck home. Marie-Anne was surely aware of Carmin Fanchet's presence on the raft.

But did she know more than that? Did she know the truth, or was her heart filled only with suspicion and fear, aggravated

by St. Pierre's neglect and his too-apparent haste to return to the raft that night? Again David's mind flashed back, recalling her defense of Carmin Fanchet when he had first told her his story of the woman whose brother he had brought to the hangman's justice. There could be but one conclusion. Marie-Anne knew Carmin Fanchet, and she also knew she was on the raft with St. Pierre.

As cooler judgment returned to him, Carrigan refused to concede more than that. For any one of a dozen reasons





this hour let us make confession. You love *ma belle Jeanne*—Marie-Anne. Is He began stripping off his shirt, and Bateese slouched away like a beaten gorilla

# F O R E S T

Illustrated by Walt Louderback

Carmin Fanchet might be on the raft going down the river, and it was also quite within reason that Marie-Anne might have some apprehension of a woman as beautiful as Carmin, and possibly intuition had begun to impinge upon her a disturbing fear of a something that might happen. But until tonight he was confident she had fought against this suspicion, and had overridden it, even though she knew a woman more beautiful than herself was slowly drifting down the stream with her husband. She had betrayed no

anxiety to him in the days that had passed, she had waited eagerly for St. Pierre, like a bird she had gone to him when at last he came, and he had seen her crushed close in St. Pierre's arms in their meeting. It was this night, with its gloom and its storm, that had made the shadowings of her unrest a torturing reality. For St. Pierre had brought her back to the bateau and had played a pitifully weak part in concealing his desire to return to the raft.

So he told himself Marie-Anne did not know the truth, not as he had seen it

through the window of St. Pierre's cabin. She had been hurt, for he had seen the sting of it, and in that same instant he had seen her soul rise up and triumph. He saw again the sudden fire that came into her eyes when St. Pierre urged the necessity of his haste; he saw her slim body grow tense, her red lips curve in a flash of pride and disdain. And as Carrigan thought of her in that way, his muscles grew tighter, and he cursed St. Pierre. Marie-Anne might be hurt, she might guess that her husband's eyes and thoughts were too frequently upon another's face—but in the glory of her womanhood it was impossible for her to conceive of a crime such as he had witnessed through the cabin window. Of that he was sure.

And then, suddenly, like a blinding sheet of lightning out of a dark sky, came back to him all that St. Pierre had said about Marie-Anne. He had pitied St. Pierre then; he had pitied this great, cool-eyed giant of a man who was fighting gloriously, he had thought, in the face of a situation that would have excited most men. Frankly St. Pierre had told him Marie-Anne cared more for him than she should. With equal frankness he had revealed his wife's confessions to him, that she knew of his love for her, of his kiss upon her hair.

In the blackness Carrigan's face burned hot. If he had in him the desire to kill St. Pierre now, might not St. Pierre have had an equally just desire to kill him? For he had known, even as he kissed her hair, and as his arms held her close to his breast in crossing the creek, that she was the wife of St. Pierre. And Marie-Anne—

His muscles relaxed. Slowly he lowered himself into the cool wash of the river and struck out toward the bateau. He did not breast the current with the same fierce determination with which he had crossed through the storm to the raft, but drifted with it and reached the opposite shore a quarter of a mile below the bateau. Here he waited for a time, while the thickness of the clouds broke, and a gray light came through them, revealing dimly the narrow

## The Flaming Forest

path of pebbly wash along the shore. Silently, a stark, naked shadow in the night, he came back to the bateau and crawled through his window.

He lighted a lamp, and turned it very low, and in the dim glow of it rubbed his muscles until they burned. He was fit for tomorrow, and the knowledge of that fitness filled him with a savage elation. A good-humored love of sport had induced him to fling his first half-bantering challenge into the face of Concombre Bateese, but that sentiment was gone. The approaching fight was no longer an incident, a foolish error into which he had unwittingly plunged himself. In this hour it was the biggest physical thing that had ever loomed up in his life, and he yearned for the dawn with the eagerness of a beast that waits for the kill which comes with the break of day. But it was not the half-breed's face he saw under the hammering of his blows. He could not hate the half-breed. He could not even dislike him now. He forced himself to bed, and later he slept. In the dream that came to him it was not Bateese who faced him in battle, but St. Pierre Boulain.

HE awoke with that dream a thing of fire in his brain. The sun was not yet up, but the flush of it was painting the east, and he dressed quietly and carefully, listening for some sound of awakening beyond the bulkhead. If Marie-Anne was awake, she was very still. There was noise ashore. Across the river he could hear the singing of men, and through his window saw the white smoke of early fires rising above the tree-tops. It was the Indian who unlocked the door and brought in his breakfast, and it was the Indian who returned for the dishes half an hour later.

After that Carrigan waited, tense with the desire for action to begin. He sensed no premonition of evil about to befall him. Every nerve and sinew in his body was alive for the combat. He thrilled with an overwhelming confidence, a conviction of his ability to win, an almost dangerous self-conviction of approaching triumph in spite of the odds in weight and brute strength which were pitted against him. A dozen times he listened at the bulkhead between him and Marie-Anne, and still he heard no movement on the other side.

It was eight o'clock when one of the bateau men appeared at the door and asked if he was ready. Quickly David joined him. He forgot his taunts to Concombre Bateese, forgot the softly padded gloves in his pack with which he had promised to pommel the half-breed into oblivion. He was thinking only of naked fists.

Into a canoe he followed the bateau man, who turned his craft swiftly in the direction of the opposite shore. And as they went, David was sure he caught the slight movement of a curtain at the little window of Marie-Anne's forward cabin. He smiled back and raised his hand, and at that the curtain was drawn back entirely, and he knew that St. Pierre's wife was watching him as he went to the fight.

The raft was deserted, but a little below it, on a wide strip of beach made hard and smooth by flood water, had gathered a crowd of men. It seemed odd to David they should remain so quiet, when he knew the natural instinct of the riverman was to voice his emotion at the top of his lungs.

He spoke of this to the bateau man, who shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Eet ees ze command of St. Pierre," he explained. "St. Pierre say no man make beeg noise at—what you call heem—funeral? An' theese goin' to be wan gran' fun-e-ral, m'sieu!"

"I see," David nodded. He did not grin back at the other's humor.

He was looking at the crowd. A giant figure had appeared out of the center of it and was coming slowly down to the river. It was St. Pierre. Scarcely had the prow of the canoe touched shore when David leaped out and hurried to meet him. Behind St. Pierre came Bateese, the half-breed. He was stripped to the waist and naked from the knees down. His gorilla-like arms hung huge and loose at his sides, and the muscles of his hulking body stood out like carved mahogany in the glisten of the morning sun. He was like a grizzly, a human beast of monstrous power, something to look at, to back away from, to fear.

Yet David scarcely noticed him. He met St. Pierre, faced him, and stopped—and he had gone swiftly to this meeting, so that the chief of the Boulains was within earshot of all his men.

St. Pierre was smiling. He held out his hand as he had held it out once before in the bateau cabin, and his big voice boomed out a greeting.

Carrigan did not answer, nor did he look at the extended hand. For an instant the eyes of the two men met, and then, swift as lightning, Carrigan's arm shot out, and with the flat of his hand he struck St. Pierre a terrific blow squarely on the cheek. The sound of the blow was like the smash of a paddle on smooth water. Not a riverman but heard it, and as St. Pierre staggered back, flung almost from his feet by its force, a subdued cry of amazement broke from the waiting men. Concombre Bateese stood like one stupefied. And then, in another flash, St. Pierre had caught himself and whirled like a wild beast. Every muscle in his body was drawn for a gigantic, overwhelming leap; his eyes blazed; the fury of a beast was in his face. Before all his people he had suffered the deadliest insult that could be offered a man of the Three River Country—a blow struck with the flat of another's hand. Anything else one might forgive, but not that. Such a blow, if not avenged, was a brand that passed down into the second and third generations, and even children would call out "Yellow-Back—Yellow-Back" to the one who was coward enough to receive it without resentment.

A RUMBLING growl rose in the throat of Concombre Bateese in that moment when it seemed as though St. Pierre Boulain was about to kill the man who had struck him. He saw the promise of his own fight gone in a flash. For no man in all the northland could now fight David Carrigan ahead of St. Pierre.

David waited, prepared to meet the rush of a madman. And then, for a second time, he saw a mighty struggle in the soul of St. Pierre. The giant held himself back. The fury died out of his face, but his great hands remained clenched as he said, for David alone:

"That was a playful blow, m'sieu? It was—a joke?"

"It was for you, St. Pierre," replied

Carrigan. "You are a coward—and a skunk. I swam to the raft last night, looked through your window, and saw what happened there. You are not fit for a decent man to fight, yet I will fight you, if you are not too great a coward—and dare to let our wagers stand as they were made."

St. Pierre's eyes widened, and for a breath or two he stared at Carrigan, as if looking into him and not at him. His big hands relaxed, and slowly the panther-like readiness went out of his body. Those who looked beheld the transformation in amazement, for of all who waited only St. Pierre and the half-breed had heard Carrigan's words, though they had seen and heard the blow of insult.

"You swam to the raft," repeated St. Pierre in a low voice, as if doubting what he had heard. "You looked through the window—and saw—"

David nodded. He could not cover the sneering poison in his voice, his contempt for the man who stood before him.

"YES, I looked through the window. And I saw you, and the lowest woman on the Three Rivers—the sister of a man I helped to hang. I—"

"Stop!"

St. Pierre's voice broke out of him like the sudden crash of thunder. He came a step nearer, his face livid, his eyes shooting flame. With a mighty effort he controlled himself again. And then, as if he saw something which David could not see, he tried to smile, and in that same instant David caught a grin cutting a great slash across the face of Concombre Bateese. The change that came over St. Pierre now was swift as sunlight coming out from shadowing cloud. A rumble grew in his great chest. It broke in a low note of laughter from his lips, and he faced the bateau across the river.

"M'sieu, you are sorry for *her*. Is that it? You would fight—"

"For the cleanest, finest little girl who ever lived—your wife!"

"It is funny," said St. Pierre, as if speaking to himself, and still looking at the bateau. "Yes, it is very funny, *ma belle* Marie-Anne! He has told you he loves you, and he has kissed your hair and held you in his arms—yet he wants to fight me because he thinks I am steeped in sin, and to make me fight in place of Bateese he has called my Carmin a low woman! So what else can I do? I must fight. I must whip him until he can not walk. And then I will send him back for you to nurse, *chérie*, and for that blessing I think he will willingly take my punishment! Is it not so, m'sieu?"

He was smiling and no longer excited when he turned to David.

"M'sieu, I will fight you. And the wagers shall stand. And in this hour let us be honest, like men, and make confession. You love *ma belle* Jeanne—Marie-Anne? Is it not so? And I—I love my Carmin, whose brother you hanged, as I love no other woman in the world. Now, if you will have it so, let us fight!"

He began stripping off his shirt, and with a bellow in his throat Concombre Bateese slouched away like a beaten gorilla to explain to St. Pierre's people the change in the plan of battle. And as that news spread like fire in the fir-tops, there came but a single cry (Continued on page 182)





**S**UDDENLY Marie Anne rose on her tiptoes and kissed him. So swiftly was it done that she was gone before David sensed that wild touch of her lips against his own. Like a swallow she was at the door, and through it, and for a moment he heard the quick running of her feet. The instant impulse to follow her was checked by the sight of the armed guard by whom she paused as if for refuge

# Fanciful Trimmings for Fanciful 'Kerchiefs

By  
Anne Orr

The handkerchief designs on this page are exclusive and make charming gifts. The first one in the group right below is of rose linen with black drawn-thread work, a white patchwork flower-pot whipped to the material, and flowers in bullion stitch in two shades of pink. The green leaves and stem are in lazy daisy stitch. The second is embroidered in like manner, but is white with blue patchwork hemstitched to the material. The third handkerchief embroiders its corner with pink, blue, and lavender flowers in the above stitches, and green eyelet circles in solid stitch. Its edge is rolled, then cross-stitched in blue. In the fourth white linen handkerchief, blue drawn-thread work plays its part, for it makes the squares. In each of these a self-toned rose is embroidered in bullion stitch

Descriptions are given in the order the men's handkerchiefs above come. They are all of white linen with drawn-thread work done in combinations of colors and initials cross-stitched in the predominating shade. The first combines blue and yellow; the second, black and rose; the third, blue and yellow; the fourth, brown and blue; the fifth, rose and black; the sixth, brown and blue

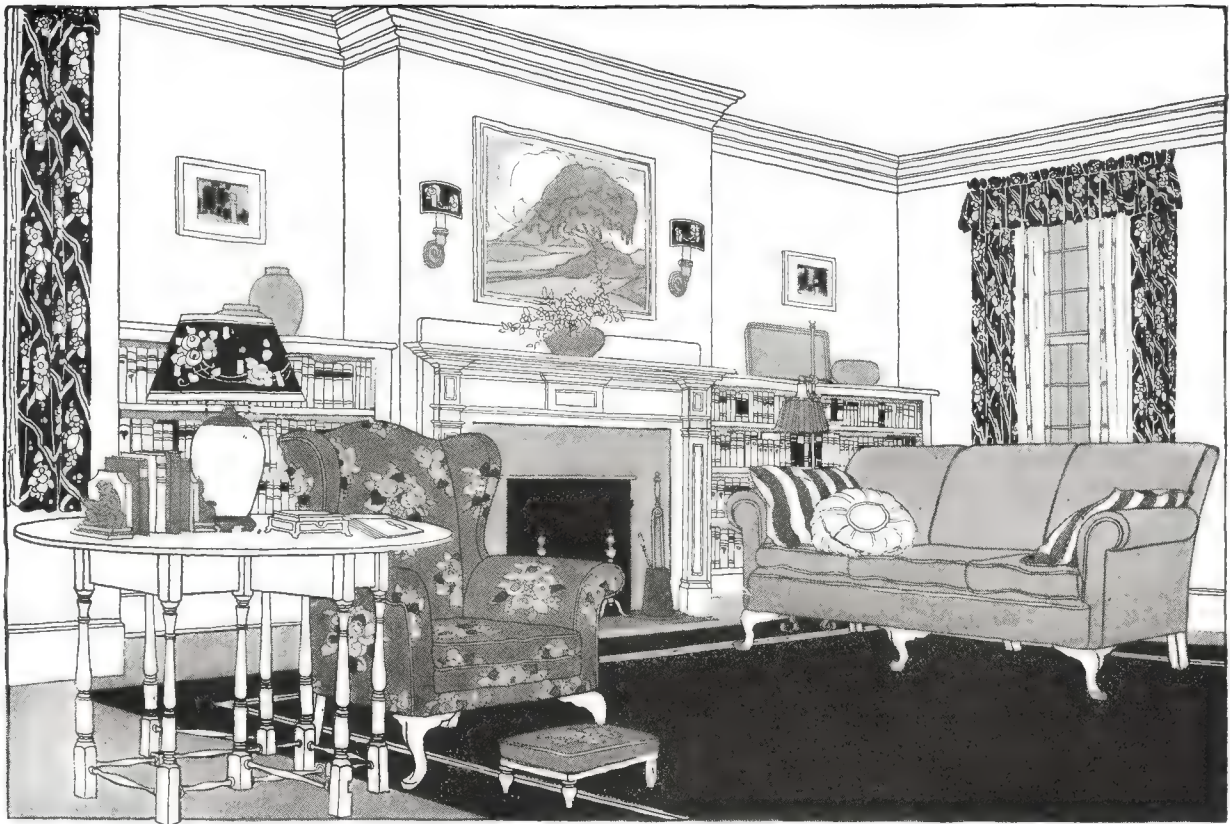
As on the opposite side, these men's white linen handkerchiefs have drawn-thread work done in combinations of colors, and initials cross-stitched in the predominating tone used. The combinations are in the order given above; the first and second, black and rose; the third, all lavender; the fourth, yellow and brown; the fifth, yellow and blue; the sixth, black and lavender

Handkerchiefs at left: White square on blue linen, brown flower-pot on white, white vase on blue, and white basket on pink are in patchwork. Flowers are bullion-stitched. The handkerchiefs at right are white with lavender iris solid-stitched, gray basket outlined, and roses bullion-stitched. The flowers in handkerchief at extreme right are blue and orange French knots. White handkerchief with initials is hemstitched

## HOW TO ORDER

Hot-iron patterns, with enclosed directions, for handkerchiefs come in 4 groups. Each group carries 6 each of 6 different patterns, 24 in all, for 25c. Group 1 contains 6 men's handkerchiefs at left above. Group 2, six at right above. Group 3, women's handkerchiefs above, and first 2 at left. Group 4, four at right and two lower ones at left. Four sheets of cross-stitch patterns with monograms and 4 alphabets also 25c. 5 groups, \$1.10. Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping





The evidence of careful planning is apparent in every detail of this homelike room

# FURNISHINGS *and* DECORATIONS

## *A Simple Course in Home Decorating*

By Winnifred Fales

**T**HERE are two ways of going about the furnishing and decorating of a home. One, the wrong way, is to order the walls and woodwork finished in the "very latest" style, and then in the course of an afternoon's shopping to buy a three-piece overstuffed living-room suite, a ten-piece Queen Anne dining-room suite, a Louis-the-something bedroom suite—or was it an "Adam"—and an awfully smart breakfast-room set in canary enamel, not to mention some remarkable bargains in rugs and hangings.

The other and right way is to sit down and formulate a clear and definite plan, carefully worked out to the last detail, before a single penny is expended. As a well-known authority has said, "The basis of all good decoration is *plan*—well-selected and adhered to"; and it is only by painstaking and comprehensive planning that effects of distinction and individuality are achieved.

When this method is pursued, and every purchase made in accordance with a preconceived schedule, each successive object will fit into its allotted place with perfect accuracy and produce the precise effect anticipated. On the other hand, when *things* instead of *plans* are taken as the starting point, the decorator is immediately confronted by the almost hopeless problem of how to force into some semblance of

harmony and coherence a series of unrelated objects, many of which are fundamentally antagonistic to one another, or to the room in which they must be placed.

Of course the perfect plan begins with the house itself, but only the fortunate minority may know the supreme joy of materializing their house of dreams. Like the hermit crab, which, lacking a shell of its own, squeezes into that of a mollusk, the average family must fit as best it may into a house originally designed for another with a wholly different range of tastes and requirements; and where this handicap exists, it should frankly be recognized and faced.

This does not mean that ideals should be renounced, but that they must be expressed in a manner, and through the use of materials, that befit the environment. The great carved chairs and mas-

sive benches and tables which were in perfect keeping with the spacious and lofty interiors of the Italian Renaissance would be grotesquely absurd in the tiny rooms of a cottage. Yet the cottage dweller to whom the Italian expression is especially congenial may embody in appropriate and inexpensive furnishings the same basic ideals of strength, dignity, simplicity, and restraint which were the glory of the Renaissance, and which in fifteenth-century palaces were expressed on a large and costly scale. The simple rectangular lines, so full of dignity, may be found in pieces of smaller, less massive construction; and it is these very characteristics, combined with the decorative use of color, that make the so-called "peasant furniture" deservedly popular for summer homes. The long, narrow, rectangular refectory table and benches are often desirable as space-savers, and if built on a scale compatible with that of the room, are entirely in keeping. The practise of fine restraint and the rejection of superfluities should be far easier in the cottage than in the palace. Richness of coloring and design may be found in cretonnes and linens as well as in priceless velvets and tapestries, and they may be hung with similar care to emphasize structural lines, while imparting to doors and windows the

(Continued on page 141)

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**B**EGINNING with this issue, *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING* will publish a series of fourteen simple lessons in home decorating, dealing with such practical subjects as building color schemes, finishing walls, floors and woodwork, selecting and arranging furniture, making and mounting curtains and draperies, the use of decorative textiles, and the choice of floor coverings





## *The Cool-Looking Summer Home*

By Florence A. Mastick

**T**HE use of special curtains and slip-covers for summer is nowadays regarded as a necessity in practically all well-regulated households. The economy of storing heavy draperies and protecting expensive upholstery during the months when every passing breeze wafts a cloud of dust or cinders through open windows has long been recognized, but only in recent seasons has the housewife begun to awaken to the fact that utility is not the sole end to be served by summer draperies and slips, and that another, of equal importance, is to make the home look cool, restful, and inviting, to whatever altitudes the mercury may climb.

### Slip-Cover Materials

For making furniture slips, there are a number of desirable materials from which to choose. Linen is the most durable and, when printed by hand from wood blocks, is unrivaled for richness and beauty. Linen, however, is costly, and cretonnes of the better grades may be substituted with satisfactory results. A new departure on the part of American manufacturers is to print cretonnes by hand, like linens, and some exceedingly decorative de-

signs have thus been produced in excellent colorings and at very reasonable prices.

Attractive as they are, patterned materials are not desirable in rooms whose

walls and floor coverings are likewise figured. Here any design other than a simple, unbroken stripe of contrasting color should be avoided, but linens, cotton reps, and heavy dimities and sateens in solid colors are cool and restful and may be given a decorative touch by contrasting pipings. The plain glazed chintzes are particularly smart and crisp, and even a fine quality of unbleached muslin bound with a desirable note of pure color is very attractive, while in the less formal rooms, checked gingham makes quaint and effective slip-covers, with double casement curtains of the same material.

### Use Care in Cutting and Fitting

While the choosing of the material is important, the making of the slips is more so. Today's slip-covers must do more than haphazardly cover a piece of furniture and keep out the dust. They must be fashioned with all the care and precision demanded in a tailored suit, for nothing is more distressing than a slip that is loose and baggy. In this, however, there is a note of economy as well as satisfaction to the eye, for a properly fitted slip-cover does not get out of place and become wrinkled and unsightly after a few days'



At the top of the page the cool fashion of sheer, loose-hanging curtains for French doors and windows is shown. Fringe trims the lower edge

Loose chair cushions should be separately covered, as in the examples on this page. Sofa pillows may have slips to match the chairs, as above



wear; and if made in a fairly dark color, it may do duty for two seasons without having to be sent to the cleaner.

It is not always necessary that the slips extend to the floor, for over-stuffed pieces that boast of simple, well-finished legs are far smarter when their covering ends at the point where the exposed portion of the legs begins, but they must fit snugly and be securely fastened. When the furniture legs are ugly or poorly finished, a shirred or plaited ruffle may extend from the lower edge of the slip-cover to within one inch of the floor. Loose chair cushions should be covered separately, as in the illustrations on page 74. This helps to keep the cover in place and facilitates the cleaning of the cushion itself. Sofa pillows should not be overlooked, but covered in the same material as the slips and chair cushions, as shown in the settee in the first illustration. These covers should fasten with snap fasteners rather than with unsightly tapes that often come untied.

It is wiser to remove the permanent covers and have them dry cleaned and put away so that they may be fresh and ready

for autumn. Dining-room chairs are attractive with slips that cover only the seats, an example of this type being shown at the foot of this page. Sometimes the little valance is plaited and the edge bound with a plain color.

Slips for beds are made by substituting spreads of chintz or other colorful fabrics for the regulation ones in use. They will be found a great saving, besides making the room most attractive. In the same way chintz table covers may be substituted for more elaborate ones, and lampshades may be completely covered and preserved from the dust by covers that are made to fit over the outside of the permanent shade. Fold over a seam's depth at both top and bottom edges and sew or fasten with snaps on the inside of the frame of the shade.

Occasionally it is desirable to put slip-covers on heavy window and door hangings instead of taking them down, because of having no place to store them. It is surprising how well they may be made to

look by fashioning bag-like slips which may be drawn up over the curtains and fastened at the under side of the top. The curtains should be left drawn back and hanging in their natural folds, and the slips made only the width of the curtain as it hangs. Before adjusting them, the curtains should be thoroughly brushed and dusted. Slip-cover curtains of this type are shown in the first of the two interesting dining-rooms illustrated below.

When the house is to be closed for the summer and the slips are to be used for protection only, each piece of furniture should have its individual cover, even mirrors and pictures being thus protected. Polished wood surfaces as well as fine fabrics are injured by the dust and grit which sift in even when the windows and doors are tightly shuttered and locked.

For summer use, the more simple the curtains the more suitable and attractive they are. As a rule, since light and air are the paramount considerations at this season, only one set of curtains should be used. Rooms which are flooded with sunshine for several hours (Continued on page 174)

At the right is illustrated the interesting use of long, bag-like covers that slip over winter draperies during the summer months; the same material is also used to fashion slip-covers for the chairs



The upholstered seats of dining chairs may be protected with slips which extend only to the bottom of the seat frames, as in the example shown below. The valance may be plaited instead of plain

MARY H. NORTON.



MATTIE E. BERRY





## W E D D I N G S

*The correct form for the  
ceremony itself and  
for the reception*



A WEDDING—at least, one's own wedding—is a rare occurrence, with only one to a lifetime in the majority of cases. Therefore there is no subject upon which so many questions are asked about the proper etiquette. For the wedding day, even more than for any other occasion, it is important to plan every detail with the greatest care, for it is only by knowing that each step in the ceremony and in the following reception is arranged for, that the bride may feel all the care-free happiness that the day should bring. With an absolute standard of good form to consult, all plans may be made weeks in advance, so that the many affairs that crowd the days before a wedding may not be spoiled by the necessity for the constant making of decisions.

The most delightful weddings are always those in which the precision of the correct thing is enlivened and colored by the individuality of the bride. So I shall do my part by presenting the standard of good form as in vogue at present, to be varied and colored by whatever whims of fancy the bride may care to indulge.

The first matter for choice is whether the wedding shall be in church or at home. It can not be said that either one is more fashionable than the other, because both are used in equal proportions. Often a young girl chooses a church ceremony because of the opportunity offered for a large and picturesque bridal procession. A home wedding can be equally charming, although naturally the party can not be so large.

If the bride is a divorcée or a widow, the church ceremony is very much simplified, of course. There are no bridesmaids or ushers, the costume of the bride is very simple, and she enters the church from the vestry to meet the bridegroom and the best man, instead of walking up the long

aisle. The festivities after the ceremony, are much more informal than the reception usually in form, and frequently take the form of a delightful luncheon for the intimate friends and the family.

The wedding invitations must be sent out about two weeks before the ceremony, so they should come first in the list of details. The same form is used for the home wedding as for the church wedding. When the wedding has been absolutely quiet, no invitations are printed, and only announcement cards are sent out. The largest stationers can be accepted as authority, but in case you are not near any of the best-known firms, the proper forms for both types of wedding invitation are

given in full at the end of the article.

In the case of the church wedding, the larger number of guests are invited to the church and only the intimate friends to the reception, while the announcement cards are sent to every acquaintance. At the house wedding the order is reversed. The intimate friends are asked only to the ceremony, and the reception which follows includes those not so well known. The announcement cards serve the same purpose in both cases, and also in the event of a hurried and family wedding. The invitations and announcements are engraved on a double sheet of thick, white note paper, while the reception invitation and entrance cards are engraved on cards which are enclosed in the wedding invitation. This is placed in an envelop on which is inscribed only the name of the guest, and which is again enclosed in a mailing envelop. As the announcement has no enclosure, the extra envelop may be omitted.

The decorations for a large church wedding are as elaborate as the purse and fancy of the bride's family dictate, and should usually be turned over to some florist, who will submit plans and estimate, and take entire charge for church and reception. The decorations are usually white Easter lilies, white lilacs, white roses, etc., but if preferred, the season may be followed by using chrysanthemums, pink roses, or spring flowers. Tall poles or arches at the aisle end of the pews are much used, wound with ribbon, and topped by shower bouquets, but large bunches tied on the pews are equally lovely and are much less pretentious. Palms and green foliage are the general decoration for the chancel, against which one or two massed bunches of flowers stand out, as the bride's party forms such a brilliant pageant that a simple setting is perhaps more attractive.

If the (Continued on page 134)



CAKE FROM DEANS





Left of opposite page. Bouvardia, jasmine, French hydrangea, lily-of-the-valley, and daphne are artistically grouped for the bride. The bouquet at right on opposite page, of bouvardia, lily-of-the-valley, white orchids, and sweetheart roses is appropriate for bride or bridesmaid. The bridesmaid's bouquet at right is of pansies, sweet peas, and snapdragon



FLOWERS FROM  
MAX SCHLING

The bride's cake illustrated on the opposite page is frosted with white icing, the monograms of the bride and groom being slightly raised. Trinkets such as a thimble, wedding-ring, coin, et cetera, denoting destiny, are embedded in it, and a bride in Pompadour array adorns the cake itself. The wedding-cake taken by the guests is enclosed in small boxes

When a wedding breakfast is to be served, no more charming setting could be achieved than above. For such a formal occasion a tablecloth is used rather than doilies. Silver candlesticks with flickering candles lend dignity to the table, and a tall silver vase with mimosa, roses, pussy willow, and snapdragon gives a hint of color to the otherwise snow-white design

The dining-room may be arranged as seen below, when a buffet breakfast is served; coffee and sandwiches are on one side, the bride's cake and bonbons on the other, and the punch-bowl and candlesticks facing the entrance. Thus space is afforded the guests to move about, and serving, done from the pantry, is made easy for the caterers or maids of the household



# Department of HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING

## GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

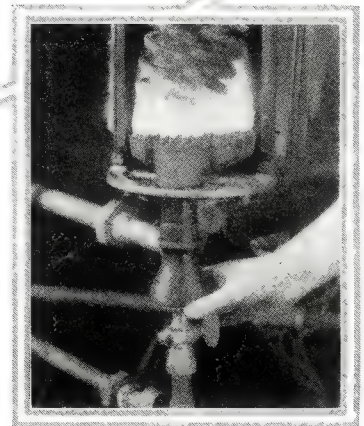
*Mildred Maddocks, Director*

### *Saved—Time and Money*

BY our tests we save *you* time and money. Do you know that GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE is a research laboratory established by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING at 105 West 39th Street, New York, and operated solely in your interests over a period of thirteen years? It has two departments. This one, the Department of Household Engineering, not only tests new appliances and labor-saving devices, but invents new methods to determine their practical value. Our water pressure system tests water motors. Our gas supply with measuring meters tests gas appliances. Our electrical equipment is so complete that it secures accuracy for every word we print. Our mechanical equipment proves durability. Our entire staff is at your service evolving ways to make housekeeping easier

## CONVENIENCE IN WATER HEATING

*Discovered in our Research Work at the Institute*



THE approach of the warm months, accompanied by the suspension of the furnace fire and kitchen coal range, brings with it the problem of water heating. This problem is easily solved, however, because of the number of different types of water heaters available, so that no matter what the fuel in your locality may be, you will find a water heater to meet your needs.

Probably the most usual method of heating water is by means of a water-back in a range. Although this method has certain advantages, it is not one hundred percent efficient for the reason that the range must accomplish a double purpose. The heat units which are needed for raising or maintaining the oven temperature are at the same time being used for heating the water. When a considerable quantity of hot water has been drawn, the cold water which takes its place naturally lowers the temperature of the oven until

the water becomes heated again. Not only is this true theoretically, but if the same range were used first with a water-back, and then without a water-back, you would find that the practical results would substantiate the theory.

All water heaters are similar in design and operate on the same principle. They consist of one or more coils, or chambers, which expose a large amount of surface directly to the flame or heating element. In gas and kerosene heaters the coils are encased in a cast metal jacket, with the burner underneath. As the water in the coils becomes hot, it rises and starts the water in the boiler circulating through the coils until the entire amount is heated.

Gas heaters have received the name of being expensive devices to operate only because of the fact that it is so easy to light them and then forget to turn them off. It is, therefore, advisable to have some automatic device at least for shutting

off the gas. On the opposite page in the topmost photograph you will note one type of gas heater with one of these devices.

The small, somewhat rectangular box on the left side of the tank is an automatic thermostatic control which can be connected to any gas heater used with a storage tank. This control regulates the supply of gas and maintains a constant temperature in the boiler after the water has been heated. As the water is drawn from the tank, the cold water rushes in and lowers the temperature, which affects the thermostat. The thermostat then automatically allows the gas to flow and become ignited by the pilot light, which must be kept burning. The gas continues to burn until the water in the tank has reached the shut-off temperature for which the device has been adjusted.

You will notice also the jacketed boiler in this same photograph. A boiler covering



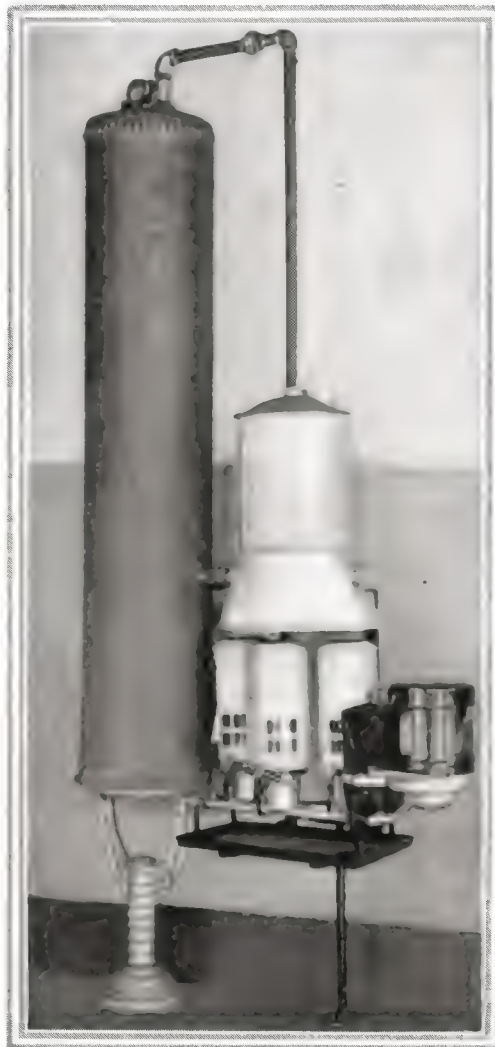
is one of the secrets of conserving fuel and heat, a large percentage of which would be lost by radiation. If the tank is located in the cellar, which, of course, is the best place for it, a coating of an asbestos cement can be used. If, however, the tank is in the kitchen, an asbestos-lined jacket such as this, tightly laced on the boiler, presents a neat appearance and prevents the hot water boiler from acting as a room heater. The jacket may be given two or three coats of any soft-toned paint to match the color scheme of the room, which will make it less conspicuous.

The instantaneous type of heater undoubtedly furnishes the maximum service, as it automatically delivers hot water upon the opening of a faucet. The release of the water pressure opens a valve allowing the gas to flow and become ignited by the pilot light. No storage boiler is needed, as a heater of this type simply heats the flowing water on its way from the source of supply to the faucets. While the instantaneous heater costs somewhat more to operate than the gas heater attached to a boiler, the cost is really not excessive unless the members of the household are careless and waste the water as a result of the ease of obtaining it.

Heaters of the instantaneous type, in fact all gas heaters which have an automatic control for turning on the gas, should always have a flue con-

nection to the outdoors as a safeguard. You will notice that the instantaneous heater in the photograph has its outside connection through a window.

Although the mixture of air and gas will in all probability be properly adjusted when the gas heater is installed, it is well to know how to readjust it, should the necessity arise. The gas should burn with a steady blue flame; a yellow flame indicates lack of air. To regulate the flame, adjust the mixture as shown in the small photograph on the opposite page, by opening the air regulating valve attached to the mixing chamber, which you will find directly underneath the heater, until



You should have no difficulty in selecting a water heater from the number of good ones available

the clear blue flame is obtained. If the gas pressure is too great, the flame will burn with a hissing sound.

In every coil type of heater the coils themselves should receive a due amount of attention. At certain intervals they should be cleaned of all the carbon deposit by means of a small, stiff bristle brush. You can readily appreciate that when the flame is prevented from striking the coil directly, a certain amount of heat energy is lost.

Where kerosene is the fuel, water heaters of this type will fill a great need. A one-burner type will supply enough water for the small home, but where large quantities of hot water are needed, particu-

larly where there is more than one bathroom, a two-burner or, preferably, a three-burner heater should be selected. One type of three-burner is shown in the central photograph. When the water is once heated, one burner is sufficient to maintain it at a temperature required for household purposes. Kerosene water heaters need a certain amount of care and attention to give their maximum efficiency. They must be installed carefully, special attention being given to the leveling. To get the greatest heat value from your fuel, the burners must be perfectly level, this being especially true of the wickless type of burner. In the wick type of burner, the wick should be wiped off frequently, but not cut.

There are small coal heaters, too, which burn from one ton to one and a half tons a year. These heaters require but a small amount of attention, perhaps twice a day. If the demand is not too great, they are especially satisfactory to use in connection with large-size tanks, because although they can not be rushed, they can maintain the water at a constant temperature.

As yet we have found electric water heaters almost prohibitive for the ordinary household use because of the operating cost. But where the electric rate is low compared to other fuels, they are a convenience.



# Servants and Housekeepers

By the Director

IT is with no thought that the INSTITUTE through research, or the Director through personal experience, has solved the question of obtaining and retaining household help that we offer any comment on what is agreed to be the most trying of the modern housekeepers' problems. But the situation is clearing up a bit: the supply is more plentiful—it is even possible in this locality to find a willingness to undertake general housework duties; and the morale is very much better, although the wages demanded are still as high as ever. Therefore it seems a time when this combined experience of the INSTITUTE and Director is too pertinent to withhold from other housekeepers whatever of suggestive value it may have for them.

It is only fair to say that there is no indication that short hours, a shortened week, high wages, and general independence of the worker offer a solution. Instead it seems more and more established that the issue is one of practical psychology rather than of sociology.

There have been housekeepers in all localities and within the acquaintance of every one of us who have seemed to have little trouble in retaining a skilled worker over a considerable period of time, and when a change did come it was through definite and natural causes. It is that housekeeper, wherever she may be, whose methods are worth studying by her less successful sisters.

But first of all, let me detail for you the concrete experience of the INSTITUTE and the similarly concrete home experience of the Director over a like period of time. They illustrate so well the particular point I wish to make.

The INSTITUTE requires the services of a maid, and her duties cover every type of household duty, save bed making and its allied work. To be sure, she has machines

## Bulletins and a Binder

Washing without Boiling . . .	15c
Canning by Safe Methods . . .	15c
The First Kitchen Outfitted . .	15c
Cooking by Temperature . . .	10c
Fireless Cookery . . . . .	10c
An Efficient Home Laundry . .	10c
Menu Building by Calories . .	6c
Quarterly Supplements to Household Engineering (set of 11) . . . . .	83c
(singly) . . . . .	10c
Spring-Back Binder, cloth, to hold bulletins . . . . .	\$1.00

and modern appliances to help her, but remember that our work of testing involves the use of some poorly made machines that must be used conscientiously before a disapproval can fairly be accorded them. And it is more than an axiom that a poorly designed or built machine is as much worse than hand labor as the good machine is better. Therefore this INSTITUTE maid has a normal share of good and bad working conditions. But notice how completely the sociological conditions fulfill those laid down by the exponents of hour labor and the eight-hour day for house workers:

Her daily hours of work are eighty-three to five. She lives at home. Outside these working hours her time is her own. Is Sunday work a bugbear? This maid's week is but five and one-half days. Every Saturday afternoon and every Sunday are hers to do with as she pleases. Considerable accent is placed upon what might be called "social" treatment. But this, too, meets the most difficult of stipulations. She enters by the door every member of the staff uses; her money is as promptly re-

ceived and from the same source; she is called by her last name with a prefix whenever she so desires it. Indeed, I can think of no condition laid down by the platform speaker on the subject that has not been met naturally by conditions in our INSTITUTE. And yet, in the years of operation on this basis, our record of continuous service averages just under a year, and the longest record is just over two years.

Here is the companion picture: Over a similar period of time, there has been no change in the personnel of the single maid in the Director's own home, even though it has been a seven-day week most of the time without even the Thursday afternoon supposed to be a *sine qua non*. This was, of course, compensated for by occasional week-ends of leisure, but

these were not regular by any means. Moreover, the working day is topped by a seven-o'clock dinner and all the week-end and dinner guests a naturally hospitable housekeeper could desire. Moreover, there have been two moving days—both of them frictionless in her capable hands.

Thus, in the one case, are short hours and a business-like contact; on the other hand are the long hours of an average home and a personal interest and contact that is very far from being merely business-like. But it is not from these few years alone that I reason that Martha is a human being and the reason she can not last in the INSTITUTE is because the busy staff is too busy to think of her as more than a pair of hands. To be sure she likes the hours; she likes to work in the spick and span kitchen; she likes the mechanical helps to her work; she likes the liberal hours off. She firmly believes, when she comes to us, that she has found ideal working conditions. And so she works happily until she misses the give and take of a real interest in our life and our real interest in hers. (Continued on page 125)



★  
 This Campbell's "kind" looks good to me.  
 Its looks are not deceiving.  
 It tastes as good as good can be,  
 And tasting is believing.



## Tempting

Merely to catch the fragrance of a piping hot plateful of Campbell's Cream of Tomato Soup makes you hungry. Irresistibly enticing and delightful, it has long won the enthusiastic approval of housewives everywhere.

Campbell's Tomato Soup contains all the health-building properties and valuable tonic elements of the tomato. The pure juice of the solid red-ripe fruit is combined with creamery butter and granulated sugar, and delightfully seasoned. Prepared with milk or cream, it is rich and satisfying—a treat for all the family.

### A new Campbell's "soup"

Campbell's Bean Soup, an old favorite—a delicious soup that everybody likes has been added to Campbell's famous 21 "kinds." Ask your grocer for it.

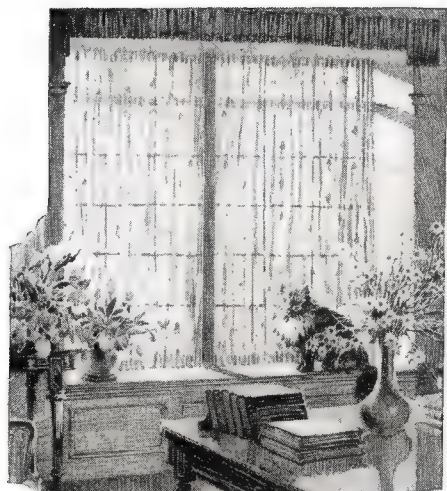
**21 kinds**

**15c a can**

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL





# Orinoka

GUARANTEED SUNFAST  
DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES

**B**EAUTIFULLY colored draperies do more to complete a room than any of the other furnishings. And if your draperies are of Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast fabrics, they are essentially beautiful. And not alone are they lovely in appearance—but a special process in dyeing makes them absolutely sunfast and tubfast.

You can hang Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies (even the most delicately colored ones) at your sunniest windows, tub them occasionally, and they will not fade, nor lose a bit of their soft lustre.

Because of their wonderful colorfastness and exceptional wearing qualities, Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies are most economical.

There are any number of charming designs and weaves, from sheerest casement cloths to heavy velours. Specify Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies and insist on seeing the Orinoka tag with the following guarantee attached to every bolt:



## GUARANTEE

"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price."

THE ORINOKA MILLS, NEW YORK

# CANNING DISCOVERIES

## Good Housekeeping Institute

**MAKE** your canning work safe by following the accurate, tested data found in our bulletin, "Canning by Safe Methods." This bulletin not only includes complete directions for canning by the cold pack method with a time-table for processing, but gives directions and suggestions for jelly making. A copy will be sent to you postpaid upon receipt of fifteen cents in stamps or money. Address GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City

**The Cellar Cannery**—For years I did all my canning in the kitchen and carried all my filled jars to the cellar. Scores of times I longed to stay down in the cool cellar with the fruit cans, but somehow the idea of a cellar cannery never came to me until this year. Now I do all my canning in the cellar, among the jars and glasses and away from the necessity of cleaning up everything to prepare meals. I used a two-burner gas plate which was already installed in the laundry. My experience would warrant the installation of such a one if not already there. The laundry tub took the place of a sink, and as there were generally only two or three kettles and spoons to wash, it answered the purpose very well.

The masterpiece of my cellar cannery is a work table constructed by my husband according to my plans. It consisted originally of a deep, but narrow, packing box. This was turned on its side and four solid legs placed under it. Easy-running casters were added to enable me to push it out of the way for laundry days. One side of the box now made the top of a table; the other became a shelf underneath, where I store my special canning kettles. This side of the box was cut back about six inches to allow room for my feet when I sat at the table.

From the back of the table three uprights support another shelf, strengthened by brackets. This shelf is only eight inches wide and is edged with narrow molding to keep things from falling off when the table is moved. On it I keep all my spices for pickling, my citron, paraffin, jar rings, etc.

At the right end of the table a series of hooks and nails take care of spoons, strainers, the funnel, and all the other small tools I use. Halfway back on the left side of the table is a fourth upright, three feet high. From the top of this the fourth bracket—we purchased two pairs—is suspended. From this my jelly bag hangs when it is draining. The whole work table is painted gray.

In a shoe box on the bottom shelf I keep all my canning recipes and hints which I clip from time to time from magazines. Beside the table is an old bread box. Into it, a week before the canning season begins, is dumped fifty pounds of sugar by the grocery boy.

Although my cellar is light, my husband insisted on running an electric light extension over the new table. He also bought a second-hand high stool; cost, fifty cents. Then my cannery was complete.

The total cost came to two dollars and forty-five cents, and I claim it is the greatest bargain of my married life. Now, canning becomes a separate business, and every step from preparing the fruit and vegetables to labeling the finished product is carried on in the cool cellar. With the end of the canning work, the kettles and utensils are stored away ready for the next season.

In some ways my canning season is now a real vacation, a welcome vacation from the hot and stuffy kitchen. D. E. M., Jackson, Mich.

**My Canning Record**—The past two years I have kept a "Canning Record" which has proved very interesting. I bought a small notebook and ruled it myself to show the following Date—Amount—Price—Mixed With—and number of cans or glasses filled. I leave a page for each fruit and vegetable and a few pages for "mixtures." One instance of its value is that on May 10th I was to leave home for two weeks. At that time pineapples were just on the market, and I debated whether to buy or wait. My record showed that I canned pineapple in 1918 on June 6th, so I waited and got them at a lower price than if I had bought early in May. It is not at all unusual for a neighbor to call me up for information as to when I bought currants or some other fruit last year and the price. In 1921 I intend to enlarge my record by noting also the date first on the market and last on the market, with highest and lowest price during the season.

Mrs. A. M. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

**For Fruit Labels**—I have found that pass-partout is a very convenient substitute when one has not the regular fruit labels. Just cut it the required length, write the name on it, and it is ready for use. I use the white, and a roll will last for several seasons.

Mrs. C. L. H., Rolling Bay, Wash.

**A Canning Hint**—When canning fruit this year, try slicing some large pears one-half inch thick crosswise, then removing the core with the inside round of your doughnut cutter. They are delicious to use with sliced pineapple for a salad. The small ends of the pears I dice and can for salad also.

Mrs. J. H. L., Corinth, Miss.

**When Bottling Catchup**—When bottling my catchup I found I had not enough good corks. It was too far to the store to get them at once, so I cut pieces of pasteboard to fit the tops of the bottles, dipped them in melted paraffin, and held them on the tops until cool enough to stay in place. After a time I covered the tops and necks of bottles with the wax again to be sure they were perfectly sealed. I never had catchup keep better.

Mrs. L. G. B., Bellingham, Wash.

To insure uniform success with this method, fill the bottles with catchup to the very top, that there may be no air space to harbor bacteria and cause spoiling.—THE EDITOR.

**Sun Preserving**—My glass-covered baking dishes are very useful for sun preserving. I use the standard proportions of sugar to berries and simmer them for ten minutes after the sirup begins to bubble. Then I turn the berries into glass-covered baking dishes and let them stand in the sun until the sirup is thick and jelly-like. If the sun is very hot, one day is usually sufficient; otherwise let the berries stand for two days.

Mrs. S. S. S., Meadville, Pa.

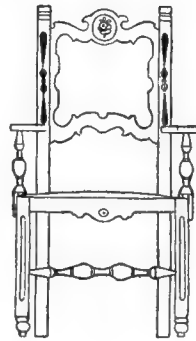




This shopmark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after.



# Berkey & Gay Furniture



**Arm Chair**—Open shaped Curly Birch back. Extremely decorative, yet in quiet good taste.

## This Charming Breakfast Room Suite Specially Priced During May

As a specific demonstration of Berkey & Gay quality and value, we offer through our established representatives this quaint and delightful Breakfast Room Suite at a *special price* during May. We urge every lover of good furniture to see it.

— Berkey & Gay Furniture Company

**For the Small House, Apartment, Summer Home or Porch Dining Room**

This exclusive Berkey & Gay design has an instant appeal, both for its colorful cheer and the fact that it is so well suited to homes where space is limited. In the apartment, summer cottage or outdoor dining porch, the waxen glow of the beautiful Birch, enriched with dull blue and paneled decorations, radiates hospitality.

### In Birch and Curly Birch

The Dining Table seats four, or with drop ends raised accommodates six. Occupies small space.

The China Cabinet, with its glass cabinet and decorated fretwork, gives a unique effect. A hinged shelf gives extra serving space.

*A brochure, illustrating and describing this Breakfast Room Suite and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer, sent on request.*

**Berkey & Gay Furniture Company**

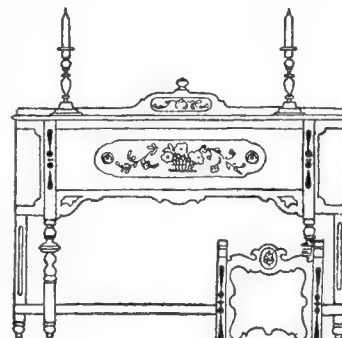
452 Monroe Avenue

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Either or both Sideboard and Serving Table may be used. Decorated panels add a touch of the fanciful.

The Chairs are upholstered in bright cretonne.

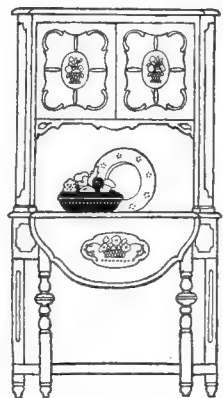
At the special price at which this Suite is offered it is a value impossible to duplicate.



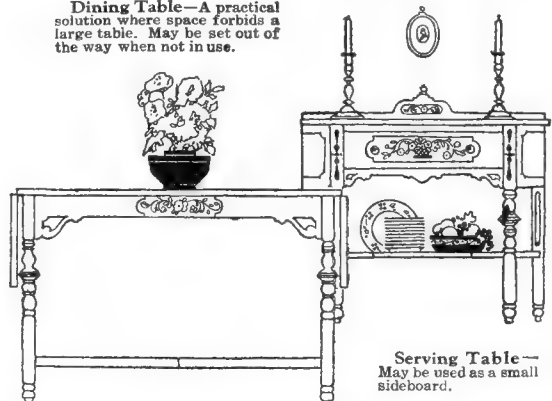
**Sideboard**—Curly Birch. Deep drawer with painted and decorated panel.

**Chairs**—Picture the cheerful effect of these pieces grouped about the table.

**China Closet**—Delightful in proportion and color. Hinged shelf for extra serving.

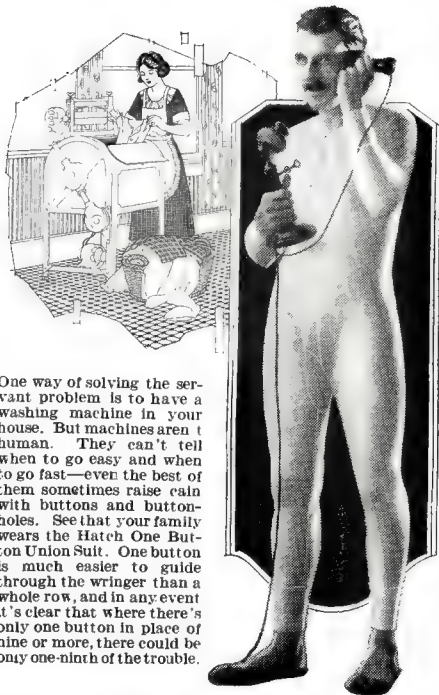


**Dining Table**—A practical solution where space forbids a large table. May be set out of the way when not in use.



**Serving Table**—May be used as a small sideboard.

**Ask to Be Shown This Breakfast Room Suite At Your Leading Furniture Store**



One way of solving the servant problem is to have a washing machine in your house. But machines aren't human. They can't tell when to go easy and when to go fast—even the best of them sometimes raise Cain with buttons and buttonholes. See that your family wears the Hatch One Button Union Suit. One button is much easier to guide through the wringer than a whole row, and in any event it's clear that where there's only one button in place of nine or more, there could be only one-ninth of the trouble.

**W**HO does the mending in your family? Not the men, to be sure. If they did, they would insist on the

## HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT

just because of the trouble it saves. With only the one master button at the chest, instead of a whole row, there isn't that weekly annoyance of torn buttonholes and missing buttons when the laundry comes back.

But even as it is many men—and their number is growing every day—now insist on the Hatch. That's because they have found out the greater comfort and satisfaction that it means, quite aside from the time and trouble it saves. One conveniently located button, instead of a troublesome row, results in a smooth, even fit that isn't possible with the ordinary union suit. Get the Hatch One Button Union Suit for your family this Spring, and see if they don't admit it's better than any underwear they ever had before.

This Spring you can get the Hatch One Button Union Suit in the finest of knit goods and nainsook. We shall be glad to send, free on request, a catalog describing the complete line. The Hatch One Button Union Suit is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's garments: Knitted—\$1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. Nainsook—\$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and \$2.50.

Boys' garments: Knitted—\$1.25. Nainsook—75 cents.



Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co., Albany, N. Y.

## DR. WILEY'S Question-Box

Questions concerning food, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelop accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptive advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

### Going Back to the Middle Ages

I have a son four years of age who from birth has had his daily bath, his teeth brushed twice daily, and the habit of washing before and after meals. Recently he had tonsillitis and a year ago scarlet fever. My husband and his parents insist that I keep the boy too clean. Is such a thing possible?

Mrs. E. L. N., North Dakota.

It is a curious tradition, based on no scientific foundation of any kind, which regards cleanliness as an invitation to disease or as weakening resistance thereto. Just the contrary is the fact. Dirt and filth always invite and never repel disease. Cleanliness and sanitary habits always repel and never invite disease. Some mothers do weaken their children by over-care, too warm clothing, and unventilated and artificially heated sleeping rooms. One thing in regard to the daily bath I would caution you against; that is, having it too warm. A warm bath is debilitating. A boy of four years should have not more than one warm bath a week. I should say the temperature of the bath for a boy of four should be about 70°. It can fall gradually with increasing age.

### Not Acquainted With Royalty

Can you give me any information about cosmetics from Princess Tokio from 159 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.?

A. W., Oklahoma.

I, unfortunately, have no knowledge of Princess Tokio and her firm. It sounds very much like a wily Japanese scheme. I should expect to see a lady with a brownish skin and angel eyes with a keener sense of the gullibility of her clients than she has of removing wrinkles by any kind of magic mud. I have a lurking suspicion that Princess Tokio is trying a skin game on you.

### The Right Kind of Interest

Your League for Longer Life has just come to my attention and I have signed into its ranks, the welfare of my children being thus advanced. When you were a boy did your catechism ask, What is the chief end of man? You have answered the question: The best possible environment, the best possible inheritance, the best possible rearing of children, the most precious and most important trusts of humanity. May I ask this one question: Is there a detrimental reaction following the introduction of the arsenic-iron elements directly into the blood stream?

Mrs. H. W., California

I am glad that the League for Longer Life interests you. As far as this world is concerned at least I agree with you, that the chief end of man is to improve the race. If we can not have better children than we were, then it seems to me our living in the world is not profitable. No one but a thoroughly competent physician should ever attempt to introduce any kind of remedy into the blood. Very serious consequences may come from the unscientific, improper, or unnecessary use of any intravenous substance.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets bearing on health and hygiene: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," and "Reducing and Increasing the Weight." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps apiece. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

### A Fine Business Opportunity

Last fall I purchased a gallon can of Vermont maple sirup of best quality. Practically all of it has since been allowed to remain in the tin container and in a warm room. It now has a very pronounced alcoholic odor. Will you kindly tell me how it might be restored to its original condition?

Mr. J. C. J., Maryland.

I think that you could dispose of the gallon of maple sirup with its alcoholic content at a price which would enable you to buy several

gallons of the fresh article. You could probably remove the alcohol by diluting the sirup and boiling it down again to its original consistency, but alcohol is something like the rose: "You may break, you may shatter, the vase as you will, The scent of the spirit will hang round the still."

### Hair Tonic Used Internally

I want to know if hair tonic makes the hair gray. I mean a hair tonic with 38 percent of grain alcohol in it. I have heard so many arguments on this subject that I certainly would appreciate your opinion thereon.

E. R. H., Pennsylvania.

I do not think that a hair tonic containing 38 percent of alcohol would turn hair gray. My impression is that a hair tonic of this kind would have to be very thoroughly denatured to prevent applying it internally, under the present circumstances. Drinking hair tonic is perhaps an unusual way of applying it, but it might be much less injurious to the hair than the usual method of application. I do not know of any method by which you can turn your hair gray prematurely or prevent it from becoming gray when nature feels inclined that way.

### Probably on the Same Plane with Viavi

A friend has advised me to try Orange Blossoms for my trouble, which is peculiar to women. What do you think of Orange Blossoms as a patent medicine? Another recommended Viavi very highly. Are all patent medicines injurious? Why do physicians condemn them?

Miss A. McL., Oregon.

Orange Blossoms are an excellent remedy for a woman who is troubled with a love affair. They often are followed by complete cure. As far as I know this is the only woman's disease that can possibly be helped by Orange Blossoms. An ethical physician condemns all self-medication. When a physician himself falls ill he doesn't trust himself to treat himself. He calls in another physician. The layman in the first place is totally incapable of diagnosing his trouble, and if he knew, he is ignorant in regard to how to remedy it. Self-medication is playing the game of the undertaker and inviting an early death. If you want to treat yourself you can not do it with my advice. I can not give you any advice except to go to your physician, who, after a careful diagnosis, will be able to determine the nature of your illness and properly prescribe therefor.





# The Golden Bar for Snow-white Clothes

In the safest, quickest, easiest way known Fels-Naptha washes clothes snow-white!

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha. It is unlike any other soap. It has *never* been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naptha *stay in* till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! The clean naptha odor proves the naptha is always there.

The naptha, even when cool or lukewarm water is used, works its way through every fibre of the clothes and *makes the dirt let go*. Only an occasional light rub is necessary.

Boil clothes or use hot water if you wish, but you don't need to go to that trouble or discomfort. The foamy Fels-Naptha suds flush away *all* dirt; and clothes are left sweet, wholesome, spotless.

It is so *easy*! Try the simple Fels-Naptha way shown on the wrapper, for daintiest finery and everything washable.

Get Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer today!

© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia



Smell the *real* naptha  
in Fels-Naptha

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# Get the Full Joy of Gardening

by having the right things to work with. Cheap, shabby hose is a constant temptation to let the garden go thirsty. Good hose, properly cared for, is a joy to use and will last for years. Ask your dealer to show you our three standard brands of  $\frac{5}{8}$ ths inch garden hose sold at good hardware stores everywhere.

$\frac{5}{8}$ ths is the right size for garden hose. Practically all house fittings are  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in diameter and  $\frac{5}{8}$ ths inch hose will deliver the water as fast as it can come through the pipes.



## Bull Dog

Highest quality garden hose made. 7 plies of strong cotton cloth held together with live rubber. Lengths bought 14 years ago still in use.



## Good Luck

Made like BULL DOG, but with 6 plies instead of 7. Lightest to lift and lightest on the purse.



## Milo

Moulded hose with a corrugated cover. As near kinkproof as garden hose can be made.

We have reprinted a funny book about garden hose by Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs." The name of it is "Millingham's Cat Fooler." We send it FREE upon request

**Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co.**  
151 Portland Street Cambridge, Mass.



*Do not rub, but stroke gently from outward corner in toward the nose*

# HEALTH and BEAUTY

## Helpful Suggestions for the Care of the Face

By Nora Mullane

OUT of the thousands of letters received from the users of the Department of Health and Beauty asking specific advice on subjects treated in the articles and of personal interest to every woman, we have taken extracts from a few. This we do with a desire to help the women who would like to improve their appearance, but are too timid or too modest to take advantage of the department of correspondence instituted for their convenience.

The most interesting and popular subject seems to be Facial Massage. The nature of the questions indicates that the instructions which have been given already will bear repetition, as there are still many women who do not understand the Hygiene of the Face.

*I have read with great interest your articles each month. I entirely removed a double chin with your exercises, so naturally have faith in your advice. I am writing now to ask you how I can remove the fine lines under the eyes.*

ANSWER. Pat on gently a small amount of cold cream, almond or olive oil. Do not rub, but stroke gently from the outward corner in toward the nose, at the same time stretching the muscle slightly with two fingers of the free hand. Follow the muscle around the eye, and repeat several times, first on one eye then the other.

*Will you advise me on the following subjects:*  
1. Is almond oil more nourishing than cream in building up the face and neck?

2. I find it hard to bring the blood to the surface. Is it because I work too lightly?

3. Should I use the rotary motion toward or away from the ear?

ANSWER. 1. Both oil and cold cream are used to lubricate the fingers and surface of skin, so the manipulating will not chafe or injure the skin.

2. It is better to work lightly at the beginning of the treatment, and increase the pressure as the skin becomes accustomed to the exercise.

3. Toward the ears. Commence at the corners of the mouth and work upward and outward with gentle rotary motions, both hands working at once.

*Your wonderful articles have convinced me that you can make an old face look young. My trouble is sagging muscles of the face and chin, and that means many wrinkles. Any suggestions you can give me will be appreciated.*

ANSWER. Facial massage is the best method that I know of to restore firmness to flabby muscles and tone up the skin. It will always soften lines, and sometimes remove them—when they are not the result of years.

Massage, to be effective, must follow certain principles. The motions must be upward and backward—in a direction opposite to that of the lines formed or forming.

1. When forehead lines are caused by lifting the brows, should the rotary motion be down, instead of up?

2. Is a gentle pinching movement good for building up?

3. Should hot or just warm water be used when preparing to massage the face?

4. I have deep lines from nose to mouth, which I can not massage for fear of getting fat from the use of skin foods and cold creams. Will almond oil encourage superfluous hair?

5. What is the best soap to use for washing the face? I have rather an oily, sensitive skin.

ANSWER. 1. The forehead and temples should be rubbed upward and backward.

2. A gentle pinching movement, combined with exercises, builds up a hollow neck.

3. Use warm water and fine soap to wash the face before the treatment.

4. You can safely massage the lines from nose to mouth without fear of getting fat cheeks; the rubbing must be done with fingers held close together, with a firm rotary movement outward and upward. It is more youthful to have plump cheeks than furrows.

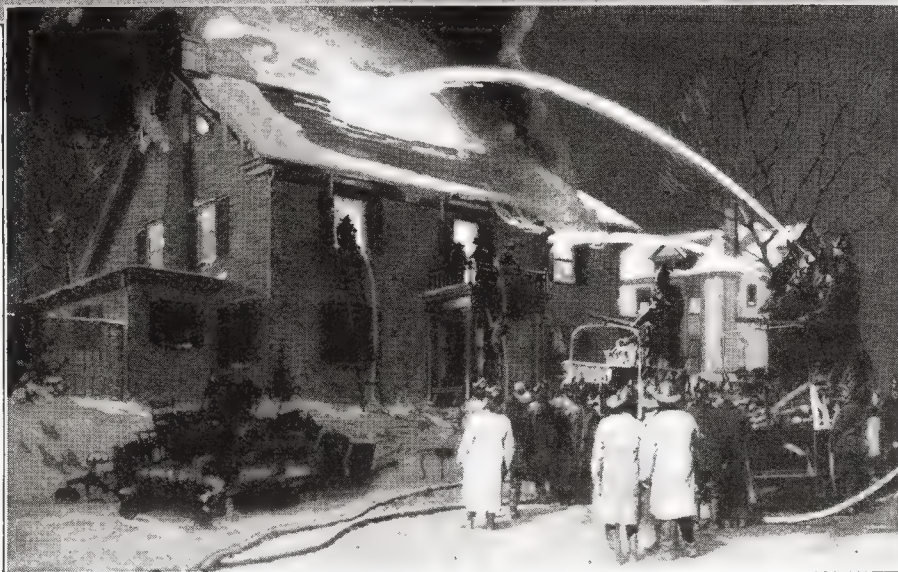
5. It is unsatisfactory to recommend any particular brand of soap, as the one which suits one skin is often unsuited for another. The best way to test whether a soap agrees with the skin is to note the after effects of its use. Use only the best and purest that you can afford to purchase; if it leaves the skin soft and smooth, you may continue its use. If it acts as an irritant, or the skin feels drawn and contracted, a change will be necessary.



# What Our Friend the Architect Told Us

## Facts that Every Home Builder Needs on Construction

The foreground is from an actual photograph of fire apparatus at a fire. The house is a sketch.



Imagine your house in place of the one sketched here. Don't let it happen. Build right.

## 5 "Danger Points"

### In Every House

"Is there some way to make a house safe from fire at very little expense?" asked the wife.

"Protect the danger points," replied the Architect. "I want you to send for a free booklet just published on this subject. There's no advertising in it. Write for it today."



This partition protected by metal lath is a safe support for the floor above.

"Can a house be made practically safe by just protecting a few places?" asked the husband.

### The Danger Points

"Yes. Protect the five danger points with metal lath. Ninety-six per cent

of all fires start inside. Here are the danger points:

- 1 Partitions which hold up floors must be protected with metal lath. Put metal lath fire stops (see cut) to keep fire from getting between walls. Metal lath protection advised by National Board of Fire Underwriters.
- 2 Ceilings under inhabited floors especially over heating plant and coal bins. Protect with metal lath.
- 3 Use metal lath on chimney breasts, around flues and back of kitchen ranges.
- 4 Protect stair wells and under stairs with metal lath so stairs can't fall in a fire.
- 5 Use metal lath as base for stucco for fire-proof exterior.

"Protect these 'danger points' with metal lath and you will be safe."

"What does metal lath cost?"

"Nothing. Metal lath pays for itself because you never have to pay for repairs. Plaster on metal lath will not crack. Metal lath is so inexpensive now that everybody ought to use it.

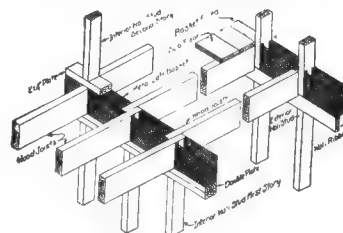
### Metal Lath Stopped This Fire

"Metal lath is sheets of steel mesh. It armors the wall in unburnable steel. When the plaster is embedded it is like reinforced concrete. The plaster will not crack. The wall will stop any fire.

"Judge Rose's house in Youngstown, Ohio, had metal lath on the basement

ceiling. The furnace room caught fire one winter night. The water plugs were frozen. The cellar was a sheet of flame. Firemen said it was hopeless. But the metal lath ceiling stopped the fire and it was put out with chemicals."

"The metal lath saved their home and their lives," said the wife.



Detail of "baskets" bent out of metal lath to be filled with incombustible material for fire stop at juncture of joists and partitions.

### Send for Booklet

"It did," said the Architect. "You want to know all about this. Send today for that free booklet. It is full of valuable information, pictures, and details. It also tells all about stucco building. Write for it to the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, Chicago."

## Prevents Cracks Metal Lath Stops Fire

### Free Booklet

#### No Advertising

### Send This Coupon

Just send your name and address in this coupon for free booklet, "The Essentials of Building." No obligation. Edition limited. Don't be too late. Send the coupon now.

Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers  
Dept. 2685 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers  
Dept. 2685 72 West Adams Street, Chicago

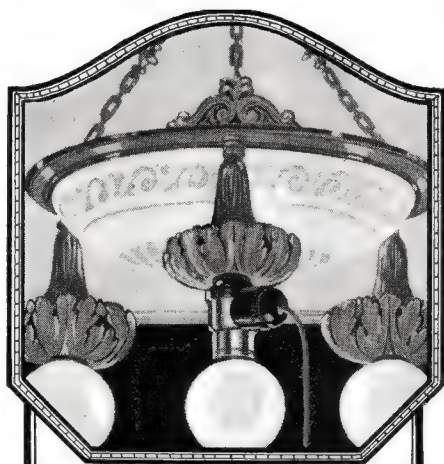
Dear Sirs: Please send me your booklet, "The Essentials of Building." I understand it is free and there is no obligation and no manufacturer's advertising in it. I am planning to build: Yes ☐ No ☐

My architect,  
or builder is .....

Name .....

Address .....





COZY COMFORT in the home depends so much upon electricity that extra outlets are always welcome. Any socket may be made to serve two purposes by using a

## HUBBELL Te-Tap

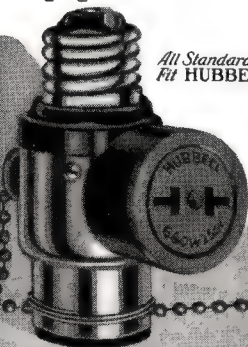
Without removing the lamp bulb, one merely pushes the small cap blades (parallel or tandem) into the two Te-Slots on the side.

Let us send you a copy of "FOR MILADY'S CONVENIENCE," a book which tells all about the Hubbell Te-Tap-Ten—10 handy electrical specialties for your home. And ask your dealer to show you a Hubbell Te-Tap. They come in neat boxes, ready to be screwed into any standard socket.

**HARVEY HUBBELL INC.**  
ELECTRICAL SPECIALTIES  
BRIDGEPORT CONN., U. S. A.



All Standard Plugs-Caps  
Fit HUBBELL Te-Taps



#128-U



What could be more convenient to slip on in the morning than this sack of white dotted Swiss trimmed with Valenciennes edge and blue bows; \$2. The envelop combination of pink batiste; \$1.15



## FASHIONS

(Continued from page 39)

page 33 of the March number of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING might have been sketched, blouse and all, from the February collections—with the most inconspicuous of collars and revers and long close sleeves. Other jackets are loose and flare from the shoulders, falling to the top of the hip, to the broadest part of the hips, or half-way to the knee.

Chéruit features the redingote, rather close-fitting to the top of the hips where it is seamed across—the skirt being rather wide plaited or fulled on, and straight-falling. Besides, we see the boléro, a straight jacket falling to the hips about which it buttons closely, the straight, belted coat of every length, cape-coats, short, square, separate capes worn over one-piece frocks, Directoire coats rippling about the hips or flaring slightly to the skirt edge—in short, every conceivable type of coat, including a short, very smart Chinese coat with a straight, narrow Chinese collar trimmed with embroidery and tassels. One of the prettiest of these is shown by Worth, and there is reason to believe we shall see more of Chinese styles in the future.

Even now the narrow Chinese collar appears on many smart jackets of crêpe de Chine and serge, on frocks of crêpe de Chine or voile, and even on long cloaks. Everywhere coats and jacket collars are small and rather inconspicuous—with, of course, a few exceptions. The small collar is indeed one of the features of the spring fashions.

### Crêpe de Chine Jackets

Many smart new jackets—Renée features them—are made of crêpe de Chine, worn over frocks of the same fabric and color. Some of these are collared with fur. Lanvin ties her jacket collars with ribbon—an idea which appears elsewhere in the collections. Some jackets are tied with ribbon at the collar and again at the hip, ribbon or crêpe de Chine folds about two inches wide being employed.

It is a crêpe de Chine season, every variety from the thinnest to the heaviest crêpes being used for garments and blouses of all sorts. Much crêpe Georgette is seen also, Worth making some of his most striking gowns of this thin fabric. Particularly smart are the Worth models of black Georgette.

Many dainty summer models are made of organdy in white, pale or bright colors. Some of these are tucked and trimmed in true lingerie fashion; others are embroidered with color and trimmed with knots of flowers.

Evening frocks, while longer, lack trains,

many of them—and the line at the neck is straight across under the arms, straight across at the shoulders, or shaped in a V or deep U—the latter particularly in the back. Much silk lace is used—two colors often combined with black in the same frock. There is some taffeta, but the softer fabrics are preferred.

Jenny has introduced the wide sleeve—the armhole extending often from shoulder to waist-line and sometimes less wide than that, the long sleeve continuing the width to the wrist. The very wide sleeves are usually transparent; the moderately wide being reserved, as a rule, for heavier stuffs. Occasionally a wide sleeve tapers to the wrist, resulting in a mutton-leg effect, with the widest part apparently at the elbow. Jenny shows also the bell sleeve which, in different lengths, appears in many houses.

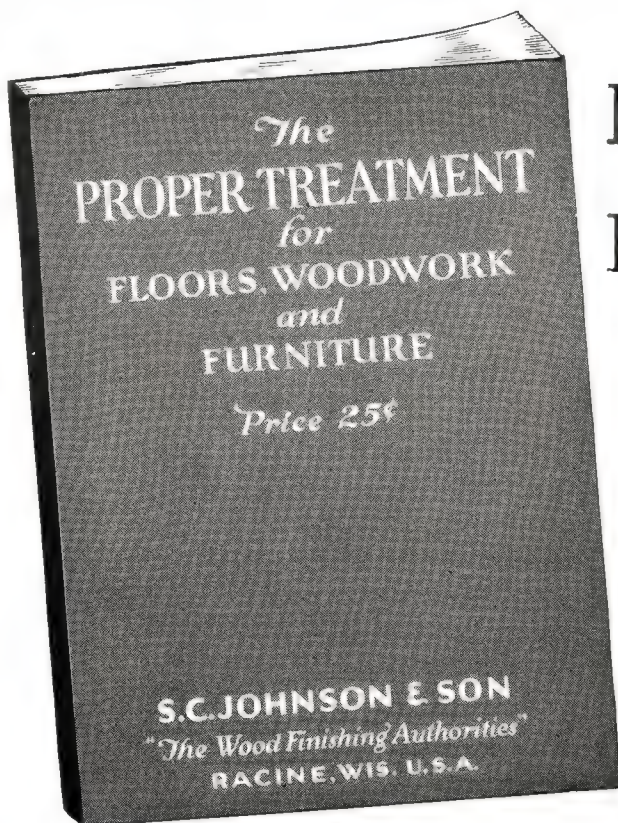
Evening gowns are often sleeveless, afternoon gowns have short or long transparent sleeves, and coat sleeves—usually long—are either long and belled, long and straight, or long and close-fitting, with a simple cuff or none at all.

### Loose, Straight Blouses

Blouses are made of crêpe de Chine, muslin, or fine linen, and are usually loose and straight, being drawn down over the skirt. Lanvin finished a muslin blouse with a straight, narrow collar which continued forms a string cravat, loosely tied. Chéruit features the fichu in lace or mousseline, and some of the Chéruit blouses are topped with great, rectangular collars which are tied low in front.

In trimmings there is wool galon in attractive colors, black ciré braid, black, blue, and red leather, black cellophane lace, thin silk lace of every color, tubular beads, large beads of ivory, turquoise, jade, coral, or jet—half spheres, rather—beads of wood, tubes of crêpe de Chine, and little fan-like plaitings of fabric embroidered on to the gown, flowers of straw, bead fringe, knotted shawl fringe, very long fringes of large black gold or silver sequins—many frocks of sequins are shown also—toile de Jouy embroidered with gold or colored thread, feathers of all sorts, flowers, gold or silver lace, rich, heavy laces of all sorts—Jenny places collars and cuffs of dentelle Colbert on tailored frocks—pendant ornaments of bright steel, nail-heads of gold and silver applied to satin or wool stuffs, linked metal girdles, rhinestone trimming, and garniture of every sort.





## Valuable Instruction Book on Home Beautifying

**IT TELLS** how you can easily and economically put furniture, floors and woodwork in perfect condition. Contains practical suggestions on making your home artistic and inviting. Tells how to finish wood in beautiful stained effects with **Johnson's Wood Dye**—and in up-to-date enameled effects with **Johnson's Enamel**. This book is the work of experts—illustrated in colors.

### How To Get It Free

Fill out and present the attached coupon to your best dealer in paints and receive your copy of "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," free. If your dealer cannot furnish this book mail the coupon to us, giving the name of your dealer, and we will send you a copy free and postpaid.

## JOHNSON'S WOOD DYE

Johnson's Wood Dye is for the artistic coloring of all wood. With it inexpensive soft woods such as pine, cypress, fir, etc., may be finished so they are as beautiful as hardwood. Johnson's Wood Dye is made in the following shades—all of which may be easily lightened or darkened:

**Dark Oak**  
**Fumed Oak**  
**Dark Mahogany**  
**Light Mahogany**

**Light Oak**  
**Golden Oak**  
**Mission Oak**  
**Weathered Oak**

**Walnut**  
**Bog Oak**  
**Flemish Oak**  
**Early English**

**Johnson's Wood Dye** is a **dye** in every sense of the word. It penetrates so deeply that the natural color of the wood is not disclosed. It brings out the beauty of the grain without raising it in the slightest. Johnson's Wood Dye is very easy to apply—it goes on easily and quickly without a lap or streak. It dries hard in four hours and will not smudge or rub off.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON**

*"The Wood Finishing Authorities"*

**Dept. GH. 5, Racine, Wisconsin**

BRANTFORD, CANADA WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND

S. C. JOHNSON & SON  
Dept. GH. 5, Racine, Wisconsin

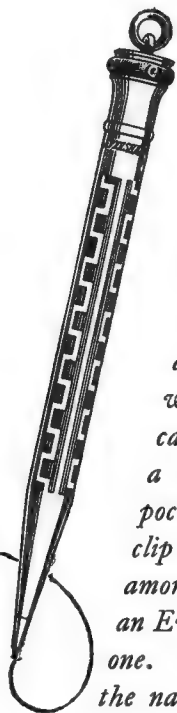
Please send me, free and postpaid, a copy of Johnson's Instruction Book, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture."

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....

NB



***I**F you have not yet acquired an Eversharp, read this brief advertisement, then stop at the next Eversharp dealer's you pass and get the one we've made for you. The dealer will show you Eversharps in many designs, in silver and in gold—each made with jeweler precision, and warranted to be an accomplished writer. The Eversharp of standard length carries twelve leads; it is also fitted with a safety clip that hugs tightly to the pocket. The shorter models are ringed to clip to watch chains. They are vogue among the ladies. Once you have owned an Eversharp you will never be without one. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Dealers sell them everywhere.*

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

**EVERSHARP**

Made by  
The Wahl Company  
Chicago





# The Head of the House of Coombe

(Continued from page 28)

some years ago. I will send her here at once. Kindly give me the account-books. My housekeeper will send you some servants. The trades-people will come for orders."

Feather was staring at him. "W-will they?" she stammered. "W-will everything—?"

"Yes—everything," he answered. "Don't be frightened. Go upstairs and try to stop her. I must go now. I never heard a creature yell with such fury."

## VII

THE slice of a house from that time forward presented the external aspect to which the inhabitants of the narrow and fashionable street and those who passed through it had been accustomed. The florist came and refilled the window-boxes with an admirable arrangement of fresh flowers; new and even more correct servants were to be seen ascending and descending the area step.

As it became an established fact that the establishment had not fallen to pieces, its frequenters gradually returned to it, wearing, indeed, the air of people who had never really remained away from it. As Feather herself had realized, the circle of her intimates was not formed of those who could readily adjust themselves to entirely changed circumstances. If you dance on a tight rope and the rope is unexpectedly withdrawn, where are you? You can not continue dancing until the rope is restrung.

The rope, however, being apparently made absolutely secure, it was not long before the dancing began again. Feather's mourning, wonderfully shading itself from month to month, was the joy of all beholders. Madame Hélène treated her as a star gleaming through gradually dispersing clouds. Her circle watched her with secretly humorous interest as each fine veil of dimness was withdrawn.

"The things she wears are priceless," was said amiably in her own drawing-room. "Where does she get them? Figure to yourself Lawdor paying the bills!"

"She gets them from Hélène," said a long, thin young man with a rather good-looking narrow face and dark eyes, peering through *pince nez*, "but I couldn't."

Feather at her crowded little parties and at other people's bigger ones did not remain wholly unaware of the probability that even people who rather liked her made, among themselves, more or less witty comments upon her improved fortunes. They were improved greatly. Bills were paid, trades-people were polite, servants were respectful; she had no need to invent excuses and lies. She and Robert had always kept out of the way of stodgy, critical people, so they had been intimate with none of the punctilious who might have withdrawn themselves from a condition of things they chose to disapprove: accordingly, she found no gaps in her circle.

The elderly woman who had been a nurse in her youth and who had been sent by Lord Coombe to replace Louisa did not remain long in charge of Robin. She was not young and smart enough for a house on the right side of the right street, and Feather found a young person who looked exactly as she should when she pushed the child's carriage before her around the square.

The square—out of which the right street branches—and the gardens in the middle of the square to which only privileged persons were admitted by private key, the basement kitchen and servants' hall, and the two top-floor nurseries represented the world to the child Robin for some years. When she was old enough to walk in the street, she was led by the hand over the ground she had traveled daily in her baby carriage. Her first memory of things was a memory of standing on the gravel path in the square garden and watching

some sparrows quarrel, while Andrews, her nurse, sat on a bench with another nurse and talked in low tones. They were talking in a way Robin always connected with servants, and as she grew older, she reached the stage of knowing that they were generally saying things they did not wish her to hear.

She liked watching the sparrows in the gardens because she liked watching sparrows at all times. They were the only friends she had ever known, though she was not old enough to call them friends, or to know what friends meant. Andrews had taught her, by means of a system of her own, to know better than to cry or to make any protesting noise when she was left alone in her ugly, small nursery. Andrews' idea of her duties did not involve boring herself to death by sitting in a room on the top floor when livelier entertainment awaited her in the basement. As a bird born in captivity lives in its cage and perhaps believes it to be the world, Robin lived in her nursery and knew every square inch of it with a deadly if unconscious sense of distaste and fatigue. She was put to bed and taken up, she was fed and dressed in it, and once a day—twice, perhaps, if Andrews chose—she was taken out of it downstairs and into the street. That was all. And that was why she liked the sparrows so much. She liked the chirping and chirping sounds they made because it sounded like talking and laughing—like the talking and laughing she sometimes wakened out of her sleep to lie and listen to when the Lady Downstairs had a party.

Sometimes, when it had rained two or three days, she had a feeling which made her begin to cry to herself—but not aloud. She had once had a little black and blue mark on her arm for a week where Andrews had pinched her because she had cried loudly enough to be heard. It seemed to her that Andrews twisted and pinched the bit of flesh for five minutes without letting it go, and she had held her large hand over her mouth as she did it.

"Now you keep that in your mind," she said when she finished, and Robin had almost choked in her awful little struggle to keep back all sound.

THE one thing Andrews was surest of was that nobody would come upstairs to the nursery to inquire the meaning of any cries which were not unearthly enough to disturb the household. So it was easy to regulate the existence of her charge in such a manner as best suited herself.

"Just give her food enough and keep her from making silly noises when she wants what she doesn't get," said Andrews to her companions below stairs. "That one in the drawing-room isn't going to interfere with the nursery. Not her! I know my business, and I know how to manage her kind. I go to her politely now and then and ask her permission to buy things. She always stares a minute when I begin, as if she scarcely understood what I was talking about, and then she says, 'Oh, yes, I suppose she must have them.' And I go and get them. I keep her as well dressed as any child in Mayfair. No one can complain of her looks, and nobody is bothered with her. That's all that's wanted of me. I get good wages, and I get them regular. I don't turn up my nose at a place like this, whatever the outside talk is."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Blayne, the cook, "She don't interfere, and he pays the bills prompt. That'll do me!"

Andrews laughed, a brief, dry laugh. "Do you know what the child calls her?" she said. "She calls her 'the Lady Downstairs.' She's got a sort of fancy for her, and tries to get peeps at her when we go out. I notice she always cranes her little neck if we pass a room she might chance to be in. It's her pretty



## Why Pequot Means Satisfaction

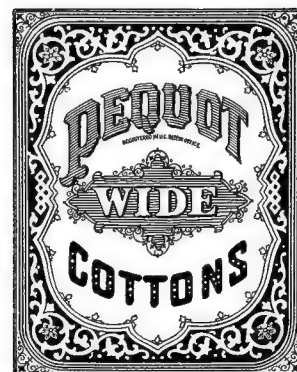
PEQUOT Sheets and Pillow Cases are white. They are finely woven. They are of fine quality. They launder well and give long service. Every sheet and pillow case is torn and carefully hemmed.

Pequot Sheets come in all the wanted sizes. We recommend 63 x 99 or 72 x 99 for single beds; 90 x 99 for double beds. If you like a wide facing of sheet over your blankets, we suggest the 108 length.

The Pequot Shield is your guarantee of long service and comfort. If you prefer sheeting or pillow tubing by the yard, you will find that all good dealers carry the yard goods as well as Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases made up ready for use. *They can always be identified by the ticket reproduced below.*

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# The Head of the House of Coombe



## There's Sure Protection in Kleinert's Gem Dress Shields

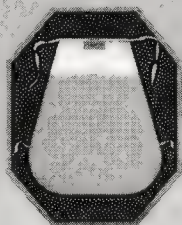
The lining is pure gum rubber—absolutely impervious to acids—and the famous double cover is now made of a new fabric closer woven and more absorbent than ever.

The Gem—like all Kleinert Shields—may be washed as quickly and with as little trouble as a handkerchief. There are styles for every dress—and no dress is really ready to wear without them.



## Why Worry About Your Clothes?

That old dilemma of how to wear pretty clothes and still be able to get a meal and wash dishes is all settled for the woman who dons a Kleinert's Household Apron. It's attractive, it's waterproof, it's ample enough to cover your frock completely.



## Helps To Prevent Skirt Wrinkles

To the traveler or the woman who spends her days at a desk, Kleinert's Sanitary Dress Protector is a great help in preventing skirt wrinkles as well as providing adequate protection at all times. Quickly adjusted, easily washed, and its reliability guaranteed by the name Kleinert's.

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clothes and her laughing that does it. Children's drawn by bright colors and noise that sounds merry."

"It's my belief the child doesn't know she is her mother!" said Mrs. Blayne.

"It's my belief that if I told her she was, she wouldn't know what the word meant. It was me she got the name from." Andrews still laughed as she explained. "I used to tell her that the Lady Downstairs would hear if she made a noise, or I'd say I'd let her have a peep at the Lady Downstairs if she was very good. I saw she had a kind of awe of her though she liked her so much, so it was a good way of managing her. You mayn't believe me, but for a good bit I didn't take in that she didn't know there was such things as mothers, and when I did take it in, I saw there wasn't any use in trying to explain. She wouldn't have understood."

In this manner were Mrs. Gareth-Lawless and her maternal affections discussed below stairs. The interesting fact remained that to Robin the Lady Downstairs was merely a radiant and beautiful being who floated through certain rooms laughing or chattering like a bird, and always wearing pretty clothes.

It is a somewhat portentous thing to realize that a newborn human creature can know only what it is taught. This being acknowledged a scientific as well as a spiritual truth, there remains no mystery in the fact that Robin at six years old—when she watched the sparrows in the square gardens—did not know the name of the feeling which had grown within her as a result of her pleasure in her chance glimpses of the Lady Downstairs. It was a feeling which made her eager to see her or anything which belonged to her, and yet much too shy to dare to ask any questions. She had found a place on the staircase leading to the nursery, where, by squeezing against the balustrade, she could sometimes see the Lady pass in and out of her pink bedroom. She used to sit on a step and peer through the railing with beating heart. Sometimes, after she had been put to bed for the night and Andrews was safely entertained downstairs, Robin would be awakened from her first sleep by sounds in the room below, and would creep out of bed and down to her special step and, crouching in a hectic joy, would see the Lady come out with sparkling things in her hair and round her lovely, very bare white neck and arms, and swathed in tints and draperies which made her seem a vision of color and light. She was so radiant a thing that often the child drew in her breath with a sound like a little sob of ecstasy, and her lip trembled as if she were going to cry. But she did not know that what she felt was the yearning of a thing called love. As she was unaware of mothers, so she was unaware of affection, of which Andrews would have felt it to be superfluously sentimental to talk to her.

ON the very rare occasions when the Lady Downstairs appeared on the threshold of the day nursery, Robin—always having been freshly dressed in one of her nicest frocks—stood and stared with immense, startled eyes and answered in a whisper the banal little questions put to her. The Lady appeared at such rare intervals and remained poised upon the threshold like a tropic-plumaged bird for moments so brief that there never was time to do more than lose breath and gaze as at a sudden vision. Why she came—when she did come—Robin did not understand. She evidently did not belong to the small, dingy nurseries which grew shabbier every year as they grew steadily more grimy under the persistent London soot and fogs.

Feather always held up her draperies when she came. She would not have come at all but for the fact that she had once or twice been asked if the child was growing pretty, and it would have seemed absurd to admit that she never saw her at all.

"I think she's rather pretty," she said downstairs. "She's round, and she has a bright color—almost too bright—and her eyes are round, too. She's either rather stupid or she's shy—and one's as bad as the other. She's a child that stares."

If, when Andrews had taken her into the gardens, she had played with other children, Robin would no doubt have learned something of the existence and normal attitude of mothers through the mere accident of childish chatter, but it somehow happened that she never formed relations with the charges of other nurses. It was Andrews' custom to sit alone, crocheting or sewing, with a rather lofty and exclusive air and to call Robin back to her side if she saw her slowly edging toward some other child.

"My rule is to keep myself to myself," she said in the kitchen, "and to look as if I was the one that would turn up noses, if noses was to be turned up. There's those that would snatch away their children if I let Robin begin to make up to them. Some wouldn't, of course, but I'm not going to run risks. I'm going to save my own pride."

BUT one morning when Robin was watching her sparrows, a nurse who was an old acquaintance surprised Andrews by appearing in the gardens with two little girls in her charge. They began playing with skipping ropes, which left their nurse free to engage in delighted conversation with Andrews.

It was conversation so delightful that Robin was forgotten even to the extent of being allowed to follow her sparrows round a clump of shrubbery and therefore out of Andrews' sight. It was while she watched them that she heard footsteps on the gravel walk which stopped near her and made her look up to see who was at her side. A big boy in Highland kilts and bonnet and sporan was standing by her, and she found herself staring into a pair of handsome, deep-blue eyes. They were wide, glowing, friendly eyes, and none like them had ever looked into hers before. He seemed to her to be a very big boy indeed, and in fact he was unusually tall and broad for his age, but he was only eight years old and a simple enough child pagan. Robin's heart began to beat as it did when she watched the Lady Downstairs, but there was something different in the beating. It was something which made her red mouth spread and curve itself into a smile which showed all her small teeth.

So they stood and stared at each other, and for some strange reason they were drawn to each other—wanted each other—knew each other. Their advances were, of course, of the most primitive. He spread and curved his red mouth and showed the healthy whiteness of his own handsome teeth as she had shown her smaller ones. Then he began to run and prance round in a circle, capering like a Shetland pony to exhibit at once his friendliness and his prowess. He tossed his curled head and laughed to make her laugh also, and she not only laughed but clapped her hands. He was more beautiful than anything she had ever seen before in her life, and he was plainly trying to please her. No child creature had ever done anything like it before, because no child creature had ever been allowed by Andrews to make friends with her. He on his part was only doing what any other little boy animal would have done—expressing his child masculinity by showing off before a little female. But to this little female it had never happened before.

It was all beautifully elemental. As does not too often happen, two souls as well as two bodies were drawn toward each other by the magnet of being. When he had exhibited himself for a minute or two, he came back to her, breathing fast and glowing.

"My pony in Scotland does that. His name is Chieftain. I'm called Donal. What are you called?"





# "The cleanest wash that ever came off my lines

*Absolutely without any hard rubbing—  
without boiling," says Mrs. Craig*

**T**HIS is what a Brooklyn woman wrote us after using Rinso for the first time for her family washing.

And she is no more enthusiastic than thousands of other women all over the country who have learned how easy it is to let Rinso soak the dirt out of their clothes.

Rinso is not a washing powder. Its fine granules are so rich in pure soap—so high in cleaning value—that they do more to loosen the dirt than hours of hard rubbing on the washboard.

## *Just put to soak this way*

*Dissolve half a package in just enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Add two quarts of boiling water. When the froth subsides there is a clear amber liquid, which, poured into your tubful of water, makes rich suds.*

Soak your clothes overnight in these rich bubbly suds. In the morning rinse thoroughly and every particle of dirt floats away, leaving your clothes spotlessly white and clean. Even very dirty spots need only a light rubbing between your hands.

Saved from hard rubbing on the washboard and from strong chemicals, your clothes actually give you twice the wear they used to give.

Begin next week to do your washing with Rinso. You will be just as enthusiastic as the women whose letters are given here.

## *Where water is hard*

Where water is hard, use a softener and then proceed with Rinso as directed.

Your grocer and the department stores have Rinso. One package will do the week's washing. Just follow the easy directions on the package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

## *If you use a washing machine*

Soak the clothes overnight in the usual Rinso way. The cleansing suds loosen every bit of dirt. In the morning operate the machine for a few minutes and the clothes are perfectly clean—even the most soiled spots.

**These women soak their  
clothes clean**

## *Saves rubbing and boiling*

"I use Rinso regularly now for all my wash. I wouldn't think of going back to the old way—rubbing and scrubbing so hard over the washboard. Rinso gets my clothes just as white as they used to be and I don't even boil them now, except the handkerchiefs."

Mrs. Charles H. Killion, Malden, Mass.

## *Saves strength*

"There are no more tedious wash days now that I use Rinso, and I am finishing washing when my neighbors are starting. I plan all sorts of things on wash days as I am through so early and am as fresh as can be, for the labor of rubbing is almost entirely eliminated except in very dirty spots."

Mrs. Iola Crampton, New York City

## *Clothes last longer*

"Rinso has been used for months in our family and I can see that the clothes are lasting longer than they did when they used to be rubbed so hard on the washboard."

Miss Dorothy Truitt, New York

## *Never hurts hands*

"Having my hands in water a great deal has made them very sensitive and almost any laundry soap hurts them. Rinso is the first thing I have found that has not irritated them at all."

Mrs. J. Bellefontaine, Medford, Mass.



# Rinso

*Made by the makers of Lux for the family washing*

# BOOTT MILLS

## A B S O R B E N T T O W E L I N G

### Morning, Noon and Night

Little hands have to be washed and dried many times a day. In homes where children play, good absorbent towels—and plenty of them—are needed morning, noon, and night.

A bolt of Boott Mills Absorbent Toweling will supply two dozen towels when cut and hemmed. Boott Towels are soft, full-bodied, and bright-white. They absorb the moisture quickly. Made of selected cotton, they launder to look like new.

Buy Boott Mills Absorbent Toweling by the bolt. It is a most economical way to have a generous supply of good, practical towels. The low cost is a revelation. You can use this toweling for hand towels, roller towels, baby's bath towels, bibs, aprons, table runners, bureau scarfs, and many other household articles.

**BOOTT MILLS, Lowell, Mass.**

*Parker, Wilder & Company, Boston and  
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**BOOTT MILLS, Dept. G, Lowell, Mass.**



# The Head of the House of Coombe

"Robin," she answered, her lips and her voice trembling with joy.

They began to play together, and the unknown fates, which do their work as they choose, so wrought on this occasion as to cause Andrews' friend to set forth upon a journey through a story so exciting in its nature that its hearer was held spellbound and oblivious to her surroundings themselves. Once, it is true, she rose, as in a dream, and walked round the group of shrubs, but the fates had arranged for that moment also. Robin was alone. Donal had, at that special moment, gone to pick some of the biggest leaves from the lilac bush to show her a wonderful thing. If you laid a leaf flat on the seat of the bench and were fortunate enough to possess a large pin, you could prick beautiful patterns on the leaf's greenness—dots and circles, and borders and tiny triangles of a most decorative order. Neither Donal nor Robin had a pin, but Donal had, in his rolled-down stocking, a little dirk, the point of which could apparently be used for any interesting purpose. It was really he who did the decoration, but Robin leaned against the bench and looked on enthralled. She had never been happy before in the entire course of her brief existence. She didn't even know that this nearness to another human creature, the exchange of companionable looks which were like flashes of sunlight, the mutual outbreaks of child laughter and pleasure, were happiness. To her, what she felt, the glow and delight of it, had no name, but she wanted it to go on and on.

THE boy Donal was not so unconscious. He had been happy all his life. What he felt was that he had liked this little girl the minute he saw her. She was pretty, though he thought her immensely younger than himself, and when she had looked up at him with her round, asking eyes, he had wanted to talk to her and make friends. He had not played much with boys, and he had no haughty objection to girls who liked him. This one did, he saw at once.

Through what means children so quickly convey to each other—while seeming scarcely to do more than play—the entire history of their lives and surroundings, is a sort of occult secret. Safe as the locked garden was, Andrews could not have forgotten her charge for any very great length of time, and yet, before Donal, hearing his attendant's voice from her corner, left Robin to join her and be taken home, the two children knew each other intimately. Robin knew that Donal's home was in Scotland—where there were hills and moors with stags on them. He lived there with "mother," and he had been brought to London for a visit. The person he called "mother" was a woman who took care of him, and he spoke of her quite often. Robin did not think she was like Andrews, though she did not in the least know why. On his part Donal knew about the nurseries and the sparrows who hopped about on the slates of the houses opposite. Robin did not describe the nurseries to him, but Donal knew that they were ugly and that there were no toys in them and nothing to do. Also, in some mystic fashion, he realized that Andrews would not let Robin play with him if she saw them together, and that therefore they must make the most of their time. Full of their joy in each other, they actually embarked upon an ingenious infant intrigue, which involved their trying to meet behind the shrubs if they were brought to the gardens the next day. Donal was sure he could come, because his nurse always did what he asked of her. He was so big now that she was not a real nurse, but she had been his nurse when he was quite little, and "mother" liked her to travel with them. Donal would come tomorrow, and he would look for Robin, and when she saw him she must get away from Andrews, and they would play together again.

"I will bring one of my picture books," he said grandly. "Can you read at all?"

"No," answered Robin, adoring him. "What are picture books?"

"Haven't you any?" he blurted out.

"No," said Robin. She looked at the gravel walk, reflecting a moment thoughtfully on the day nursery and the night nursery. Then she lifted her eyes to the glowing blueness of his and said quite simply, "I haven't anything."

He suddenly remembered things his mother had told him about poor people. Perhaps she was poor. Could she be poor, when her frock and hat and coat were so pretty? It was not polite to ask. But the thought made him love her more. He felt something warm rush all over his body. The truth, if he had been old enough to be aware of it, was that the entire simpleness of her acceptance of things as they were, and a something which was unconsciousness of any cause for complaint, moved his child masculinity enormously. His old nurse's voice came from her corner again.

"I must go to Nanny," he said, feeling somehow as if he had been running fast. "I'll come tomorrow and bring two picture books."

He was a loving, warm-blooded child human thing, and the expression of affection was, to him, a familiar natural impulse. He put his strong little eight-year-old arms round her and kissed her full on her mouth as he embraced her with all his strength. He kissed her twice.

It was the first time for Robin. Andrews did not kiss. There was no one else. It was the first time, and nature had also made her a loving, warm-blooded, human thing. She stood and gazed at him with wide, asking eyes and laughed a little. She had no words, because she did not know what had happened.

"Don't you like to be kissed?" said Donal, uncertain because she looked so startled and had not kissed him back.

"Kissed," she repeated, with a small, caught breath, "Ye-es."

She knew now what it was. It was being kissed. She drew nearer at once and lifted up her face as sweetly and gladly as a flower lifts itself to the sun. "Kiss me again," she said, quite eagerly.

As ingenuously and heartily as before, he kissed her again, and this time she kissed, too. When he ran quickly away, she stood looking after him with smiling, trembling lips, uplifted, joyful—wondering and amazed.

## VIII

WHEN she went back to Andrews, she carried the pricked leaves with her. She could not have left them behind. From what source she had drawn a characterizing passionate, though silent, strength of mind and body, it is not necessary to explain. She did not let Andrews see them, but put them into a small pocket in her coat. Her intention was to slip them out when she was taken up to the nursery. Andrews was always in a hurry to go downstairs to her lunch, and she would be left alone and could find a place where she could hide them.

Andrews' friend stared when Robin drew near to them. The child's cheeks and lips were the color of Jacqueminot rose petals. Her eyes glowed with actual rapture.

"My word! That's a beauty if I ever saw one," said the woman. "First sight makes you jump. My word!"

Robin, however, did not know what she was talking about and in fact scarcely heard her. She was thinking of Donal. She thought of him as she was taken home, and she did not cease thinking of him during the whole of the rest of the day and far into the night. When Andrews left her, she found a place to hide



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"—And the taste of it was like wafers made with honey."  
—Exodus 16:31

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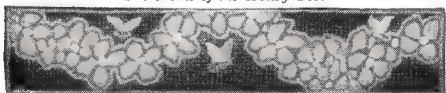
If you have never used honey in cooking or for sweetening you will rejoice in your discovery of its superior goodness—particularly if you use Airline, selected for its purity, clarity and flavor, from the choicest of our great honey yield.

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Airline Comb Honey, in non-leak cartons.  
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"The Home of the Honey Bees"



## The Head of the House of Coombe

the pricked leaves, and before she put them away she did what Donal had done to her—she kissed them. She kissed them several times, because they were Donal's leaves and he had made the stars and lines on them. It was almost like kissing Donal, but not quite so beautiful.

After she was put to bed at night and Andrews left her, Robin lay awake for a long time. She did not want to go to sleep because everything seemed so warm and wonderful, and she could think and think and think. What she thought about was Donal's face, his delighted eyes, his white forehead with the curly hair pushed back with his Highland bonnet. What was "mother" like? Did he kiss her? She tried to see into the blueness of his eyes again as it seemed when they looked at each other close to. As she began to see the clear color, she fell asleep.

THE power which had on that first morning guided Robin to the seclusion behind the clump of shrubs and had provided Andrews with an enthralling companion extended, the next day, an even more beneficent and complete protection. Andrews, smitten with a cold, promptly sent for a younger sister as a substitute.

"She's been trained to be no trouble, Ann. She'll amuse herself without bothering you as long as you keep her out," Andrews said of Robin.

Ann took a book with her to the gardens and, having led her charge to a shady and comfortable seat which exactly suited her, she settled herself for a pleasant morning.

"Now, you can play while I read," she said to Robin.

Robin soon found her way behind the group of lilacs and snowballs. Donal would come, not only because he was so big that Nanny would let him do what he wanted to do, but because he could do everything and anything in the world. Donal! Donal! Her heart was a mere baby's heart, but it beat as if she were seventeen—beat with pure rapture.

The coming was easy enough for Donal. He had told his mother and Nanny rejoicingly about the little girl he had made friends with, who had no picture books. But he did not come straight to her. He took his picture books under his arm and, showing all his white teeth in a joyous grin, set out to begin their play properly with a surprise. He did not let her see him coming, but stalked her behind the trees and bushes until he found where she was waiting, and then thrust his face between the branches of a tall shrub near her and laughed the outright laugh she loved. And when she turned, she was looking straight into the clear blue she had tried to see when she fell asleep.

"Donal! Donal!" she cried like a little bird with but one note.

The lilac and the snowball were in blossom, and there was a big hawthorn tree which smelt sweet and sweet. They sat close to each other, so close that the picture book could lie open on both pairs of knees and the warmth of each young body penetrated the softness of the other. Sometimes Donal threw an arm round her as she bent over the pages. Love and caresses were not amusements to him; he accepted them as parts of the normal joy of life. To Robin they were absolute wonder. The pictures were delight and amazement in one. He showed her Robinson Crusoe and Robin Hood. The scent of the hawthorn and lilac intoxicated them, and they laughed tremendously because Robin Hood's name was like Robin's own and he was a man and she was a girl. They could scarcely stop laughing, and Donal rolled over and over on the grass, half from unconquerable high spirits and half to make Robin laugh still more.

He had some beautiful colored glass marbles in his pocket, and he showed her how to play

with them. He could shoot them over the ground in a way to thrill the beholder. He could hop on one leg as far as he liked. He could read out of books.

"Do you like me?" he said once in a pause between displays of his prowess.

Robin was kneeling upon the grass watching him, and she clasped her little hands as if she were uttering a prayer. "Oh, yes, yes!" she yearned. "Yes! Yes!"

"I like you," he answered. "I told my mother all about you."

He came to her and knelt by her side. "Have you a mother?" he asked.

"No," shaking her head.

"Do you live with your aunt?"

"No, I don't live with anybody."

He looked puzzled. "Isn't there any lady in your house?" he put it to her.

She brightened a little, relieved to think she had something to tell him. "There's the Lady Downstairs," she said. "She's so pretty—so pretty."

"Doesn't she ever come upstairs to the nursery?" inquired Donal with a somewhat reflective air.

"Yes. She comes and stands near the door and says, 'Is she quite well, Andrews?' She—she looks at me."

She stopped there, feeling suddenly that she wished very much that she had more to tell.

"Does she only stand near the door?" he suggested, as one putting the situation to a sort of crucial test. "Does she never sit on a big chair and take you on her knee?"

"No, no," in a dropped voice. "She will not sit down. She says the chairs are grubby."

"Doesn't she love you at all?" persisted Donal. "Doesn't she kiss you?"

There was a thing she had known for what seemed to her a long time—God knows in what mysterious fashion she had learned it, but learned it well she had. That no human being but herself was aware of her knowledge was inevitable. To whom could she have told it? But Donal—Donal wanted to know all about her.

"She—she doesn't like me!" Her dropped voice was the whisper of one humbled to the dust by confession. "She—doesn't like me!" She put up her arm over her eyes, her round, troubled, child eyes which, as she had looked into Donal's, had widened with sudden, bewildered tears.

Donal flung his arms round her and squeezed his buttons into her tender chest. He hugged her close; he kissed her; there was a choking in his throat. He was hot all over.

"She does like you. She must like you. I'll make her!" he cried passionately. "She's not your mother. If she was, she'd love you! She'd love you!"

"Do mothers I-love you?" her small voice asked with a half sob. "What's—what's love you?" It was not vulgar curiosity. She only wanted to find out.

HE loosed his embrace, sitting back on his heels to stare. "Don't you know?"

She shook her head with soft meekness. "N-no," she answered.

Big boys like himself did not usually play with such little girls, but something had drawn him to her at their first moment of encounter. She wasn't like any other little girls. He felt it all the time, and that was part of the thing which drew him. He was not, of course, aware that the male thrill at being regarded as one who is a god has its power over the emotions. She wasn't making silly fun and pretending. She really didn't know—because she was different.

"It's liking very much. It's more," he explained. "My mother loves me. I—I love you!" stoutly. "Yes, I love you. That's why I kissed you when you cried."

She was so uplifted, so overwhelmed with adoring gratitude, that as she knelt on the grass





*"You just know she wears them"*

M<sup>c</sup>CALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY, Northampton, Mass.

May 1921 Good Housekeeping



*This is our  
Fusan Pattern*

**F**ROM the time her chubby fingers grasp her tiny set of "doll's dishes" the possession of real china is dear to the feminine heart!

Of course she must choose it herself to harmonize with her decorative plan. No brittle, egg-shell ware to be nicked and cracked either—it must be like Grandma's, a permanent, substantial china to be lived with for years!

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# SYRACUSE CHINA



# The Head of the House of Coombe

she worshipped him. "I love you," she answered him. "I love you—love you!" And she looked at him with such actual prayerfulness that he caught at her and with manly promptness kissed her again—this being mere nature.

Because he was eight and she was six her tears flashed away, and they both laughed joyously as they sat down on the grass again to talk it over.

He told her all the pleasant things he knew about mothers. The world was full of them, it seemed—full. You belonged to them from the time you were a baby. He had not known many personally, because he had always lived at Braemarnie, which was in the country in Scotland. There were no houses near his home. You had to drive miles and miles before you came to a house or a castle. He had not seen much of other children except a few who lived at the Manse and belonged to the minister. Children had fathers as well as mothers. Fathers did not love you or take care of you quite so much as mothers—because they were men. But they loved you, too. His own father had died when he was a baby. His mother loved him as much as he loved her. She was beautiful but—it seemed to reveal itself—not like the Lady Downstairs. She did not laugh very much, though she laughed when they played together. He was too big now to sit on her knee, but he squeezed into the big chair beside her when she read or told him stories. He always did what his mother told him. She knew everything in the world and so knew what he ought to do. Even when he was a big man he would do what his mother told him.

Robin listened to every word with enraptured eyes and bated breath. This was the story of love and life, and it was the first she had ever heard. It was as much a revelation as the kiss. She had spent her days in the grimy nursery, and her one close intimate had been a bony woman who had taught her not to cry, employing the practical method of terrifying her into silence by pinching her—knowing it was quite safe to do it.

"I have no mother and no father," she explained quite simply to Donal. "No one kisses me."

"No one!" Donal said, feeling curious. "Has no one ever kissed you but me?"

"No," she answered.

"I'll kiss you as often as you want me to," he volunteered nobly. "I'm used to it—because of my mother. I'll kiss you again now." And he did it quite without embarrassment. It was a sort of manly gratuity.

Once Ann, with her book in her hand, came round the shrubs to see how her charge was employing herself, and seeing her looking at pictures with a handsomely dressed companion, she returned to "Lady Audley's Secret" feeling entirely safe.

THE lilac and the hawthorn tree continued to breathe forth warmed scents of paradise in the sunshine. The boundaries were removed from Robin's world. She began to understand that there was another larger one containing wonderful and delightful things she had known nothing about. Donal was revealing it to her in everything he said, even when he was not aware that he was telling her anything. When Eve was formed from the rib of Adam, the information it was necessary for him to give her regarding her surroundings must have filled her with enthralling interest and a reverence which adored. The planted enclosure which was the central feature of the soot-sprinkled, stately London square was as the Garden of Eden.

The Garden of Eden it remained for two weeks. Andrews' cold was serious enough to require a doctor, and her sister Ann continued to perform her duties. Each morning the children played together, and each night

(To be continued)

Robin lay awake and lived again the delights of the past hours. Each day she learned more wonders, and her young mind and soul were fed. There began to stir in her brain new thoughts and the beginning of questioning. Scotland, Braemarnie, Donal's mother, even the Manse and the children in it, combined to form a world of enchantment. The center of the whole universe was Donal, with his strength and his laugh and his eyes, which were so alive and glowing that she seemed always to see them. She knew nothing about the thing which was their somehow-not-to-be-denied allure. They were asking eyes—and eyes which gave.

DURING the first week in which the two children played together, his mother, whose intense desire it was to understand him, observed in him a certain absorption of mood when he was not talking or amusing himself actively. He began to fall into a habit of standing at the windows, often with his chin in his hand, looking out as if he were so full of thought that he saw nothing. It was not an old habit; it was a new one.

"What are you thinking about, Donal?" she asked one afternoon.

He seemed to awaken, as it were, when he heard her. He turned about with his alluring smile. "I am thinking it is funny," he said; "it is funny that I should like such a little girl such a lot. She is years and years younger than I am. But I like her so. It is such fun to tell her things."

He marched over to his mother's writing table and leaned against it. What his mother saw was that he had an impassioned desire to talk about this child. She felt it was a desire even a trifle abnormal in its eagerness.

"She has such a queer house, I think," he explained. "She has a nurse and such pretty clothes, and she is so pretty herself, but I don't believe she has any toys or books in her nursery."

"Where is her mother?"

"She must be dead. There is no lady in her house but the Lady Downstairs. She is not her mother, because she doesn't like her and she never kisses her. No one had ever kissed her till I did."

His mother was a woman given to psychological analysis. Her eyes began to dwell on his face with slightly anxious questioning. "Did you kiss her?" she inquired.

"Yes. I kissed her when I said good morning the first day. She likes it very much."

He leaned farther over the writing table and began to pour forth, his smile growing and his eyes full of pleasure. His mother was a trifle alarmingly struck by the feeling that he was talking like a young man in love who can not keep his tongue still, though in his case even the youngest manhood was years away, and he made no effort to conceal his sentiments, which a young man would certainly have striven to do.

"I wish you would come into the gardens and see her, mother. She likes everything I do."

"I must come, dear," she answered.

"Nanny thinks she is lovely," he announced.

"She says I am in love with her. Am I, mother?"

"You are too young to be in love," she said. "And even when you are older, you must not fall in love with people you know nothing about."

It was an unconscious bit of Scotch cautiousness which she at once realized was absurd and quite out of place. But—!

She realized it because he stood up and squared his shoulders in an odd, young-mannish way. He had not flushed even faintly before, and now a touch of color crept under his fair skin.

"But I do love her," he said. "I do. I can't stop."

And though he was quite simple and obviously little-boylike, she actually felt frightened for a moment.



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# The Kingdom Round the Corner

(Continued from page 36)

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till I've begun almost to persuade myself that Reggie may come back. To think that you wanted me would help."

Before he could answer, she had sprung to her feet, all but overturning the lamp. "What's that?"

A sharp rat-a-tat-tat had reverberated through the house. While she spoke, it was repeated. Her overstrung nerves gave way. As Tabs rose, she clung to him beseechingly. "Don't let him in. I'm not ready for him. Don't let him in. Go outside and send him away. Tell him anything. But don't let him enter."

Tabs had no clear idea to whom she was referring. It might have been to Adair. It might have been to Pollock. It seemed more likely that it was to her dead husband. This talk about living as though he might come back had probably distraught an imagination already overtaxed.

"He shan't enter," he assured her. "There's no need to lose your nerve."

As he passed into the hall, he heard the starchy approach of Porter. He waited and halted her with,

"Mrs. Lockwood asked me to answer it."

When he had watched her retreat and vanish, he advanced toward the door. Who was it out there in the darkness whose knock had power to strike such terror? He felt as though fate itself stood waiting for him on the other side of the panel. With conscious bravado he stretched out his hand and drew back the latch.

## II

"Is it Mr. Easterday?"

It was a woman's voice that asked the question—a deep voice, thrilling with emotion, that made him wonder what it would sound like with all the stops pulled out. He had opened the door only a little way, expecting that he would have to refuse admittance. At the sound of a woman's voice, his sense of the conventions sprang to life. It must be a good deal past ten, and here he was answering Maisie's door as though he were her butler. The kind of conclusions that could be drawn were made plain by the caller's question. "Is it Mr. Easterday?" To be mistaken for Easterday annoyed him. It was tantamount to an accusation. It implied that, even though he were not Easterday, the proprietary way in which he attended to other people's doors at after ten o'clock put him well within Easterday's class. His surprise had evidently impressed her as furtiveness, for she said,

"So it is Mr. Easterday?"

He was at a loss what to do with her, how to turn her away. For Maisie's sake she must not be allowed to enter, for then she would discover that they had been alone. He opened the door a few inches wider and parried to gain time.

"If it's Mr. Easterday that you're wanting, you've made a fortunate mistake. This is Mrs. Lockwood's house. But I happen to know an Easterday—an Adair Easterday. Perhaps he's the man you're looking for. If so, I can give you his address."

This sally was greeted with a quiet, rather mocking laugh. He was trying to form an estimate of the visitor. She had arrived in a car; in the light reflected from the windshield he could make out the livery of her chauffeur. She was swathed in a sumptuous wrap which looked as though it were of sable. She held it gathered closely about her, so that it fell in soft folds, revealing and at the same time concealing her figure. She was mysterious, taunting, and strangely commanding. As she hovered there across the threshold, a faint perfume drifted up to him like the intoxicating romance of June rose-gardens under moonlight.

She, too, seemed to have suffered a surprise

at hearing the tones in which he had spoken. "His address! Oh, no, it wasn't Mr. Easterday I was wanting. I only supposed— If Mrs. Lockwood's at home, I should like to see her." Her voice was like a chime of contralto bells.

"I don't know at all," he commenced. Then he smiled at his confusion. "You see, I'm not used to answering doors, and Mrs. Lockwood's not quite herself. She was very tired just now. But if you'll give me your name, I'll—"

If he had been left to himself, he might have succeeded in creating the impression that he was Maisie's physician. As it was, his conscience was spared the deception by the advent of the inevitable Porter. She sailed up behind him with an appearance so immaculate that it would have shed propriety on the most compromising circumstances. He instantly stood aside to make room for her.

"Porter, here's a lady inquiring for—"

But the lady took matters into her own hands. "Mrs. Lockwood in, Porter?"

"Why, certainly, your Ladyship."

"Then why was I shut out? Who is this gentleman who—"

The rest was lost as their voices sank. The next words he caught were her Ladyship's, running up the scale of laughter.

"Then I'm not *de trop*! That's a blessing!"

He fell back, trying to obliterate himself, as with every sign of deference Porter admitted her; but in crossing the hall she had to pass him. Scarcely pausing, she swept him with a pair of stone-gray eyes made mischievous for the moment with merriment.

"You're no good as a butler," she whispered. "You carry discretion too far."

To his chagrin he recognized her—the one woman he would least have chosen to meet in an attitude that was undignified. She entered the drawing-room and was lost to sight. But she had left the door ajar, and he heard Maisie's delighted exclamation.

"Why, Di, what brings you here so late? This is darling of you!"

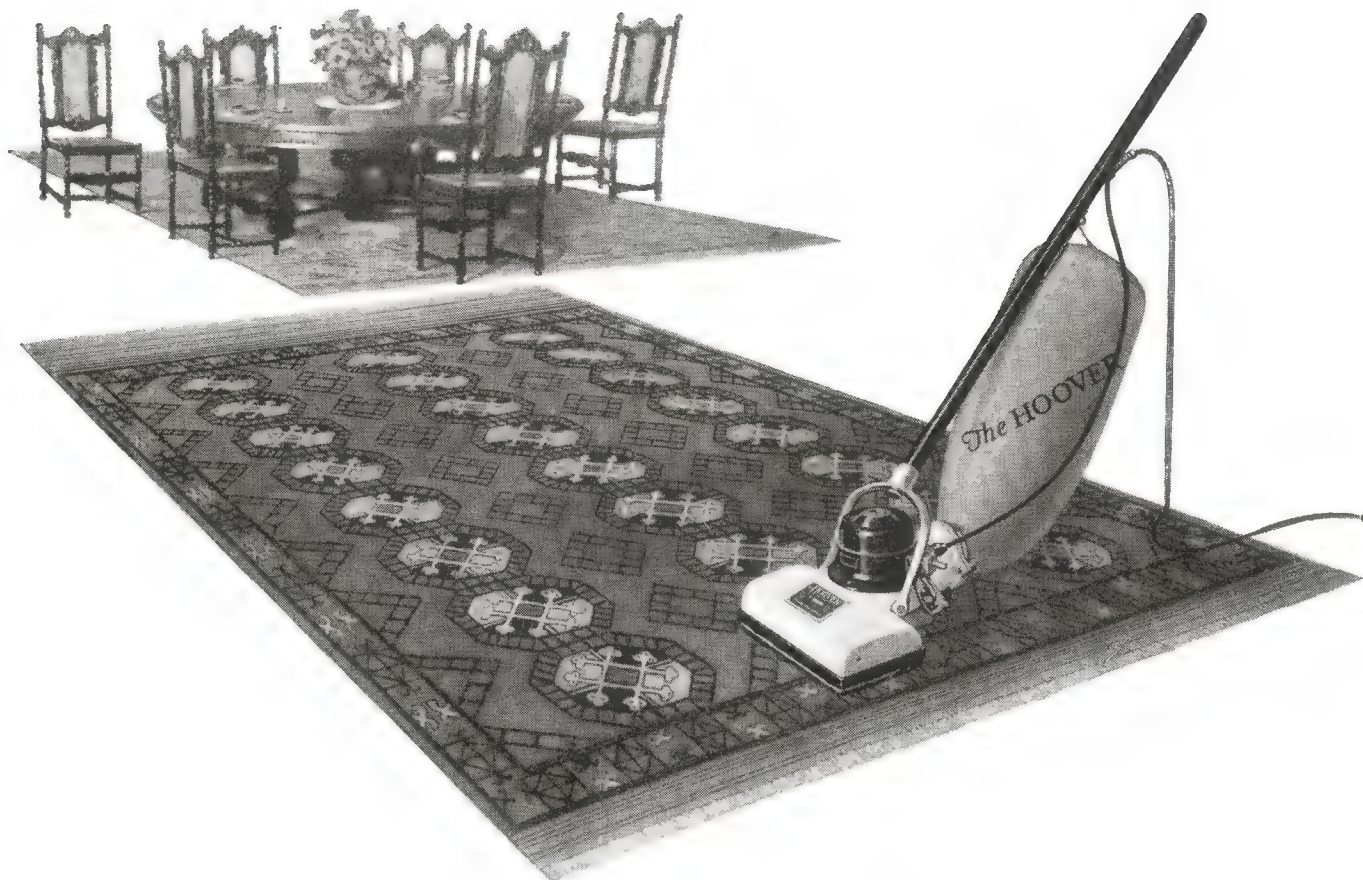
His position was elaborately false. It grew more false every minute he delayed. He foresaw himself apologizing and being explained. He had no appetite for explanations. Since he had adventured into Mulberry Tree Court, he had twice been tempted to bolt for safety. Now that he was tempted for a third time, he acted blindly on the impulse. Having played the rôle of butler with too much discretion, he seized his hat and, without a thought of ceremony, adopted a butler's mode of escaping.

## III

AS he turned out of Mulberry Tree Court he had thought he heard a voice calling after him: "Lord Taborley! Lord Taborley!" He had looked back across the imitation village green, where the white posts showed dimly like smudges of chalk. The door of Maisie's house was open wide, making a lozenge of gold against the blackness. He had fancied he saw her standing there framed, leaning out, and then— Yes, surely he had heard the running of slippers along the pavement. He had not waited. He scarcely knew from what he was escaping—perhaps from his fate, from which there is ultimately no escape. He seized his respite, however, for the dread of recapture was strong upon him.

And now all hint of pursuit had died out. At the thought that he had escaped, he felt a flood of exultant joy sweep through him. He smiled, believing he had discovered a humorous and more human motive for the exhausting piety of the anchorites. It wasn't their religious self-abnegation that had made them flee to scorched river-beds and desert hiding-places; it was their triumphant satisfaction at having tantalized and eluded feminine pursuit.



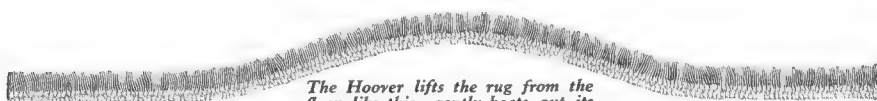


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## The Kingdom Round the Corner

They fled in order that they might possess, not deny themselves.

How much nobler men were in a womanless world! Some of them had had to become womanless before they could be noble. Pollock plunging to his death from the clouds, like an eagle struck by a thunderbolt! Lord Dawn, with the smile of calm remembrance on his lips, purged of all his fruitless sex-contentions, lying white and quiet beneath the crack and spatter of exploding shells! Braithwaite, the ex-valet, who had proved himself an aristocrat in courage! And he himself, thinking only of duty, with every jealous ambition laid aside!

And now! The mate of the eagle was a trifle with peacocks and vultures. The man whose face had been molded by his last thought into an expression of serene faithfulness was recalled only as one who had lived envenomed by disloyalty. Braithwaite, the aristocrat in courage, was now distinguished for his cowardice; he himself was both Braithwaite's rival and grudging critic.

And this sudden transformation was the work of women, because men had come back to walk and rest with them in the soft, desired places. Little feminine hands had stripped them of their charity, had taken away their valor, and had concealed liars-in-wait in the chamber of their affections.

So his thoughts ran on, amplifying, magnifying, exaggerating the theme of the debilitating effects of women. But from all his accusations he exempted Terry. She was the Joan of Arc of his imagination, who rode on unvanquished across life's battlefields, inspiring to heroism with her shining purity. And he made one other exception—Lady Dawn. It was the Lady Dawn of the portrait he exempted, not the Lady Dawn who had mocked him in passing with her steady, stone-gray eyes.

Then he pulled himself up with a start. Again he was thinking about her. Yes, and though he might discriminate between the portrait and the living woman, it was the living woman's eyes that gleamed in the blackness of his mind. There was truth in what Maisie had said, that were he as much in love with Terry as he professed, all other women, however beautiful, should be hanks of hair and bags of bones.

Whichever way he viewed his situation, things were in a pretty fair muddle—a muddle which annoyed him because it was so unmerited. He was pledged to Terry, while she held herself unpledged. He was committed to help Maisie—a distinctly unwise little lady for any bachelor to help. As a third party to his problem, Lady Dawn intruded herself—though why she should, he wasn't certain. He would have to see her, however much Maisie dissuaded; it was right that she should know about her husband. Yet was that the entire reason why he was so keen to see her? He assured himself very earnestly that it was, and dismissed her from his mind.

For the rest of the journey home he conscientiously narrowed his imaginings to thoughts of Terry.

### IV

THE house was very still. It was nearly midnight. The maids had gone to bed, leaving lights in the hall and on the landings. As he hung up his hat, the stillness was broken by the sudden ringing of the telephone. He climbed the flight of stairs to his library and, without waiting to switch on the lights, sat down at his table, taking up the receiver.

"Yes."

"Is this Lord Taborley?" a voice inquired.

"Lord Taborley speaking."

"This is Sir Tobias Beddow." There was a pause, followed by a little asthmatic cough. Then, "How are you, my dear fellow? I've

been trying to reach you all evening. I was expecting to see you round here this morning at eleven— No, I don't mean perhaps what you infer. Besides, it wouldn't have been any good if you had called; Terry wandered out without leaving word where she was going. She didn't get back till nearly lunch time. Most unaccountable conduct under the circumstances, but since your conduct was equally unaccountable, perhaps it was just as well. But that wasn't what I called you up about."

Tabs smiled in the darkness. Sir Tobias was as simple and as crafty as a child; he couldn't keep anything back. Then his mind jumped to the obvious conclusion. Terry had not told her parents about her morning interview; her parents naturally supposed it was his fault that he was not engaged to her as yet. Making an effort to be diplomatic, he said:

"Perhaps I can explain my apparent negligence to you, later. It must seem unpardonable. I've been busy every minute over things that absolutely couldn't be avoided."

"Of course. Of course." The words were spoken soothingly, but without conviction. "We men understand. It's Lady Beddow who— Such events are women's great occasions. She's a stickler for form. As you say, you can explain later. But that wasn't what I called you up about."

"I THINK I know what you called me up about," said Tabs. "It was about Maisie—I mean Mrs. Lockwood."

"What about her?"

The question was asked carelessly; Tabs knew at once that he had missed his guess.

"What about her? I've spent the last six hours with her. You asked me to see her as soon as possible, you remember. I've only just got home. She's not the woman we thought her."

"Eh? What's that?"

"She's not the woman we thought her." He was perfectly certain Sir Tobias had heard the first time. Then he added: "There's been some mistake. She hasn't and never did have any designs on Adair. After we talked things over, she said she wouldn't see him again."

"She did!" There was a long pause expressive of skepticism, dissatisfaction, or anything he cared to conjecture. Then, "When we meet, you can tell me. But that wasn't what I called you up about."

Tabs waited for him to tell why he had called up. He waited so long that it seemed to be a competition to see who would compel the other to break the silence first. At last he gave in. "If that wasn't why, why did you?"

He almost heard Sir Tobias blink his eyes, those faded eyes that looked so blind and saw so much. "I called you up about this General Braithwaite. He's been here to see me on the biggest fool's errand, with a most unusual story which, if it's true, partly concerns yourself. It's too late to enter into details this evening. But I thought I'd let you know.—Good night."

"One minute, Sir Tobias—"

For a few seconds he sat there in the darkness listening; then he hung up the receiver and took himself off to bed.

What object had Braithwaite had in going to see Sir Tobias? Was it his first step in trying to play fair? Was his "fool's errand" a formal request for Terry's hand in marriage and his "unusual story" a manly recital of the facts? Had this great advance in frankness included the telling of Ann? As he tossed sleeplessly, other problems leaped up to confront him. Had he done wisely in promising Maisie that, in a measure, he would compensate her for the loss of Adair? What would Sir Tobias think of such an intimacy when he got to hear of it? What would even Adair think of it? There was only one person who would not doubt his integrity, that was Terry. And then



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# The Kingdom Round the Corner

Lady Dawn—had he actually any moral right to interfere in her affairs? "Do it harder; I can bear more than that." He could hear her saying it in that deep, emotional voice of hers. He could feel her honest, stone-gray eyes in the darkness, probing his soul for motives.

Day was breaking and birds were stirring in the mist of greenness that topped his windows, before his eyelids closed and he slipped off into forgetfulness.

V

"TOMORROW'S another new day," he thought as he awoke. One could meet any and every indebtedness to life if he only had a sufficient fund of tomorrows in his bank.

He looked at his watch and leaped out of bed. Nine o'clock! He had slept late. He didn't hurry over his dressing. He could afford to be late for once. The mood of conquest was upon him. Maisie had said that. No, it wasn't the mood but the air of conquest that she'd said he had. Whichever it was, he would prove her a true prophetess. He might not gain all his desires, but he would at least wear the air of one who was going to gain them.

On coming down to breakfast he scrutinized Ann's features closely to learn whether she had heard anything from Braithwaite. They told him nothing. Presently, however, while she served him, she began to open out.

"Did your Lordship speak to the gentleman at the War Office?"

Tabs had been glancing through the morning paper. He looked up. "Yes, I did, Ann. I placed your letter in his hands and saw him read it."

"Did he say anything or promise anything to your Lordship?"

Tabs pursed his lips judicially, trying to avoid a lie. "You know what these War Office officials are, Ann. They never make promises to any one. But I believe this one's a good-hearted chap. When he realizes how much this thing means to you, I think he'll do his best."

"Then he didn't show your Lordship my letter?"

Tabs had dipped into his newspaper again. He detested the well-meant deceit he was compelled to practise. This time, when he answered, he did not raise his eyes. "No, he didn't."

But she did not efface herself as he had expected. She stood there, to one side of his chair. He felt that she was looking down at him. Just above the edge of his paper he could see her hands clasped together, pressing against each other in agitation. He dropped the paper to the carpet.

"Something more you wish to ask me? What is it?"

"Your Lordship said that when the gentleman realized how much all this meant to me, he'd do his best."

"That's what I said, and I'm sure of it."

"What I wanted to ask was, does your Lordship think he has realized?"

It was the way she said it that roused his curiosity. Could she have guessed? He met her eyes—good, gray eyes, with something of Lady Dawn's grave honesty in their expression.

"I think he has realized."

"Thank you, sir; and I'm sorry I had to trouble you."

She withdrew, leaving him with the disturbing sense that she had intended more than she had said. He gathered up the paper from the floor in the hope that a perusal of it might enable him to recover his lost equanimity. In so doing he caught sight of the last page, which contained the photographic items. Braithwaite's face stared up at him. Above it was printed the caption, "Youngest Ranker Brigadier Demobbed Yesterday."

If she had seen that, she knew. If she had

seen it, what would be her next move—appeal or revenge? What had been the significance of her final question, "Does your Lordship think he has realized?" Did she know now, had she even known when she wrote her letter, that it would be received by Braithwaite himself?

If she did not know and had not seen the paper, he was determined that she should not see it. Before leaving the room, he stuffed it into the empty grate and applied a match. He would play fair by Braithwaite. He was so eager to play fair that he did not turn to go upstairs till every vestige of print had been licked to ashes.

VI

HE had scarcely entered the library before the telephone renewed its irritating clamor, like a fretful child which yelled whenever it heard his footstep. He responded to its fretfulness in very much the same mood, seizing hold of the receiver as though he would shake it into silence.

"Yes. Hullo! Hullo! Yes, this is Lord Taborley. What's that? You didn't catch what I— It's Lord Taborley speaking, I said."

"Well, I must say you don't sound very nice." It was a woman's amused voice. "Even at this distance, you make me almost afraid. I do hope you haven't been like that all night."

Tabs made his tones more smiling. "I'm sorry if I don't sound sufficiently pleasant. But who are you?"

"Well, whom do you think?" There was a snatch of laughter. "I'm Maisie; I mean Mrs. Lockwood. You needn't tell me that you're not frowning, because I can feel it all the way to Chelsea. What's the matter?"

He pulled a wry face at himself in the mirror opposite and shrugged his shoulders, but he said with excessive amiability: "Nothing. I'm top-hole. How are you feeling?"

Her answer came back like a flash, "Vulgar and not very safe." It was followed by a gurgling of merriment.

"I'm not sure that I understand your symptoms."

The gurgling was repeated. "You wouldn't. Lord Taborley never feels vulgar, and he's always safe. But this is one of my vulgar days, when I'm not to be trusted. I always have one when Di has been to visit me; it's the relapse after contact with too high standards of respectability. I'm liable to do anything. I married Gervis and Lockwood after being with her. I shall break out today if you don't come at once and stop me. Unless—unless you don't want to stop me and would prefer the experiment of being vulgar together."

"The prospect sounds alluring—" he was trying to let her down lightly—"but I'm afraid I have too many engagements on hand."

"Oh!" It was the "oh" of disappointment. When she spoke again, her gay irresponsibility had vanished, and a coaxing quality had come into her voice. "I know you've only just got home from being with me—I mean comparatively speaking. I don't want to make myself a burden to you, but— It's such a jolly day. Have you been up long enough to look out the window? I thought we could go off somewhere—to the Zoo, perhaps, and drink lemonade all among the monkeys and the nuts. I woke up planning it. We'd limit our spending money to five shillings like kiddies, and do all our riding on busses. Doesn't that sound jolly?"

"Immensely," he agreed, "but I'm afraid no amount of jolliness could tempt—"

She broke in on him. "It's the kind of thing I used to do with Adair."

The meaning of this last remark was plain; she was reminding him that if the shoes vacated by Adair were to remain vacated, he must pay the promised price on occasions by wearing them himself. He determined to get



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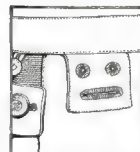
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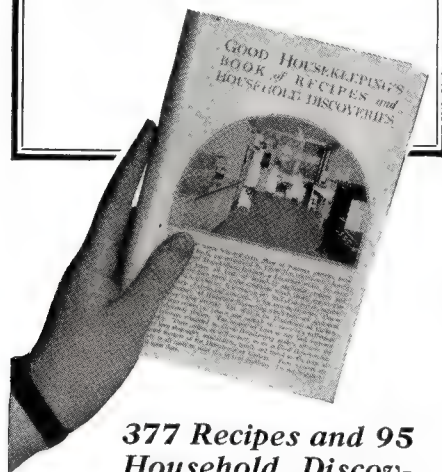
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## The Kingdom Round the Corner

behind her diplomatic hints with frankness. "I don't want you to think, Mrs. Lockwood, that I'm going back on our compact because I have to refuse your first request. There'll be plenty of other opportunities."

He caught her sigh of relief across the line. When she spoke again, it was with a new brightness and reasonableness. "I'm glad you said that. So you really are going to help me? I was a wee bit afraid you'd gone back on your bargain by the way you ran away."

It was his first experience of the advantage a woman gains when she attacks a man from the other end of a telephone. He had trouble in making his voice sound patient. He replied with conscious hypocrisy, "I'm sorry I created the impression of running away."

"You did." Her answer came back promptly. "You created the same impression on us both. I had to do a lot of explaining to Di."

"I was trying to save you embarrassment," he excused himself.

"Eh! What's that?"

To his immense surprise a third voice—a man's—jumped in on the conversation. "Are you there? Is that Lord Taborley?"

Tabs was just getting ready to confess that he was there and that he was Lord Taborley, when Maisie took matters out of his hands by informing the intruder that the line was occupied and that he was interrupting a conversation.

"I'm sorry," the intruder apologized, "but my time's valuable. I've been kept waiting for the best part of quarter of an hour. Are you the telephone girl I'm talking to?"

"Indeed I'm not!" said Maisie with considerable haughtiness. "Please get off the line." And then to Tabs, "Are you still there, Lord Taborley? This is Mrs. Lockwood. Can't you postpone some of those engagements so that we can meet today?"

At that moment the girl at the switchboard took a hand. There was a confused gabbling and buzzing of voices, out of which the suave tones of the intruder emerged triumphant, saying: "This is Sir Tobias Beddow. Can I speak with Lord Taborley?"

Perhaps Maisie had heard. At all events, the moment Sir Tobias declared himself, the line cleared.

But it wasn't what Maisie had overheard that disturbed Tabs; it was his uncertainty as to how much of her conversation had been listened to by Sir Tobias. After all, prospective fathers-in-law are only human and as likely as any other class to jump to damaging conclusions. Tabs hung up the receiver, making it necessary for him to be summoned afresh before he acknowledged his presence at the phone. Then,

"Good-morning, Sir Tobias."

"Good-morning, my dear fellow." Sir Tobias was as courtly and friendly as ever. "I called you up to know whether you could run round to see me between now and noon—Yes, the matter I mentioned to you last night. About eleven, you say? Very well, then, I shall expect you."

### VII

**N**O sooner had the butler with the velvet-plush manners admitted him than he found himself face to face with Terry. She must have known that he was expected and been lying in wait for him. Before he could say a word, she pressed a finger to her lips. To the butler she said in a low tone:

"It's all right, James; you don't need to wait. I'll announce Lord Taborley."

Terry's face was a picture of innocence. After Maisie, she struck him as very young—much too young to love or to know the meaning of love. The sight of her freshness was forbidding. It made him seem jaded. It filled him with a reverence that was not far short of

worship. In the brave March sunlight which shafted down on her, her head looked more like a Botticelli angel's than ever. The raw gold of her bobbed hair shone solid as metal, making a sharp edge where it ended against the ivory pallor of her throat. Her violet eyes danced with eager secrets.

"What are you doing today?" she whispered.

"Nothing," he whispered, "if you want me."

"Then invite me out to lunch. I've such heaps to tell you. Don't let Daddy take you to his club—I know he's going to ask you. And, oh, before I forget, I've told them nothing about yesterday, so don't give me away by accident." Then in a sly aside, just as she was turning the door-knob to admit him to her father's library, "You've been getting on famously with Maisie, haven't you?"

Before he could reply, they were across the threshold. The neck of Sir Tobias craned painfully round the corner of a high-backed chair.

"Here's Lord Taborley to see you, Daddy," Terry said breathlessly. "Don't keep him forever. He's just invited me to go out with him to lunch."

Having shot her bolt with the masterly strategy of her sex, she vanished, pulling the door to behind her.

**I**MMENSELY considerate of you to come," puffed Sir Tobias, levering himself out of his chair in order that he might shake hands.

"Not kind at all," Tabs contradicted cheerfully. "I kill two birds with one stone; I have my conversation with you, and in half an hour I carry off Terry."

"That'll make him hurry up with whatever he has to say," he thought; "it sets a time limit."

The old gentleman seemed put out to find himself deprived of his prerogative to be elaborate and prosy. He made a gesture, indicating that Tabs should copy his example and choose a chair. But Tabs ignored it. He had learned that a man on his feet has the advantage, especially if he stands six feet two in his socks.

"You'll be wanting my news," he suggested. "I told you pretty well everything over the telephone. I think it's a case of everybody having got the wind up—Phyllis particularly. Mrs. Lockwood's a very restful woman. I should call her a man's woman. She's bright and entertaining and pretty, and she owns a charming little house. She has no responsibilities, so she's free to entertain from morning till night. Adair has without doubt visited her more often than was wise, and it was remarkably foolish of him to have made a woman friend whom he didn't share with Phyllis. But I suppose he didn't dare to introduce them after he'd seen that Phyllis was jealous. However that may be, this dread that they may run away together is moonshine. Mrs. Lockwood sets too high a value on herself. Besides, there's only one man whom she loves or ever has loved for that matter. He happens to be dead!"

"One moment, my dear fellow," Sir Tobias interrupted. "I always understood that the lady had had three husbands. Was this man one of them, or did she have no affection for any of the men she married?"

Tabs felt himself cornered—and he had been getting on so well. He realized that if once he allowed Sir Tobias to start questioning him he would get tangled up. "She's complex," he explained; "she's complex in her simplicity. She's one of the most simply complicated and complicatedly simple women that I ever met. To understand her you have to talk with her. I talked with her for six hours. The upshot was that she promised to shut her door against Adair."

The innocent old eyes blinked. "I'm not modern, like you, Lord Taborley. I have my suspicions of these simply complicated and complicatedly simple women. Set me down as





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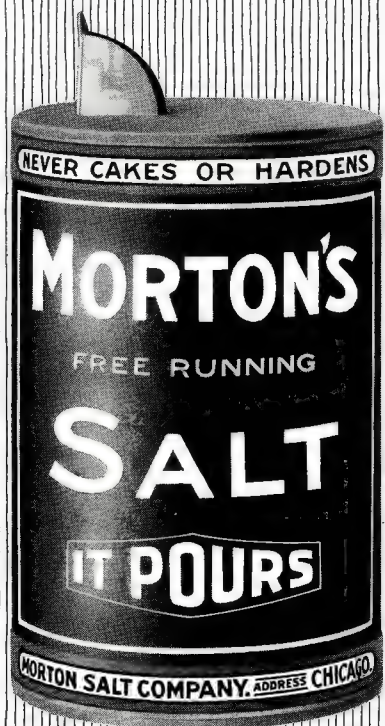
## How to wash your blankets

**Washing directions:** A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve the Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souse it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket. If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more Lux should be added to restore the suds. Take extra care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blanket. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters of the same temperature as the suds.

**Drying:** It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.





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## The Kingdom Round the Corner

old-fashioned. Having been only once married, I can't enter into the refinements of feeling of such matrimonially inclined bo-constrictors as Mrs. Lockwood. I shan't give myself the chance of meeting her. If I talked with her, I shouldn't understand. So I must take your word for it that, however much appearances may have been against her, her motives were beyond question. But—and I'm sure you won't take amiss what I'm saying—I would advise you, now that you've effected Adair's rescue, not to see too much of her yourself. In fact, if I were you, I wouldn't see her any more at all, if I could help it."

IT was clear that the benignant, sly old gentleman had overheard a substantial part of Maisie's telephone conversation. It was equally clear that his interference was wisely and kindly intended.

"I've always been very well able to take care of myself," Tabs said quietly. "If I hadn't been, I shouldn't have undertaken your mission and have gone to interview the kind of woman you described. I found, however, that she didn't live up to your description of her; in fairness to her I have to let you know that. I don't think you appreciate, Sir Tobias, what a delicate situation you created for both of us. She's a woman of breeding, which goes without saying since she's Lady Dawn's sister—a fact which you withheld from me. You sent me to her house as a kind of moral policeman with a warrant for her arrest. She was well aware of that, and she was also aware that the charge you laid against her was almost libelously mistaken. All I can say is that she has behaved very handsomely. Since you and Phyllis have misunderstood her friendship for Adair, she's willing to break off relations. The most courteous and only decent thing that we can do is to cease discussing her. It's an incident which does none of us much credit."

As he had warmed to her defense, Tabs had been very conscious that he was being more than generous—perhaps even more generous than truthful. It hadn't been his intention at the start to depict her as a wronged and spotless angel; but the skepticism of the attentive old image, bleached with disillusion and faded with years, had goaded him to excess.

Sir Tobias listened, scratching his pointed beard thoughtfully, with entire amiability. He was utterly unimpressed and visibly unashamed. "You're a man of the world, my dear Taborley, and you have the advantage of having seen her. From what you say I gather that she's not bad looking. To the not-bad-looking much is forgiven. Nevertheless, I stand by my opinion that she's not a safe woman to see too often. However, you're master of your own actions, and that's neither here nor there."

He commenced to fumble through his pockets. When he had found his cigarette case he proffered it to Tabs, who refused it.

"I wish you'd sit down, my dear fellow."

Tabs glanced at his watch. There was only a quarter of an hour left of the time he had allotted. As a concession to Sir Tobias Tabs seated himself.

"It was about General Braithwaite that you called me up last night?"

"Yes. But there's no hurry. We can discuss that over lunch."

Tabs considered that the time had come to be firm. "I'm sorry, Sir Tobias. Terry's lunching with me. We start in something less than fifteen minutes."

Sir Tobias screwed himself round and surveyed his future son-in-law with a mild amazement. For forty years he had been accustomed to having his own way unchallenged.

"Terry can wait." He spoke as though the matter were now settled. "What I have to tell you is important."

"Here's a meal  
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# ★ FAUST INSTANT

## COFFEE AND TEA

## The Kingdom Round the Corner

"And so is what I have to tell Terry," Tabs emphasized his statement by glancing again at his watch.

For a few seconds Sir Tobias was at a loss. To hear himself opposed was a novel experience. Then he thought he had discovered a consoling reason for this obstinacy and smiled loftily. "Very well, my dear fellow," he conceded; "young blood will have its way. I withdraw for this once, since your plans are already made."

His forgiveness was brushed aside. Time was pressing. Tabs forced him to the point without further ceremony or waste of words. "When you phoned, it was nearly midnight, so the matter must have seemed urgent. You said that General Braithwaite had been to see you on a fool's errand with a story that partly concerned myself. May I ask how it concerned me?"

"You're brusque, very brusque," Sir Tobias complained. "We could have talked this over much better at my club."

When Tabs showed no signs of relenting, he revealed his real feelings testily. "You knew this fellow Braithwaite. You must have recognized him the moment you clapped eyes on him. Why didn't you tell me?"

"It wasn't my business. Apart from that, I was aware of nothing to his discredit." Once again, as in the case of Maisie, he was allowing himself to be goaded out of justice into excessive generosity.

"Nothing to his discredit! That depends on your point of view." Sir Tobias sniffed audibly. "That depends on how deeply interested you are in—in my daughter."

"I think I gave you proof of my interest, Sir Tobias, the other evening when I asked—"

"Pshaw! You know very well what I'm driving at, Taborley."

"Nevertheless, I should like to hear you put it into words."

SIR TOBIAS gave one of his remarkable exhibitions of youthfulness. Flinging aside his decrepitude as though it had been no more than an affectation, he shot bolt upright, gripping the arms of his chair. "Last night, within a handful of hours of my forbidding him the house, he had the impertinence to call here to inform me that he was in love with Terry. Not content with that, he added insult to his impertinence by telling me that he had been your valet. How is it, Taborley, that on that evening when you dined here as his fellow-guest, you never once hinted by look or word that he wasn't the part he was playing? I can't consider that quite honorable of you. As an old friend, quite apart from any new relationship, I had the right to expect that my interests were nearer your heart. It upsets me to find I was mistaken. Have you so little pride in the girl you propose to marry that it doesn't offend you to see her gadding about with ex-servants? You saw them get up and leave the table that night. You heard the front door bang and knew they'd gone out together—my daughter with the fellow who used to put the studs into your shirts! And there you sat with me, sipping your coffee and chatting as though it were all perfectly right and normal. Upon my soul, Taborley, you're beyond my comprehending. If I, her father, can feel this indignation, what ought not you to feel? You're supposed to be her lover, and you're not jealous. So far as I can see, you're not even disturbed."

Tab's face had gone suddenly white. He acknowledged to himself that, had he been Terry's father, he would have said no less. When he spoke, it was with quiet intensity.

"I am annoyed, Sir Tobias—a good deal more annoyed than I care to own to myself—but I try not to let my annoyance obscure my sense of justice. It isn't fair to consider Braithwaite in the light of a servant. He isn't a servant; he's won his spurs. He arrived at the



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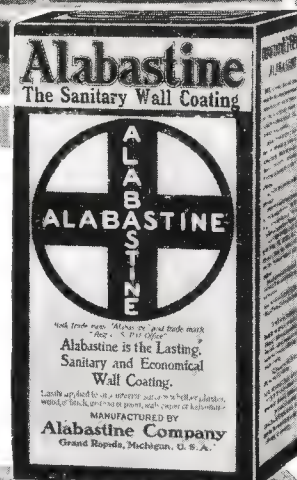
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## The Kingdom Round the Corner

position he occupies today through original and unaided merit. That the man who was my servant happens to be my rival is bitterly galling. But I'm not going to let it blind me to the fact that he has qualities of greatness. He proved those qualities, even more than on the battle-field, when he came to you and pluckily told you the truth about himself. God knows what he thought to gain by it, but I'm hats off to him."

Sir Tobias threw out his hands in a disowning gesture. "I don't want to quarrel with you—that's the last thing I desire. But I must confess that I fail to sympathize with your attitude of mind. Magnanimity is all very well, but it's easy to be magnanimous where your affections aren't too deeply concerned. A man in love has no right to be magnanimous—it isn't a healthy sign. Lady Beddow used those very words to me this morning. She feels as I do, that in your attitude to Terry you lack something. You've let two days elapse since you asked my permission to approach her. You're the same with this Maisie woman—inhumanly, unsatisfactorily magnanimous. You don't identify yourself with our antipathies—you almost side with the people who affront us. It's estranging and distressing. I like a man to be more emphatic in his loyalties and aversions. I like him to show more fire. In days that I can almost remember, Braithwaite's intrusion would have been an occasion for a duel. Terry's mother feels the same about you; it makes her unhappy. 'He lacks ardor'—that was how she expressed it. 'Perhaps, after all, he's too old for Terry,' she said. Personally I don't go so far as that."

Too old for Terry! Tabs sat pondering the words. They voiced his own doubt, the doubt that had haunted him from the moment of his return. The antiquated version of Shakespeare sat watching him, plucking at his pointed beard and blinking his faded eyes shrewdly.

Suddenly, with a cavalier smile of conquest which was strangely unwarranted, Tabs swung himself to his feet. "Well, Sir Tobias, we've talked for more than our half-hour. After all, it doesn't matter a continental what you, or I, or Lady Beddow feels. It's Terry's feelings that count. I shall know what she feels before the afternoon is ended."

He was holding out his hand to the surprised old gentleman when the door opened just sufficiently to admit Terry's head.

"Come on, your Lordship!" she laughed mockingly, "you've kept me waiting quite long enough."

(To be continued)

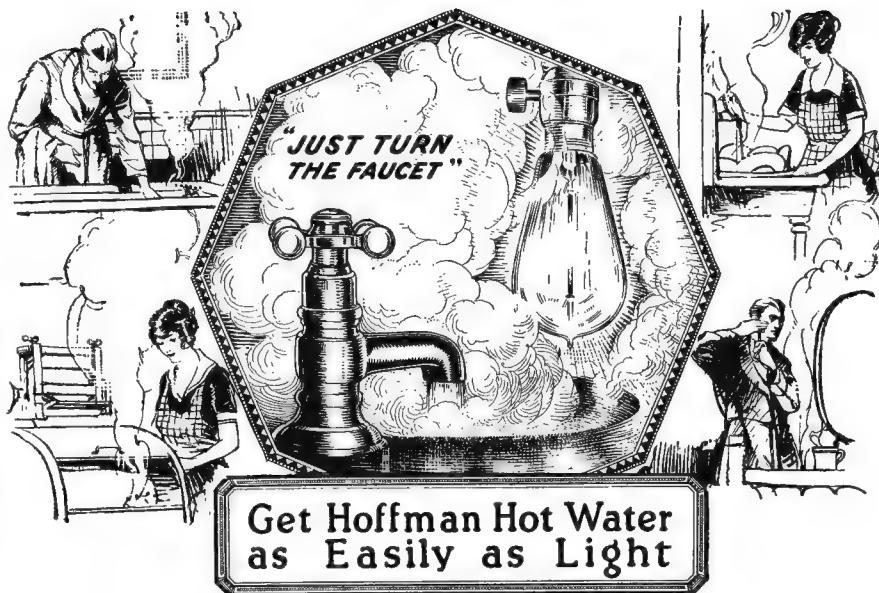
## The House I Built for a Bride

(Continued from page 61)

be as large as you can afford—probably 9000 square feet. The usual suburban lot is 60x100 feet. This will permit tasteful placing of the house, and attractive shrubbery and trees, with a small garden space in the back.

In hunting a house for a bride, the first step is to find your architect. After that it all goes as easily as the charming house at the head of this article illustrates.

The house pictured is of Dutch Colonial style, so typical of the sturdy worth the younger set is aiming at. This one is constructed of wood, stuccoed on the first floor on metal lath with a light cream stucco, and clapboarded with 12" clapboards 10" to the weather on the second floor. The structure is roofed with a conglomerate roof with a full range of green, brown and mottled purple shingles. Although appearing to be a wide house, it can be so placed on the plot that sufficient space is reserved for a driveway on



**"JUST TURN THE FAUCET"**

**Get Hoffman Hot Water as Easily as Light**

## Hot Water! Instantly!

from  
the automatic heater with 77 less parts

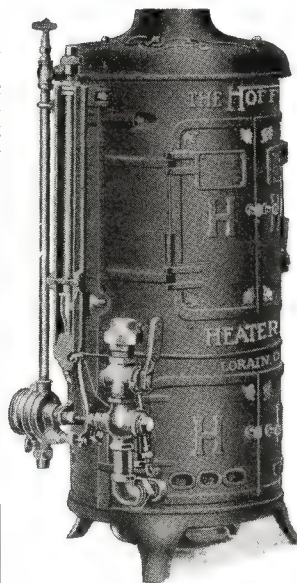
**O**PEN any faucet—day or night—and your Hoffman will provide an inexhaustible supply of steaming hot water. It will flow at an even temperature as long as you desire.

No annoying delays. No bother. No fuss. There's nothing to do but turn the faucet and revel in the joyous luxury of complete and abundant hot water service.

Then close the faucet and the gas is shut off automatically. No waste. No needless expense.

Remember that this daily necessity is available through the improved and simplified automatic heater. The Hoffman has 77 less parts. Thus it is the dependable and efficient heater for you.

Hoffman's are made in several styles and sizes to meet every requirement. There's one for your home. Send the coupon for full information. Send it now, please.



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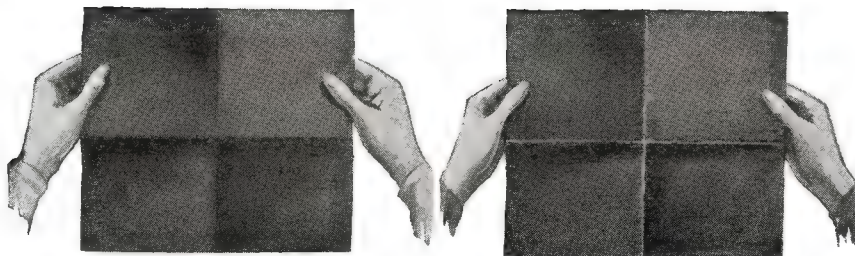
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**Instant Hot Water**

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*Fold a piece of Brenlin. It remains unbroken; it has no "filling" to crack and fall out*

*Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material tightly. It cracks and shows pinholes*

*Make this folding test—  
see the "filled" shade crack!*

## Brenlin has no "filling"

Like school chalk, "filling" in an ordinary window shade breaks and crumbles.

An ordinary window shade must have this brittle chalk or clay "filling" to give weight and body to flimsy, loosely-woven base-material.

Sucking and snapping winds, the little strains of everyday wear, cause it to loosen and fall out. Pinholes and cracks appear—the shade sags and wrinkles, it is quickly ruined.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex



*Brenlin Shade—made without filling*

*Ordinary shade—made with "filling"*

made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

### A valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.



*"We have found Brenlin shades durable, of excellent appearance, and satisfactory as far as I know in every way." Samuel Plantz, President Lawrence College. Equipped with Brenlin window shades by The Peabody Peabody Co., Appleton, Wis.*

*For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way*

# Brenlin

*the long-wearing*  
WINDOW SHADE material

## The House I Built for a Bride

the side from the street to a garage in the rear of the lot. In placing the stakes from which to excavate, considerable thought should always be given to the idea of a future garage, for the automobile which is to come.

Great thought has been given to make the approach and entrance attractive and inviting. A quaint brick walk laid in herringbone design and bordered on each side with a natural cement border leads to the entrance porch with two inviting seats, where you may sit and gossip, summer evenings, as your grandmother used to do.

Indoors the compactness and cosiness of this interior are remarkable. Everything speaks of comfort. The stair hall around which the house is built serves both the front and rear part of the house, obviating the necessity of two stairways. The living-room, on the left, is extremely well-lighted with its many windows and casement doors to the enclosed sun porch, which has a tile floor and latticed wall and ceiling. When the logs are crackling in the open fireplace in the living-room, and the book-racks on each side of the mantel bespeak comfort in leisure hours, this will be an ideal family gathering place.

To the right of the main hall is the dining-room, and in connection with it is the kitchen. Whether the bride is beginning her own housework, or is fortunate enough to have a treasured servant, it is essential that the arrangements of the kitchen and pantry shall minimize the daily labor. The kitchen portion of the house contains a pot closet, dressers and cupboards, and a gas-range properly vented through the roof. The rear entry contains a refrigerator enclosure which enables the iceman to deliver the ice when the family is away, without entering the house proper. No staying home to wait for a delayed iceman! In the kitchen cupboard has been provided a bottle and package receptor, thus enabling the tradesmen to make deliveries by its use from the outside when the house is locked up, or without annoyance to the housewife. These goods are taken from the receptor from the inside. The pantry contains such conveniences as a paper chute to the cellar, a linen chute which serves all floors, a table-leaf closet, a broom closet and a plate-warming radiator, which heats the pantry in addition to serving as a plate warmer. The floor of the kitchen, pantry, and entry is "everlastic," a floor which is resilient and clean as well as artistic.

In the cellar is an electrically equipped laundry with an electric washing-machine and ironer. This portion of the dream house also contains a modern boiler room with a boiler under thermostatic control, also a coal vault and cold storage closet. Toilet facilities are also provided in this cellar.

GOING back to the main hall again, notice the coat closet and telephone closet flanking the vestibule door, convenient but out of the way, and leaving a clear sweep for the main stairs, which are Colonial in design, with Adam brown mahogany rail, newels, and treads, cream risers, and spindle balusters.

The second floor contains four large, airy bedrooms with ample closet facilities and two bathrooms. In the owner's dressing-room two closets have been provided. The owner's bathroom door is mirrored and serves the purpose of a cheval glass.

Overhead showers are provided over the bathtubs, which are of the built-in type. The stairs to the open attic serve as the entrance to the future maid's room and the storeroom.

This entire house is finished in cream and enameled finish with Adam brown mahogany doors. All the exterior windows and doors were metal weather-stripped, which materially cuts down the coal consumption—an important factor with coal at its present retail price. Further, the metal weather strips keep out the dust and prevent the sashes from rattling.



# GLIDDEN

EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING



## *Jap-a-lac Magic*

"Spread on beauty while you're spreading on years of wear," says the little Jap-a-lac girl. "You'll find pleasure and profit in every stroke."

Let the little Jap-a-lac girl provide the inspiration and Jap-a-lac will make the renewing process possible. Working together, you'll work wonders. Worn surfaces will disappear as if by magic. Attractiveness will take the place of dinginess.

Once you experience the Jap-a-lac sensation, you'll see money savings at every turn. You'll reclaim many pieces of old furniture; you'll put new life on walls and wood work; you'll add long life to dingy surfaces *Everywhere on Everything*.

Get acquainted with the many kinds, many colors, and many uses of *Jap-a-lac Household Finishes*. See the nearest Glidden Dealer today!

*The Glidden Company*  
National Headquarters **Cleveland Ohio**

May 1921 Good Housekeeping



## "A Warm Introduction"

**N**OTHING in the Bride's Bungalow receives (or deserves) greater praise than the new IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit. It is the center of attraction because it changes the house into a home, requires so little attention, and uses so little coal. Day and night it keeps the whole house full of soft, radiant warmth.

A small fire gives just enough heat in early spring days to free the house from chill and damp. It protects the family health. Clean and easy to run.

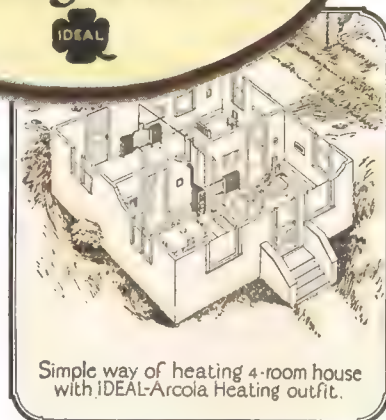
The IDEAL-ARCOLA gives low-cost, healthful warmth, through hot-water radiators to the small home, store or school. It places the cottage, with or without cellar, on the heating plane of the First Mansion in the Land.

The water-jacketed ARCOLA is of itself a radiator. Replaces stoves, wastes no heat up chimneys, leaks no coal gas. Each tenant may have a separate ARCOLA. If used to heat part of building, extra sections and radiators may be added later.

ARCOLA heats all rooms on less fuel than a stove requires for one room. The complete system installed by your local dealer costs but little more than a stove for each room; and far less than the old expense for a hot-water heating system.

Get an estimate for an IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit for your old or new house from any heating dealer. It can be put in at any time quickly and easily without disturbing the family. See demonstrating outfits in our showrooms in all large cities and in many of our dealers' shops.

## Ideal-ARCOLA Heating Outfits



Simple way of heating 4-room house with IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating outfit.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 51, 816 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

May 1921 Good Housekeeping

Write for illustrated catalog showing open views of IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit installations in 4, 5, 6 and 7-room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools and small buildings.



## Shall I Marry This Man?

(Continued from page 29)

mind has jumped to, and it's jumped wrong! You think I am talking about physical eugenics. I am not. I am talking about another matter entirely, a matter not to be found in books, or in scientific minds—at least, they give no inkling of it. I am talking about the law that should control a girl's putting a man on a list of those possible to consider for marrying purposes, and it hasn't a thing on earth to do with physical eugenics. Now, don't misunderstand me again: I didn't say that whether or not she should marry him hadn't something to do with physical eugenics, but the basic, primal law that stands first and foremost before all other laws hasn't in itself a thing on earth to do with physical eugenics. I am talking now about the natural law of mating that was written down when the seas were divided to make room for the earth, before man began his pilgrimage; the law that went in under the foundations of our being—before disease, and flats, and subways, and rents, and fashions. I am talking about a law written into life before man was, and that will operate in his matings till the last man is.

TO make this clear, let us imagine the earth moving through space on its young, unpeopled way. A lovely young breeze blows up and goes sailing gaily across green fields till it runs up against another breeze going in the same general direction. They blend into each other and race on to the meadows, kissing the flowers topping the long stems till they sway happily, bending the shrubs, playing in the tree tops, and out across the blue sea, rippling its surface and leaving in their wake lively little whitecaps dancing in the mist. Now that's a correct mating.

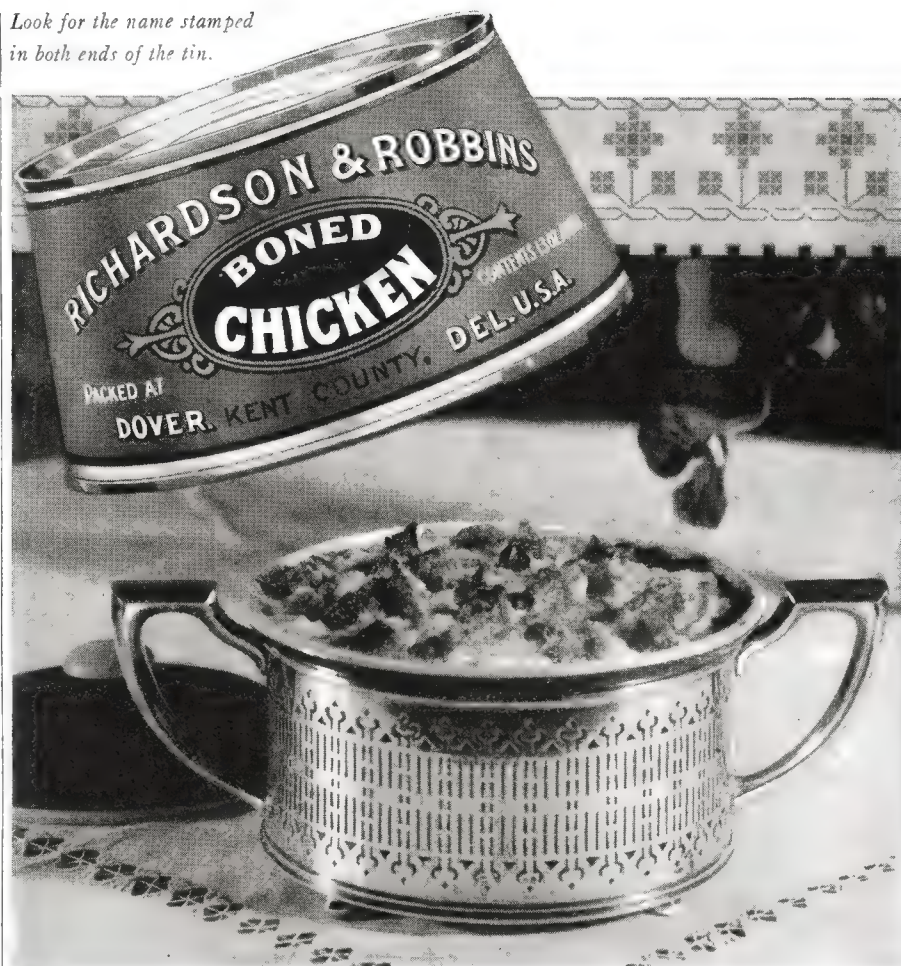
But just suppose that venturesome little breeze should run squarely up against another breeze going in the opposite direction, and instead of passing each other by after a bit of a skirmish, they stop and mingle. Instantly we have a whirlwind—dust is raised—daisy heads snapped off—and they are up in the air about nothing, carrying everything they touch to destruction. Now that's an incorrect mating.

Every human being is as much set on an individual course as was the little breeze, and each is intended to go right along following out his natural bent—I refer to normal people, not defectives—till he runs up against another going in his general direction, with whom he naturally falls into step. When this happens—according to the primal law of nature—we have a correct mating; and this—according to our nomenclature—is "love." The trouble is, we use the word without comprehending its definition. We do not analyze love and see that it means kinship, the possibility to blend, to understand because of a certain likeness. The reason it is necessary for you to "love" a man to marry him is not in the least a reason of sentimentality, but of law. You can not blend with him by decision of will. Unless you do blend, you don't, and that is all there is to it. Oil and water are both good elements, but they can never, while the stars shine down, mix. Though you stopper them up in the same bottle till doomsday, the water will forever remain water, and the oil will forever remain oil.

Some people have the mistaken idea that when they take a "dislike" to a person—when, in other words, they do not blend with him—it is nature's warning that there is something bad about him, something to avoid. Maybe there is—there is about most of us; but nature is not warning you necessarily about something bad—merely bad for *you*: there is no blend there, can be no blend. So many uses in the world call for so many different types, and human antagonism is nature's invention to keep up her stocks. It's as if she were flagging you, "Take warning!"

You may meet dozens of what are called "desirable" young men—though in our faulty social system few girls do outside of

Look for the name stamped in both ends of the tin.



## What for luncheon?

"With these people coming for luncheon, Jane, we want something dainty and nice. Let's see; we might have club sandwiches or chicken au gratin. How would that do?"

"That's fine, Mother, and we can use that boned chicken Dad and the boys liked so much when they were camping."

### R. & R. PRODUCTS

Boned Chicken  
Plum Pudding  
Potted Ham  
Potted Chicken  
French Process Prunes  
(in glass jars)

R. & R. BONED CHICKEN is tasty meat of tender chicken, cooked to a charm in the cleanest of kitchens, and packed solidly in sanitary tins. Three times more meat than in the same weight of fresh chicken, because there is no waste.

Write for our booklet, "The Home Chef," by Mary Andrews Worthington, containing practical recipes and dainty menus.

Address: Richardson & Robbins, Dover, Delaware.







## The Doctor says:— “Don’t wait for danger signals”

“NATURE sends out danger signals when the intestines become clogged. These warnings are often coated tongue, drowsiness, headache and a disinclination to eat. They warn that the blood has absorbed poisons from the intestines and that they are flooding through the body, reaching every tiny cell.

### *It is a serious condition*

“A person so affected, is not only subject to troubles within the body but is weakened against illness from without. He becomes an easy prey to such ailments as colds, grippe or influenza. A constipated child is more exposed to measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever and so on. And in the case of a nursing mother, blood that is loaded with such poisons affects those cells which provide milk for the baby, thus injuring the infant.

“Just a little care will keep your family in good health. See that their intestines are kept clean. The most efficient way to do this is to give them Nujol, regularly.”

### *Why Nujol relieves*

Without irritating or forcing the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system, regularly and thoroughly.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day’s work or play.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

★ **Nujol**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
*For Constipation*

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 718 D44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.) Please send me booklets marked:

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|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> “Constipation—auto-intoxication in adults” | <input type="checkbox"/> “Constipation in infancy and childhood” | <input type="checkbox"/> “Constipation in old age”         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> “Constipation in pregnancy and nursing”    | <input type="checkbox"/> “Constipation as a cause of piles”      | <input type="checkbox"/> “A lovely skin comes from within” |

Name.....

Address.....

## Shall I Marry This Man?

college—and they all leave you disinterested—there is no blend. Then you meet one about which there appears to be nothing very special, but instantly your whole being lights up in response to him. It is old nature signaling you, “This man is for you.” He may have ruined his possible happiness by some previous misdemeanor incompatible with a happy union with any girl—this is where physical eugenics comes in—and you may have to let him go by, and travel on alone till you meet another who blends, but by nature he is for you. Such a kinship is the very wine of life. Without it, a companionship between two people is as drear as a November wind. With it—though all material blessings are absent—there is continual inspiration. No problem is too hard, if there is a possible answer. But when you engage on an unsolvable problem, one that should never have been set—like mating without blend—then all your effort will go for naught. Going through the motions of love will never create the emotions. As youth begins to go and the things that made the union possible die away, the breach will widen. The situation is unfixable.

And you, young man, are having a similar experience. You meet the most popular girl. Your sporting instinct is aroused—you’d like to dash in and carry her away before every one’s eyes. But somehow, she closes you off, chokes back your best stories, deadens your spontaneity. You think things will be different, once you are married, but they won’t; they will get worse. It will forever be a case of sparks on wet wood; nothing catches; nothing burns into power or beauty; there will never be a conflagration of the soul. It will be no one’s fault. There is no blend, that is all. You will be trying to run afoul of nature, and it can’t be done. Nature is one old dame you can never fool. She knows—she gave you warning—and you will be calling down on your own head the consequences of disobedience.

Now, there is a girl in a far corner, a pale girl in a quiet gray gown. You meet her, and instantly you wake into your full powers; you tell your best stories, laugh your heartiest, have the finest kind of time. Funny; you don’t see much in her—not so very pretty—not exactly stylish—but you are all response to her. Well, she is the girl for you by the law of blend. Never mind her complexion, her quaint little dress. Old nature is looking out for you. She’s given you the danger signals and the safety signals. Follow her.

DO they do it, our young people? Sometimes, when other things harmonize with the main harmony—when clothes, height, color of hair, eyes, and a few other perfectly extraneous considerations measure up to preconceived ideals; when the boy belongs to “our set,” when the “other girls” approve; when the girl is a “good-looker” and knows all the new dances. For these youngsters are the most unconscionable snobs on earth. The freest in their matings of any other young people in the world today, not fortune hunters as a rule, still they choose for trivial surface reasons, and they marry because they are tired of the town, or tired of teaching, or have been out of college long enough to begin to worry about being “old”—maybe three or four years—or it looks exciting with all the pictures in the paper and everything, or all the other girls are getting married. They are in the strangle-hold of the immovable, unshakable code, “Do what all the ‘other girls’ are doing!”

And as for the parents, the father’s one inquiry comes resounding down the ages, “Can you support her, young man?” with a little side-line probe these later years into the youth’s personal health. Then, having done his duty, he loses himself once again in his newspaper, and mother begins to hemstitch linen. And in the next breath these councilors are expressing concern over the increasing number of divorces.

Does any one take this girl quietly to one



# The Neighbor's Secret

*A million women heard it before it was printed*

"Bad news travels quickly," said the old adage, but here is proof that good news travels even faster. A few women discovered a way to wash clothes better, yet save from 35 to 75 minutes and all the hard work in the process. Other observant women noticed their neighbors transforming the soiled clothing in the laundry hamper to snowy garments on the wash-line in an incredibly short time.

Natural curiosity prompted questions, and so the good news was spread. Before a single announcement of the method appeared, over one million American women were using it every week.

The inventor was besieged with letters from users suggesting that he advertise his preparation. He hesitated for just one reason. He was afraid that a bold statement of what La France will do would arouse skepticism. But finally a way was found to present these facts in an official and believable way.

## Famous Institutions Investigate

Leading Universities, Institutes and Domestic Science Schools were asked to conduct rigid laundering tests with La France, and submit sworn affidavits summarizing the results. The following figures are the result of the exhaustive investigation. (Detailed statements on file in Philadelphia.)

With hand methods, La France added to soap washes eleven pounds of average family wash (ranging from heavy bed linens to lingerie) thirty-

five minutes faster than soap alone. All the scrubbing, b'uing, and drudgery are eliminated. The time is cut *one-third*, the labor saved is *four-fifths*.

With electric washing machines, La France and soap beat soap alone by *one hour and a quarter* in washing several machines-full. The time and current necessary are cut in *half*.

## Harmless to Fabrics

The affidavits are unanimous in stating—"Microscopic tests after laundering with La France show all fabrics to be uninjured." These are not the optimistic statements of a manufacturer, but the sworn averages of impartial investigators.

La France is a preparation to be added to the soap you are already using. In two minutes it creates a vast quantity of energy-suds. These suds are not mere inert bubbles, but are surcharged with active life and unrivalled cleansing properties. *Without rubbing*, these suds gently dissolve all the imbedded dirt and wash it away. The nature of soap will permit only a limited area to be cleaned at a time, but when La France is added it acts upon all the clothes at the same time. It also is unique in that it *blues* the clothes as it washes them.

## Satina Starch Tablet

Starched pieces take on a different character when Satina is blended with the boiling starch. The iron ceases to stick, the smooth gloss delights the eye and La France Bouquet, with which the tablet is perfumed, imparts an elusive fragrance that appeals to the woman of refined taste. We will mail you a free sample on receipt of your grocer's name and address.

In the light of these facts, you will surely want to give La France a trial. Most grocers can supply you with either the tablet or powder form. If you prefer to test it at our expense, send us your grocer's name and we'll gladly send you a **SAMPLE WITHOUT CHARGE**.

Address La France Mfg. Co., Department G, Philadelphia, Penna.

# La France

TABLET AND POWDERED  
MAKES WASHING EASY



In using advertisements see page 4





## *A Homey Little Cottage Garlanded with Vines*



How often have you dreamed of your "home-to-be"—just such a one as this; away from the dirt and noise; out where the air is clean—where green grass and flowers flourish in profusion—where golden sunshine floods the rooms and the merry chirping of the crickets sings you to sleep at night—where the children can romp and play in *freedom*, close to Nature.

Are you thinking of building that little home *now*?

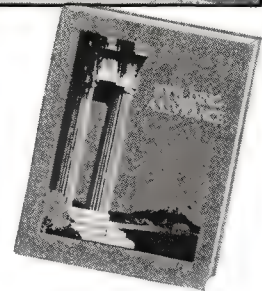
Morgan—the house famous everywhere as master craftsmen of interior woodwork—has simplified many problems for you in "Building With Assurance." This master book strips building of its mysteries; makes even the novice self-assured.

It shows, for example, scores of modern bungalows, cottages, colonial houses, garages, etc., designed for people of moderate means, as well as for those of wealth.

Here, too, are a wealth of charming interiors, winning arrangements of living room, bedroom, hall, kitchen; wonderful stairways; homey, old-time fireplaces; all made doubly attractive by the remarkable beauty of Morgan Standardized Woodwork, which can be procured from any dealer.

Then, in addition, this master book contains almost priceless information about the details of every kind of building. Authorities of national and even international prominence discuss with you such vital things as Interior Decoration and Floor Covering; Home Lighting; Modern Plumbing; Heating; Hardware, Painting, etc.

To obtain this information would cost any individual many months of ceaseless work and thousands of dollars. To have it for your guidance will give you positive assurance in passing judgment upon any step of building, and may save you thousands of dollars.



### *Free Prospectus*

"Building With Assurance" has been prepared with thoroughness and quality as the only guide. It is a wonderful example of modern printing—color plate work and binding. To distribute it broadcast is beyond practicability. Yet we want every one seriously interested in building or remodeling to have a copy. Our prospectus tells how this may be done. It contains many beautiful specimen pages and a complete tabulation of the contents. We will gladly send this prospectus *free* of charge to any one who writes for it.

Address Department E-5

MORGAN SASH & DOOR COMPANY  
Chicago, Ill.

MORGAN COMPANY  
Oshkosh, Wis.

MORGAN MILLWORK COMPANY  
Baltimore, Md.

# MORGAN

## WOODWORK

*Morgan—the name that architects and builders unhesitatingly endorse.  
Look for the Morgan dealer in your locality.*



## Shall I Marry This Man?

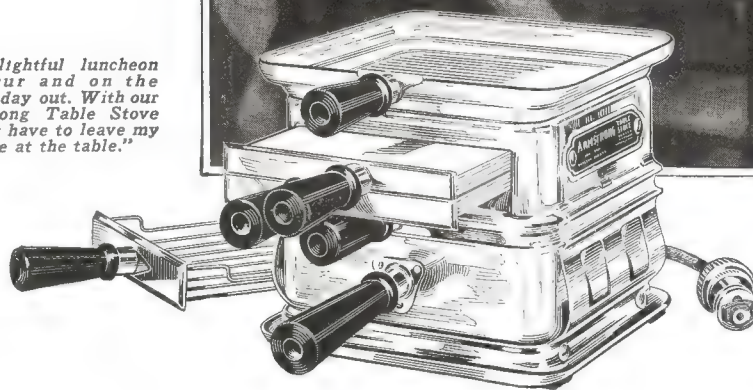
side and say to her: "Are you sure he is the one for you, my dear? Stripped of every pleasing accessory, would you be just as eager to marry him? Is his the hand you would instinctively reach out for—in danger, in possible shipwreck, in death? Does your spirit fly to him as unerringly as a bird to her nest?"

I asked a dozen wives, picked at random, how seriously their mothers had ever talked with them of the necessity of feeling really blended—in love with, if you like the usual term better—the men they were to marry. And not one of the dozen had been given so much as a hint of its importance. One mother had reproved her daughter for not displaying more pleasure on receiving letters from her fiancé. Another had taken her daughter to task for her "catty" ways with the man she was to marry. Another was shocked when her daughter mentioned the possibility of breaking her engagement, and her only response was, "What will people think, with the cards out and everything?" Some of these marriages were happy, some colorless affairs, but with one and all there had been no mother-help on the vital consideration in making the new contract.

**G**IRLS of today imagine they are different from girls of other generations, that they are a special breed of their own. And sometimes, observing them, I think they are, too—in many respects a very good breed with their independence and efficiency and their way of facing facts frankly and their fine comradeship with their men. I prepared to entertain a very young bridal couple on their honeymoon recently, and I planned a hammock on a vine-covered porch with volumes of new poetry handy, and a seat in a summer house under the trees, and gave others orders to stay away from sequestered nooks and corners that honeymooning might be carried on with a suitable background. But goodness me! The poems were unopened, the summer house neglected, the hammock not even seen. The two came down-stairs soon after their arrival, the girl wearing common-sense shoes ready for a walk and interested in finding a tennis court and golf links. At breakfast they wanted to know what I thought of that new book on "What's the Matter with Labor," and how did I feel about the Russian situation, and was the little theater thriving in our town? I never once saw them holding hands, or letting languishing looks fall on each other, but I did see the finest sort of comradeship, and I believe they are as madly in love—that is, form as perfect a blend—as any two who ever came under my observation.

But all this modernness, all this knowledge of the world she lives in, which characterizes the best type of the girl of today, by no means does away with the old primal law. On the contrary. Its operation is even more inexorable. The old-fashioned wife lived more in a world of her own, taken up wholly with the duties of her realm, and there was not the same sort of companionship between her and her husband that there is between married couples today. They played different games—she with her quiltings and tea parties, he with his sports and clubs. She was the caterer, he the provider. When they failed to blend, it may not have been quite so trying, as they were not so much together. But today, with the two together in everything, from salads to politics, the blend is paramount. If tastes are dissimilar, if they do not love the same sort of play, understand the same work, enjoy the same arts, books, music, the theater, then they will clash more fiercely than did any old-fashioned couple. Where the latter considered marriage final, and endurance a virtue—especially on the woman's part—and family skeletons natural members of every household with deep closets in which to hide them, the young people of today regard marriage more as an experiment, endurance as an obsolete word, and they chase out the skeletons and air the closets. Flip-pantly, all too often the modern girl says of

*"A delightful luncheon for four and on the maid's day out. With our Armstrong Table Stove I never have to leave my place at the table."*



## Cooks Three Things At Once

It costs no more to cook all three on the Armstrong Table Stove than it does to operate the single electric utensil. The patented design of the stove concentrates all of the heat from the two heat units on the utensils so that the proper cooking temperature is quickly reached.

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Waffles and toast made on the Armstrong are ready in half the time for they are browned on both sides at once. No grease is necessary with the Armstrong Waffle Iron and no turning.

Ask your dealer to show you the tilting plug connection of the Armstrong Stove. The plug never sticks but lifts on or off at a touch, giving you perfect control of the heat.

Armstrong Table Stoves are for sale by most electrical supply and hardware dealers for \$15.00. This includes all of the equipment mentioned above excepting the waffle iron which is \$5.00 extra. Write for booklet A.

THE STANDARD STAMPING COMPANY  
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# ARMSTRONG

## TABLE STOVE



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Hostess 26 piece chest  
Black leatherette  
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If you would know  
How beautiful  
Modern table appointments can be.  
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A chest of knives, forks and spoons  
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Bridgeport, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor  
Manufactured in Canada by  
STANDARD SILVER CO. OF TORONTO, Ltd.

**INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.**

## Shall I Marry This Man?

marriage, "Oh, well, I'll get a divorce if it's not a success." Many young wives even assert that they had a premarriage divorce agreement with their husbands. Such flippancy arises, of course, from lack of knowledge. "They know not what they do." And so they go recklessly into unions with uncertainty in their minds and a remedy ready, and they apply it on the first appearance of friction without real cause, and we have our modern divorces, which the wisacres view with alarm, but with little apparent understanding.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Knowing so much about life, knowing so many words with which to rattle on familiarly about the big problems, these young people think they know it all, the cures as well as the ills, and they run risks they would not otherwise. The truth is, with all their big talk they are as babes in arms, realizing as little as the youth of any age what they are doing. They can not realize, in their inexperience, that anything so intimate as a marriage can not be dissolved in a divorce court. The legal bonds can be severed, the responsibility ended, the tape that ties snipped, but the soul of a girl who has entered marriage is a new soul, bathed in a new experience, awakened to a new unfoldment. She has pushed back the sacred door that leads to creation, she has stepped within life's holy of holies beyond which lies motherhood. She has given her youth and the promise that is in her, she has given her wonder-innocence and the glory of her unfolding, and she can not get them back again. She can not go out from it all and close the door softly and step again into the shoes of girlhood. She can never give to another man what she has once given, mistakenly. Her gift—when she finds her mate—will be a different gift than it would have been had she found him first. She can bring the sacred freshness of girlhood but once to the gates of paradise.

**SUPPOSE**, on the other hand, there is that puritanical conscientiousness in the minds of the two who have married that will make them stick it out under any and all conditions. Suppose in this case both parties to the contract are good people, but there is absolutely no blend, not the slightest iota. This happens often: the two have not known each other well, have not understood the law of blend, have not been left alone without the neutralizing agent of a third party, their families made the match, or he was regarded as a "good catch"—that most stupid of last-generation superstitions, as if any man were a "good catch" save to the girl to whom he by nature belongs! At any rate, it has happened, and here they are, tied up tight and fast, without one foot of common ground between them. The friction that arises is not the usual kind, which sometimes wholesomely clears the air, but the nerve-racking friction of a saw going steadily against the grain. One is a direct poison to the other; one can not come into the other's presence without instantly suffering a coldness of spirit, a sense of depression, a positive repulsion. The more sensitive of the two suffers the more keenly from the fact of the other's presence, while the other suffers from the apparent indifference of her mate. The man, we will say—it is as apt to be the woman—the man is doing his best, but he can not control his reactions; the minute he enters his own house, his spontaneity dies out. He struggles with the situation, the tension shows in his face, his nerves are all a-twitch, and a sense of dread hovers over and darkens his whole life.

He goes away on a vacation, and instantly everything brightens up for him. He looks back on his experience as on a nightmare and hates himself for his part in it. He will return and hold fast to his happier mood. He braces himself for it and sets out. But within the shadow of the home door, the old blackness is back upon him. Again and again he tries; he never gets the best of it.

But the children of such a union are the real





FROM A KODAK NEGATIVE.

# Keep a Kodak Story of the Children

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y , *The Kodak City*

## Way Down South in Dixie

the League at a banquet one night, the delegates at once demanded to know how it was to be done.

"We intend to eradicate trickery and trading in votes," said Mrs. Edwards, "and to advocate at all times a settled conviction in the voting booths."

A woman answered the demands at her table by telling just how it had been down in her home town at a previous election, when the practise of repeating at the polls was broken up by a determined little band of women. They did it by the simple expedient of photographing any suspected bunch of men who were seemingly conveyed in groups to the polls. By following the suspects from place to place, the women succeeded in obtaining ample evidence of their repeating. At one place, when an infuriated judge, interested in the election of his ticket and well aware of the evidence these photographs would present, attempted to wrest a camera from the hands of a woman, another snapped him promptly on her film and thus secured additional evidence of the evil. It was a plan that registered with the banquet group and will be heard from later under given conditions.

The conference was thus extended into every social activity. Even when beautifully gowned women awaited cars to take them to the various entertainments, the conferences went on in selected groups.

### The Sheppard-Towner Bill

The Sheppard-Towner bill was one of the deep undercurrents of the conference, especially after the report of Mrs. Maud Wood Park on its progress in Washington. It is so near to the hearts of all women that its discussion was most tense, broken by an incident related by one of the women who had attended most of its hearings before committee in Washington.

"At a committee hearing before one of the influential politicians of my own state," she said, "he announced himself as against the passage of the bill for this reason:

"We have a Public Health Service," he said pompously, "that is to look after infantile, maternity and all other diseases!"

"He may be inclined to class maternity with infantile and other diseases," went on the speaker, "but the majority of women will not agree with him."

The result of this Third Regional Conference was to weld into concrete form, not only the problems of the South, but also the methods of combating and of solving them. The delegates pledged themselves to carry not only into the General Conference at Cleveland, but into their own communities as well, the principles of the conference and the determination not to rest until good roads, good schools, good laws, and good health are too firmly established in the South ever again to be eradicated.

They established also the value of the League as a vast national research committee, to search out and to place before the nation's voters the weakness of any legislation in any state and the best method of properly strengthening and upholding it. Probably its greatest lesson was that the mere acquisition of the vote will not miraculously endow any woman with judgment and political wisdom—these she must earn for herself. Its greatest safety, perhaps, lies in the fact that the southern woman does not at all repudiate politics. Instead, she stresses the necessity for good government.

No section of the country can have more to contribute to the permanent value of the League for Women Voters than the South. There is no doubt that the League is on trial for the coming year. There is an immense power and a wide opportunity for this group of citizens. Its friends believe that it will eventually solve all its problems and triumphantly take its place as a stabilizing power in the nation.



## New importance for a familiar food

*Many physicians are recommending yeast—  
the richest available source  
of the mysterious vitamine*

**O**NE vital element in food without which we cannot keep fit! This new discovery of science is startling thousands of men and women today.

Are we getting enough of this single element—this vitamine—in our everyday meals? Without it, scientists are agreed, we fall off in health.

A number of foods, notably spinach, contain this vitamine. But from many of our everyday foods it has been removed by the process of manufacture or preparation.

The richest known source of this vitamine is yeast. That is why thousands of men and women are adding the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast to their diet—to build up increased resistance to disease and to maintain vigorous health and energy.

So great has been the scientific interest in this new importance of yeast, that its value has been tested in leading

medical institutions. Besides its food value, Fleischmann's Yeast was found to be successful in correcting ailments that often accompany a lowered state of health, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin.

Yeast is a food, highly digestible, entirely wholesome. It is assimilated in the body just like any other food. Only one precaution: if you are troubled with gas dissolve yeast in boiling water before taking it.

Eat from 1 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast. Have it on your table so that everyone can eat it with their meals. Eat it before or between meals if you prefer. You will quickly learn to like its taste. Try it on bread or buttered toast; in milk, water or fruit juices; or just plain.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast, and get it fresh daily.

To learn more about the newly discovered importance of yeast, send for booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." **THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. T-24, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.**

### *A food, not a laxative*

*Yeast helps all the digestive processes. A New York physician writes: "Vitamines are readily supplied to the body in yeast, and we sometimes advise patients to eat one half cake of yeast three times a day, the yeast being stimulant in its nature to intestinal motility."*

*Thus Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food. Taken regularly over a period of time, from two to four weeks, it helps restore normal body functions and gradually replaces laxatives. From 1 to 3 cakes a day is the usual amount.*



## Shall I Marry This Man?

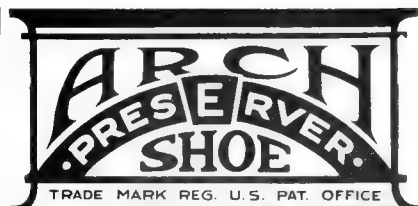
sufferers. Some inherit from the mother, some from the father, some elements from both that eternally war in the one nature. There is no happiness in the home, no harmony anywhere. Antagonisms arise between brothers and sisters. Little children that ought to be the very cheeriest flowers in the whole garden of life are gloomy, brooding, and black-spirited. Naturally, they make their escape as early as possible. And once again the seeming miracle is worked: among strangers they become the merriest, liveliest of young people; they gain health, and poise, and happiness—and hope. Perhaps the very one in whom the mother saw the least promise—being the most sensitive, she became the most deadened—pale, lackadaisical, spiritless—blossoms out into brilliance, as if a heavy board had been lifted from a little new plant trying to grow in the dark under a weight. But let her return to the old home, and the same story is repeated; she is forlorn, alone, strange. She goes running from room to room in her homesickness, trying desperately to find something to welcome her back, something that spells warmth and love and understanding. There is no response anywhere.

This is the most tragic of life's possible situations: a girl forever a stranger to her own mother; a mother to endure the pains of child bearing—and have no child. Have I drawn the picture too black? Ask one who has lived it.

A HARMONIOUS home is the greatest drawing card on earth for more harmony: a chaotic home is a drawing card for more chaos. Like forever attracts like. We are prepared to act sanely and wisely and naturally only by a sane, wise, natural environment. In chaos, in the midst of nerve-racking irritations, we are liable to make a desperate leap—and leap to desperation. Many an ordinarily gifted girl makes the happiest marriage because she is living in a state of comparative harmony, while a very gifted girl, lacking this harmonious environment, makes the least happy marriage.

American homes are the strength of the nation, and the individual home is the strength of the individual. Success in every direction tends to follow family solidarity. The strength of the Jewish people lies in the Jewish home: they are all for each, and each for all. A success with one member, and he helps all the others to success; a failure—and all the others lift him again to his feet and hold him there till he is solidly grounded. When you build up a home through building up its members, you add strength to strength: the family faces life as an unbroken phalanx. But when the home must be quickly deserted, when the young must scatter and build alone from the ground work elsewhere, when there is no united headship, no centralizing of effort, no family partnership—then indeed is the individual life hard and the individual success difficult.

Will you, then, young girl of America, try to get this understanding into your mind, and hesitate before you risk laying a foundation for a home that can never be happy, for children who will forever miss the rightful heritage of parents united? Will you try to realize that Americans are a sensitive people—we are not the stolid, bovine type—and correct mating is particularly necessary for happiness in our method of life, our universal domesticity of nature and habit? Will you, then, test yourself and that prospective mate in every possible way before the risk of so much unhappiness in the world? It won't all be yours, you see; you will be putting it on others innocent of blame. Will you, then, know this man well, in walks and talks and daily companionship, know him aside from the home he has ready, from what the "other girls" think of him, from the standing he has with your parents, from his own will and wishes regarding you? And then—after all the tests possible—if there is lacking that sense of close kinship, of joy just to be with him; if



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## This Trade Mark assures good style with perfect comfort!

Here is your assurance of the exclusive advantages of the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE—the style you wish to have and perfect foot comfort.

This shoe is for well feet—to keep them well. Its correctly supported arch gives the walking base to the foot Nature intended. If you have *weak* feet you will be surprised with results from the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE.

Please write for name of nearest ARCH PRESERVER SHOE dealer. Ask for booklet No. 23, "Why Suffer With Well Feet?"

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*Makers of Women's Fine Shoes for More than Forty Years!*

*In black or brown kid*



*Sport Oxford in white buck and black kid trimming*



*In black kid combination last*



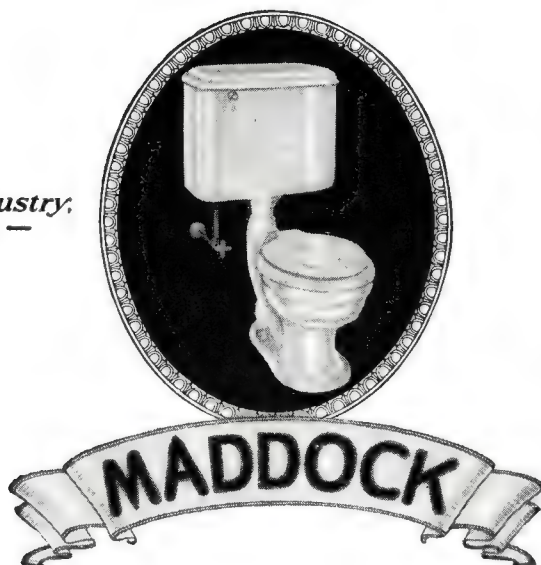
*White Strap Pump*



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## Foremost in making the bathroom sanitary

WHEREVER the highest degree of health protection in sanitary equipment is required, there you will find fixtures of Thomas Maddock quality—the quality that is characteristic of the many sanitary refinements embodied in the Madera-Silent Closet shown above.

Constructed throughout of glistening, snow-white vitreous china, a material that can always be kept spotlessly clean with minimum care—this fixture provides the utmost in non-soiling advantages and sanitary protection.

And, being silent in operation, due to a principle of construction that was developed by the Thomas Maddock's Sons Company twenty-four years ago, this fixture unquestionably denotes the highest achievement yet attained in sanitary appointments for the home.

Any one interested in equipping a new or an old bathroom with fixtures of Thomas Maddock quality should write for "Bathroom Individuality."

Thomas Maddock's Sons Company  
Trenton, New Jersey



Thomas Maddock plumbing equipment is also used in the plants of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.; the Fisk Rubber Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and in many other well-known institutions where the highest degree of sanitation is required to protect the health of employees.



The home of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia—Thomas Maddock equipped

Remember the importance of the plumber in protecting the family's health

## Shall I Marry This Man?

you do not respond to his moods, if he does not respond to yours; if the matter is not just right between you two, for old nature will give you the tip if you pay attention—then have the courage to be honest, to stop—and wait. For your real mate will come; he is in the world somewhere, multiple, no doubt. We are not limited to one blending. Even as we can have a number of friends, so I believe there is for each one a number of possible mates. Wait—wait. And when he comes, in your wondrous joy you will fall on your knees and give thanks that you waited.

For a true mating is the most fortunate achievement possible to life, and an untrue mating is the most unfortunate. Live, then, for your glory-moment, you modern girl who are so wise and so independent. Be wise in this, that you will refuse to marry till you find the right one. And be independent in this, that you will marry him when he comes—physical conditions being wholesome—regardless of extraneous considerations. And in doing so, you will prove yourself both wise and independent above many who have gone before you, worthy of the claim to superiority which you sometimes too complacently assume.

## For the Home Dressmaker

(Continued from page 46)

circular and on a fold of the material, bringing the fold on the lower edge. Turn in the edges of the plain material. Then slip the checked material inside the folded edge of the plain material and baste through the center on the right side and stitch.

The waist is joined to the skirt by turning a seam in the lower edge of the waist and the upper edge of the skirt. Then slip the waist edge inside the folded edge of the skirt, baste, and then stitch through the center.

This will give a finished edge that looks like a tuck, about three-eighths of an inch deep on the right side, and exactly the same kind of finish on the wrong side three-eighths of an inch deep. It takes care of all raw edges and makes a neat, durable finish—particularly nice for a wash dress.

The false hem on the skirt is done next. To do this, cut the skirt the length required without a hem. The lower edge of the band which is to form the hem is stitched to the lower edge of the skirt. The hem-band is then turned up on the right side of the skirt the depth illustrated. The upper edge of this false hem is turned in a seam's depth and stitched three-eighths of an inch back from the edge. This gives practically a seam at the bottom of the skirt, so that the raw edges of the material are concealed in the hem, both top and bottom.

Now stitch up the underarm seams from the edge of the cuff to the hem. In some material this may take the form of a French seam, but it is apt to be clumsy, and it is often better to make an ordinary seam and bind the edges with a narrow strip of soft cotton binding.

The neck-line, which is cut in an oval shape and slit down the front, is finished by a bias fold of the plain material. The making of a bias fold was given in detail in Lesson II (March GOOD HOUSEKEEPING). Bias folds make the straps which form the fastenings of the dress. On one side they are under the bias fold, and on the other pass through button-holes and snap in place. This is a unique and most attractive finish. The girdle is a straight strip of the plain material made long enough to pass around the waist once, tie at the side, and fall in uneven ends. So as not to lose it it should be tacked to the underarm seam at the waist-line on the opposite side from where it is tied.

Neither of these dresses requires a waist lining, although one can be used if preferred. Full directions for making a lining were given in Lessons I and II of this series.



# A Big Help at Housecleaning

At house-cleaning time, there's nothing equal to Old Dutch. It makes everything spick-and-span and sanitary—doors, windows, floors, walls, fixtures, utensils.

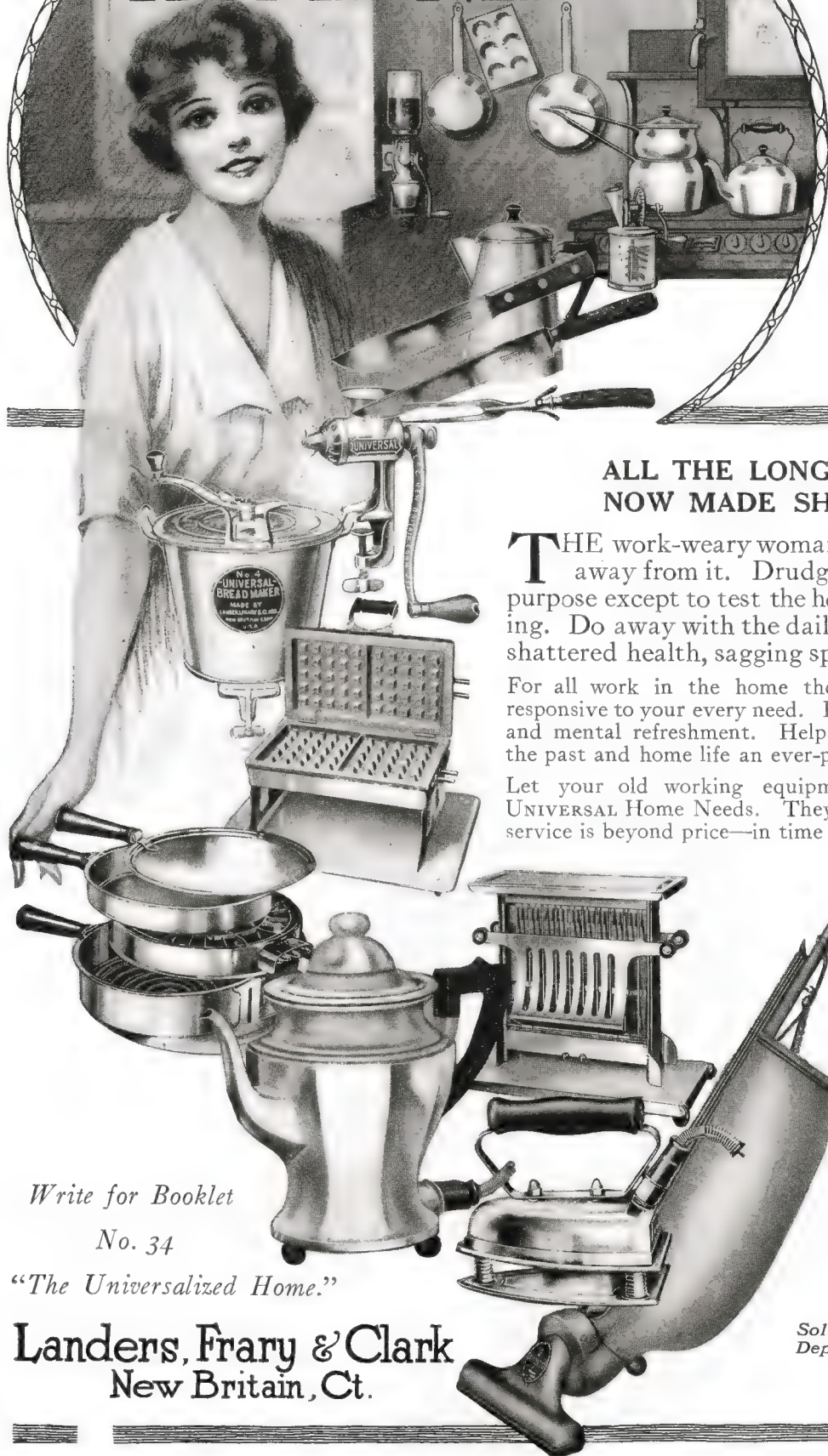
The quality insures economy and efficiency.





*The Trade Mark known in Every Home*

# UNIVERSAL HOME NEEDS



"UNIVERSALIZE"  
YOUR



## ALL THE LONG TIRING TASKS NOW MADE SHORT AND EASY

**T**HE work-weary woman enjoys her home only when away from it. Drudgery is a kill-joy. It serves no purpose except to test the housewife's capacity for suffering. Do away with the daily treadmill grind that means shattered health, sagging spirits and hair-trigger nerves.

For all work in the home there is UNIVERSAL help—quickly responsive to your every need. Help that gives physical relaxation and mental refreshment. Help that makes drudgery a thing of the past and home life an ever-present enjoyment.

Let your old working equipment give way to its betters—UNIVERSAL Home Needs. They are reasonable in price. Their service is beyond price—in time and labor saving.

**O**VER one million women are doing systematic, progressively efficient housekeeping in "Universalized" Homes. Their happy lot will also be yours by using UNIVERSAL Aluminum Utensils, Kitchen and Table Cutlery, Bread Makers, Cake Makers, Food Choppers and UNIVERSAL Electric Home Needs for cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing.

*Write for Booklet*

*No. 34*

*"The Universalized Home."*

**Landers, Frary & Clark**  
New Britain, Ct.

*Sold by Hardware, Housefurnishing,  
Department and Electrical Stores*



## Servants and Housekeepers

(Continued from page 80)

The drop in morale comes very gradually until the last month, when the steady monotony of the work "gets" her. Seldom have I been surprised when some pretext decides her to try new environment and new faces to compensate her for a monotony she must always find in housework.

In a word, if you would hold the maid you have, first take a genuine interest in her as a human being. But be very careful that there is no spark of sentimentality or curiosity in this interest. Indeed it hardly need be more active than a point of view. If genuine, it will invariably be felt by the recipient. Even more important is it to encourage her interest in you and your family.

In this lies the practical application of the psychology of handling maids. It is not new in the industrial world. It is not new even in many homes, but I believe it has never been thus catalogued for new housekeepers to try.

There are few of us born without the desire to serve some one in some capacity, but not one of us but wants our efforts appreciated. Therefore, the more these workers, who are in our homes but not of our homes, are made to feel that they share in our plans and responsibilities, the more remote becomes the pretext for leaving. Talk it over with her, from weddings to grocery and gas bills. Her interest and cooperation will surprise you.

If you would hire such a maid, state frankly in the first interview that you want no one in whom you can not feel this interest and in whom you can not find this interest. Only this week I have had another opportunity to prove that my faith in this psychology as "first aid" to housekeepers is well founded.

But it is, after all, more a point of view that, fundamental though it is, needs to be supplemented if you would secure the smooth running of your household.

### The Housekeeper Should Know Her Job

Efficiency is an overworked word, but the housekeeper who "knows her job" inspires confidence in her workers that proves a magnet in itself. We have all noted with surprise the comparative ease with which the "driving" type of housekeeper has hitherto held her workers. Here is a partial explanation. That housekeeper may "drive," but because she knows what a given piece of work means in hours and effort she never expects the impossible. So if you will take the trouble to learn and install a system that will extend from the budgeting of dollars to the budgeting of hours, you will be more than repaid. I know of no printed lore that will help you. It is *your* washing whose hours must be budgeted: it is *your* floors and rugs and meals and housecleaning that alone affect the issue, and you must learn their requirement. Indeed this is the reason why other housekeepers' budgeting, even when printed, can so seldom be applied. It has only the suggestive value of inspiring some one else to try it; it almost never fits the requirements of a second family.

I hardly need to mention in these modern days the wisdom of providing proper tools for work as fast as there is an indication that they will be used. But I find many maids are diffident about asking for even the simplest of new equipment. Only the other day a maid above the average in intelligence said, "You know, we like to work where they have things to work with." And when I answered, "But, Eleanor, you'll always find housekeepers today eager to buy anything you need to use in your work," the response was only a skeptical, "Maybe so." Undoubtedly she had never had the courage to ask for what she wanted. So take the initiative yourself until you prove it hopeless.

From the hundreds of housekeepers who turned to the INSTITUTE for help in making



## Serve It With Desserts

Use Carnation Milk just as you would use cream for puddings, desserts and coffee. You will find it more economical than cream and equally delicious. Just cows' milk, evaporated to the thickness of cream and sterilized in hermetically sealed containers, it is absolutely pure. Buy it from your grocer, and write today for the Carnation Cook Book which we will send you free

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**Carnation**  
"From Contented Cows"



**Milk**

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Carnation Milk Products Co.  
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ont.

**Carnation Ice Cream**—4 cups Carnation Milk, 1½ cups sugar 1 cup water, 1½ tablespoons vanilla. Carnation Milk is always ideal for making ice creams of any sort, because of its purity and richness. Eggs are not needed. For a plain vanilla ice cream, mix the sugar and a cup of the Carnation Milk together and let come to a simmering point; cook for five minutes in this manner; remove from fire; when cool, add remainder of the milk and water, and the vanilla. Freeze. This will make about a quart and a half. Serve with strawberries or other fruit.

**Apricot Cream**—1 pound dried apricots, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups of whipped Carnation Milk. Wash apricots and soak for several hours, or over night, in 2 cups water. Pour off the water into a saucepan, add the sugar, and cook for 5 minutes, or until a thick syrup is formed. Pour this syrup over the apricots, cool, and put through a sieve, using only enough syrup to make a soft pulp with the fruit. Add to the whipped Carnation Milk, and serve very cold with whipped Carnation Milk on top.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Recipe Book. Send for it.



# Have Your Next Week's Wash Done *Free!*



**W**ITHOUT charge or obligation, you are invited to have your next week's washing done at home by an **A B C Electric Laundress**. Amass a wash of a size that a washwoman would hesitate to attempt. Simply notify our dealer.

The entire wash on the line, give heed to the figures on money savings that the demonstrator will jot down as applicable to your particular case. Note that before you need pay for it in full, the **A B C Electric Laundress** pays for itself. Judge if it is not cheaper to use than to do without.

Allow our dealer this privilege; write today for his address.

**SOLD ON DIVIDED PAYMENTS**

**ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY**

*Pioneer and leading makers of power washers*  
PEORIA, ILL. NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO  
Factories and Executive Offices—Peoria, Illinois

★  
**A B C**  
*Electric Laundress*

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## Servants and Housekeepers

their kitchens more convenient to work in when war conditions made it necessary for them to do their own work, it is apparent that there are still many kitchens that need attention. It is too big a subject to handle adequately here, but you can not measure the value to you, in connection with this very servant question, of an attractive, well-planned, convenient kitchen.

As I am writing this, in a suburb of New York three housekeepers and their kitchens were "inspected"—there is no other word for it—by a prospective worker. And it was not the most attractive housekeeper, but the most attractive kitchen, that won in that contest.

Living conditions for the service workers in our homes are almost universally good in these days. Separate beds, a bath, abundance of linen and warm bed clothing we all provide, but have we thought in furnishing to select furniture and rugs that will take a minimum of time and effort to keep clean and spotless? Time and effort saved to workers in this respect will rebound to the credit side of your ledger.

Finally, many housekeepers, especially those who have just assumed these duties, are uncertain just what it is fair to expect from the household workers they hire.

### Duties Vary with the Family

It is not possible to lay down any hard and fast rules, because these duties must vary with the size and the individual requirements of each family. At the same time I believe many of us have not realized the increasing complexity of "general housework" duties that we have been demanding. It has been very gradually that the living conditions of the average American family have been raised in so far as the refinements of living are concerned, but there is no question that these present high standards must be considered with relation to household service. There must be some modification in our demands upon a single worker.

With two only in a family, it is fair to look for a general housework maid who will cook simple meals, keep the house clean, and also undertake the laundry work. At the same time, even in so small a family, the frills of service must be eliminated. For one thing, waiting on table must be simplified. I know this is heresy to many housekeepers who wish things "done nicely," but a trial will prove the plan has many practical advantages.

Under this scheme each course is served on the table by host or hostess, and the maid is required only at the change of courses and for the replenishment of food, water, etc.

Also, the answering of bells and doors with telephone messages should be otherwise provided for save when no member of the family is at home to respond. This plan leaves the maid free for the longer stretches of work, such as cleaning, washing, ironing, etc. Unusual cleaning times must also be provided for by outside workers.

In another family, one of three, only slightly larger, a schedule has been worked out with more than fair success by which the single worker does the cooking, cares for the entire downstairs floor, and finishes all laundry that is not completed by the single day's work per week of the laundress. The entire upstairs work is assumed by the family with what day worker help they may need. But here, too, telephone, door, and table waiting has been placed on a simplified basis by this wise housekeeper. In larger families than these, a single houseworker becomes only cook and possibly laundress; all other duties are assumed by the various members of the family, or by outside help.

The two schedules given above vary, you see, with practically the same work to be accomplished. I give them both to show you the difficulty of standardizing work. It is





## Baby's Feet-and Yours

**T**HERE'S nothing more appealing than a baby's feet—dainty, pink-and-white, sweet as crumpled rose leaves. Such a contrast to most grown-up feet—poor things!—feet that have been squeezed and distorted and tilted on pegs of heels and laced to stiff soles until their looks are gone and their spirits fallen. Their spirits, did we say?—Worse than that, their *arches*!

But there's a revolution going on—quiet, but none the less complete, and its leaders are those up-and-coming debutantes who go in for esthetic dancing, and are re-establishing Greek ideals of beauty.

These girls, as well as older people who incline to "comfort first," have discovered the advantages of Cantilever Shoes. They have learned that by wearing

Cantilevers they can preserve the natural healthful beauty of their feet, keeping them as well-groomed and serviceable as their hands, and as free from aches and pains.

The flexible shank of a Cantilever Shoe allows full play to the arch muscles so that they give strong support to the bones of the arch, preventing any danger of flat foot. The natural lines of Cantilevers permit cramped toes to straighten out.

Try them. Acquire the ease and grace that come from free-bending arches, heels that induce perfect poise. And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your shoes are smart as well as comfortable, for Cantilevers are made in the very styles approved by the fashion magazines for walking, sport and business wear.

# Cantilever Shoe

for Men & Women



### Cantilever Stores

Akron—Graner-Powers, 71 S. Main St.  
 Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.  
 Asheville—Anthony Bros.  
 Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.  
 Atlantic City—Hanan's, 1409 Boardwalk  
 Austin—Carl H. Mueller  
 Baltimore—Wm. Hahn & Co.  
 Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery  
 Bay City—D. Bendall Co.  
 Birmingham—Louis Saks Clo. Co.  
 Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.  
 Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan  
 Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.  
 Buffalo—639 Main St.  
 Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.  
 Charleston—J. F. Condon & Sons  
 Chicago—30 E. Randolph St.  
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.  
 Cleveland—Graner-Powers Co.  
 Colorado Springs—M. B. Rich Shoe Co.  
 Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.  
 Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb's  
 Columbus, O.—The Union  
 Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.  
 Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.  
 Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son  
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.  
 Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Av.  
 Elizabeth—Gig's, 1053 Elizabeth Av.  
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea  
 El Paso—Popular D. G. Co.  
 Erie—Weschler Co.  
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery  
 Fort Dodge—Schill & Habenicht  
 Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.  
 Greenville, S. C.—Pollock's  
 Harrisburg—Orner's Boot Shop  
 Hartford—86 Pratt St.  
 Houston—W. C. Munn Co.  
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl Co.  
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.  
 Jackson, Mich.—Palmer Co.  
 Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery  
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.  
 Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's  
 Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.  
 Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Store Co.  
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.  
 Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.  
 Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.  
 Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman  
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.  
 Los Angeles—505 Pantages Bldg.  
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.  
 Lowell—The Bon Marche  
 Macon—The Daanenber Co.  
 McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan  
 Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.  
 Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.  
 Minneapolis—21 Eighth St. South  
 Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.  
 Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store  
 Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.  
 Morristown—G. W. Melick  
 Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons  
 Newark—Hahne & Co.  
 New Haven—153 Court St.  
 New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co.  
 New Rochelle—Ware's  
 New York—22 W. 39th Street  
 Oklahoma City—The Boot Shop  
 Omaha—308 So. 18th St.  
 Pasadena—Morse-Heckman Co.  
 Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.  
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.  
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale  
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.  
 Portland, Ore.—McIlhenny, Inc.  
 Poughkeepsie—Schonberger Bros.  
 Providence—The Boston Store  
 Raleigh—Walk Over Boot Shop  
 Reading—S. S. Schweriner  
 Richmond, Va.—S. Sytle, 11 W. Broad  
 Rochester—148 East Ave.  
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.  
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Brater Co.  
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)  
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.  
 San Diego—The Marston Co.  
 San Jose—Hoff & Kayser  
 Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery  
 Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.  
 Schenectady—Patton & Hall  
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter  
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 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.  
 South Bend—Ellsworth Store  
 Spokane—The Crescent  
 Springfield, Ills.—A. W. Klaholt  
 Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace  
 Stamford—L. Spelke & Son  
 Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.  
 Tacoma—Rhodes Bros.  
 Tampa—Glenn's, 507 Franklin St.  
 Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung  
 Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.  
 Trenton—H. M. Vorhees & Bro.  
 Troy—W. H. Frear & Co.  
 Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store  
 Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.  
 Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery  
 Wain Walla—Gardner & Co.  
 Washington—Wm. Hahn & Co.  
 Wichita—Rorabaugh's  
 Wilkesbarre—M. F. Murray  
 Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.  
 Yakima—Kohls Shoe Co.  
 Yonkers—Louis Klein, 22 Main St.  
 York—The Bon Ton  
 Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

If no dealer listed above is near you write the Manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 2 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. for the Cantilever Shoe Booklet and the address of a nearby dealer.



# Exploded Wheat

**Puffed to flimsy, toasted bubbles  
Eight times normal size**

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam. When the guns are shot, over 100 million food cells are blasted from within.

The method is Prof. Anderson's. The purpose is to fit each granule to digest. The whole wheat kernel, with its 16 elements, is made available as food.

## Makes whole wheat tempting

Whole wheat is thus made a confection. The taste is nut-like, the texture is flimsy and flaky. Children eat more whole wheat in this form than in others. And every atom feeds.

So with Puffed Rice—whole rice steam-exploded.

Every food cell is broken. Digestion is easy and complete. And the airy, flavorful morsels taste like fairy foods.

These two grains are now served in this ideal form. Millions of dishes every day take the place of lesser grain foods.



With cream and sugar in the morning  
In bowls of milk at night



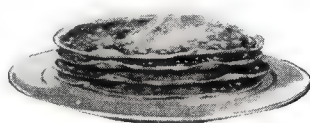
## Like Nut-Flour Pancakes

Now ground Puffed Rice is blended in a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy, and gives a nut-like taste. The finest pancakes ever tasted are being made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.

## Puffed Wheat

## Puffed Rice

## Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



**The Quaker Oats Company**  
Sole Makers

## Servants and House-keepers

*your* family, and *your* requirements, and the special ability of the maid herself that must settle the kinds of work she will undertake, but do not attempt to make general housework duties cover too much of modern living requirements.

Again, let me repeat, this is no attempt to settle *our* problem. I have seen every point I have detailed worked out in practical experience, and so I pass them on to other housekeepers for whatever value they may have. But may I ask for your help? Will you answer the following questionnaire? In return for your trouble we will mail you any one of our published bulletins, listed on page 80, you may select.

And I promise that the results of the questionnaire will be printed for all of you to enjoy.

1. Do you hire one or more house workers?

a. By the day.

b. So-called "inside help."

2. What duties does she (do they) perform?

3. Is washing included?

4. What wages do you pay?

5. What hours do you obtain?

6. How much "time off" is given?

7. What has been the average stay? State the period of time used for the average.

8. What has been the longest stay of any one worker?

9. Have you tried the eight-hour plan?

a. With one worker.

b. With more than one.

10. Will you pass on to other housekeepers any comment you may have that will help?

## French Ways with Meat Left-overs

(Continued from page 58)

pour the sauce over all. Serve with plain boiled potatoes tossed in the saucepan at the open window for a moment to make them white and fluffy.

Meat of any kind may be utilized in the making of the following dishes:

Meat Timbale. To two cupfuls of meat put through a meat grinder, add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one onion and one large slice of bacon also put through the grinder, the yolks of two eggs, and one-half cupful of cream or rich milk. Mix together and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until very stiff. Line a deep pie plate with plain pastry and fill with the meat mixture. Put on a top crust in which vents have been cut, and bake until brown, about forty minutes, in an oven which registers 450° F. The top crust may be made decorative, as shown in the illustration.

Meat Pâté. Mix together two cupfuls of finely chopped meat, two cupfuls of stale bread-crumbs which have been soaked in one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and the yolks of two eggs. Fold in last the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a well-greased mold and bake in an oven in a pan of hot water for forty-five minutes. The oven should register about 350° F. Serve with an onion and tomato sauce made as follows: In a saucepan, melt three tablespoonfuls of any good fat or drippings and in it cook one cupful of chopped onion until tender; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir together well. Then add one quart of canned tomatoes, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, three-eighths teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, one bay-leaf, and four cloves. Cook until thickened. Serve mashed potatoes with this dish.



# For delicious desserts use the purest richest vanilla and send for this new recipe book

ISN'T being delicious the whole reason for a dessert's being at all? For the ordinary, everyday luncheon or dinner you look to your dessert to furnish the "happy ending." On special occasions it must be the *pièce de résistance*—captivating and entralling your guests.

In practically all your desserts, from the simple custard you have for the children to the most elaborate ice, you generally depend on vanilla for flavoring. There are so many different grades of vanilla sold and so many substitutes that the only way to be sure of getting the kind of vanilla you want is to know and order it by name.

To be absolutely sure of purity and flavor, specify Burnett's Vanilla to your grocer. The flavor of Burnett's Vanilla is the mellow richness of real Mexican vanilla beans coaxed to the acme of perfection by a Nature process of ripening and curing. Substitutes and artificial means of preparation cannot produce the same full flavor. For 74 years they never have been used—and never will be—by the Joseph Burnett Company. Just ask your grocer for Burnett's Vanilla. If he hasn't it he can obtain it quickly. Insist upon it!

Every one who likes variety and novelty in desserts should have a copy of the new edition of the cook book "Dainties and Artistic Desserts." We will be glad to send you one upon receipt of your grocer's name and fifteen cents in stamps or cash to cover mailing.

Joseph Burnett Company  
Boston, Mass.

# Burnett's Vanilla



KNOWING the need of pure, fresh spices, the Joseph Burnett Company have prepared for discriminating housekeepers a full assortment of the very finest quality and put them up in uniform, airtight tins to secure them against deterioration. You can get them now at your grocer's.



Since 1847 Burnett's extracts  
have meant full flavor





Don't keep oranges out of a child's reach as you do other foods. Place them where the little hands can get at them any time of day.

## The Temptation To Be Well —Keep it Always in the Family's Way

Oranges are ever tempting people to enjoy *good health*.

Because Nature knows they're good for you she has given oranges a most seductive color—the color of the sun itself, the greatest of all healthful influences.

Thus oranges themselves urge you to eat of them, so that you may be well every day.

### What Oranges Do

Oranges make for *alkalinity* in the blood, a healthful offset to the acidity of fat foods.

They don't, as some think, *cause* acidity.

Their organic salts and acids are appetizers and *digestive* aids which increase the efficiency of *all* the other foods you eat.

### Form the Habit

It's the orange-eating *habit* that brings the really beneficial results—not the eating of an orange merely now and then.

Note the people who are invariably bright-eyed and alert. You will find that they're the *daily* eaters of good fruit.

## Free Book

By ALICE BRADLEY

Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, an expert household economist, has written a special book for us containing more than 200 tested recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons.

All are accurate and practical. There are plain home dishes, salads and desserts prepared in a jiffy, and new ideas for those who entertain.

Just send a post card for a copy. It is free. Address Dept. 212, California Fruit Growers Exchange, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Sunkist Uniformly Good Oranges

The *uniformly good* oranges are Sunkist. Buy them *fresh* daily, the year round at any first class store. They are picked ripe in California every day throughout the year and shipped fresh daily by fast freight to every market in the land. Sunkist are practically seedless, juicy, tender,

firm and sweet. They cost no more than ordinary oranges.

Note our offer of a valuable free book in the panel to the right. It suggests the use of oranges in scores of attractive ways. But above all, keep a bowlful of tempting oranges always in the family's way.

California Fruit Growers Exchange  
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers  
DEPT. 212, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA





## Way Down South in Dixie

(Continued from page 62)

of the women of that home. No woman wanted to be outdone by her neighbor, and one card in a neighborhood brought forth dozens before nightfall. Women qualified to display these cards, just as they had qualified a few years before to hang up the little blue stars in their windows—and added one more to the list of surprises for the politicians of last year.

For, once let a woman understand, as did the hill woman, that she can get better conditions in her own community, whether it is better roads or better garbage rules, she will begin to 'take an int'rurst in pol'tics.' At least she will find that her interest in her children's welfare is a predominant one, and the motive power that forces her out to use her vote intelligently.

### Good Roads in Alabama

This good roads corner of the conference had its prototype in every state. Down in Alabama, Mrs. Ida Smedley, whose qualities of womanly charm and dignity are as much of an asset in her public work as in her home, had led the women of her community to a similar work. Although women had never attended any meeting of the county commissioners in her home town, she mustered up courage one day to attend. She was received with all the courtesy that southern men extend to every woman, but they did not attempt to conceal their impatience at her persistent inquiries. They could not understand why any woman should be curious over county matters. They did not know the number of overseers they had in the county, nor the mileage of the roads to be worked. All they seemed to know clearly was that while there was not enough money to see that all of the roads were put in good condition, there must be enough money to provide for the building of two expensive bridges in the county.

"Well," said this practical young woman, "when a woman finds she has not enough money to run her house, she does one of two things. She goes out and earns more herself, or she does without the expensive things. Why can not a county follow the same rule?"

The commissioners had not recovered from their mental shock at the possibility of any woman telling the county how to run its affairs, when a quiet mountaineer who had been sitting in the corner rose.

"I reckon it's only right that the young lady should have answers to all her questions," he put in mildly. "Ef ye don't know 'em, then I reckon it's time to get some new commissioners. I know that young lady; my woman went out and voted because she drove out and asked her to. I know her motives are good, and let me tell you, gentlemen, we agree with her that we need good roads out our way. Furthermore, we intend to have 'em."

The mountaineer seemed to mean exactly what he said. And if the menfolk in the rural districts were going to interfere and insist on good roads—

Anyway, in that county in Alabama, because of the courage of a League member, there are going to be better roads and better schools and a better generation of children in the rural districts.

The conference was permeated with this atmosphere of accomplishment. While one heard bits of human interest stories here and there that would have made the heart of a novelist rejoice, it will be a long time before the real story of advancement in the South is written.

"The real story?" sighed a vivacious little delegate from Tennessee, who had been in the thick of the fight for the franchise in that state. "The real story will never be written until some of our politicians are dead!"

While the southern women have worked under terrific pressure both of family and of community, they have at all times maintained their composure and their dignity and their



## Daily Dependables

A PANTRY shelf without a ready supply of National Biscuit Company products would be bare indeed. For many a wise homekeeper has come to a full realization of the daily dependability of these wholesome, nourishing staples.

Not only are they appetizing and strengthening, but they have an every-mealtime and between-mealtime adaptability as well. There are sweet and unsweetened crackers in almost endless variety, from breakfast crackers to after-dinner desserts; delicious cookies for young people and for grown-ups whose appetites are still young; something enjoyable for every member of the family.

Keep a supply of N.B.C. products in your pantry. Their daily dependability means good home-keeping.

### For Instance—

#### UNEEDA BISCUIT

The world's best soda cracker. Always crisp, fresh, nourishing.

#### N.B.C. GRAHAM CRACKERS

Golden-brown, cookie-like crackers that are simply delicious.

#### ZU ZU GINGER SNAPS

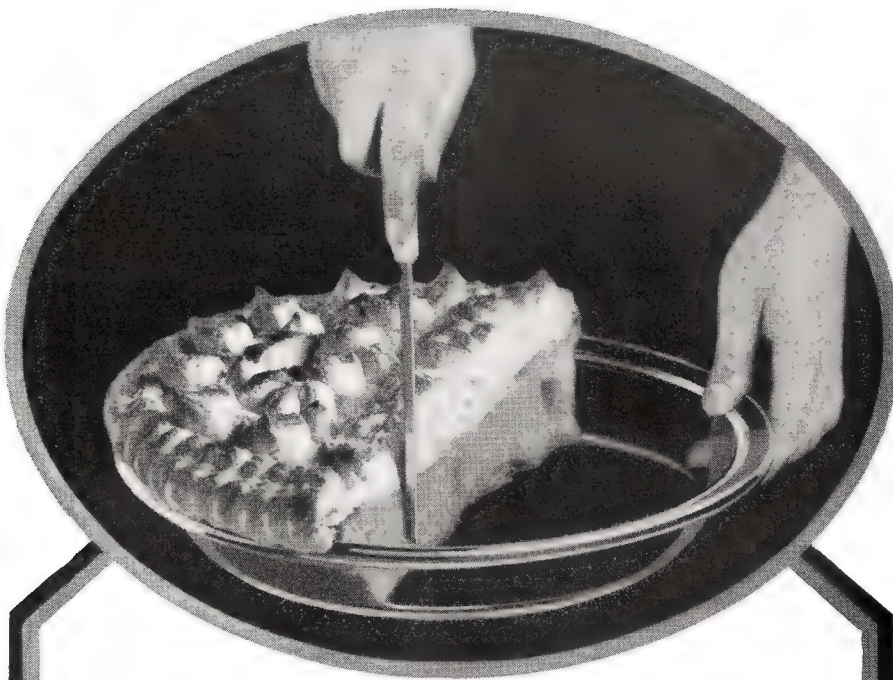
Rounds of sweetness and spice, and all that's nice.

#### FIG NEWTONS

Fresh, golden cake enclosing luscious fig jam. Superb!

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**





## The Foundation of a Good Pie

A PIE is no better than its under-crust. This must be thoroughly baked and evenly browned,—yet not too fast or the inside won't be cooked.

A Pyrex under-crust is as brown and crisp as the top-crust. You could serve a Pyrex pie upside down. The filling is baked as perfectly as the crust—this result being assured by the perfect heat distribution of Pyrex.

# ★ PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES  
*Work Like Magic in All Baking*

Golden-hued Pyrex also cuts down fuel and food bills,—saves kitchen time and trouble. Pyrex is durable, easily cleaned—beautiful. Pyrex bakes everything better.

Pyrex is used everywhere for baking purposes. Pyrex does not chip, discolor, nor wear out. Genuine Pyrex is guaranteed against breakage from oven heat. Any Pyrex dealer is authorized to replace any piece of Pyrex that breaks in actual use in the oven.

*Pyrex is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the Pyrex label—and the name Pyrex stamped on each piece.*

Ask your friends about Pyrex. Sold by good houseware dealers everywhere.

**Pyrex Sales Division**  
**CORNING GLASS WORKS**  
*World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass*  
651 TIOGA AVENUE CORNING, N. Y.



## Way Down South in Dixie

good humor. They have known when to exert pressure and when to use pull, but they have never shown bitterness or animosity. There is not an atom of ill feeling between them and their menfolk. Not once have they paused to despair over a failure; they have invariably been too busy formulating new plans for a better campaign. When Mrs. George Miller of Tennessee, in one of the most dramatic reports of the conference, told something of the inside story of the contest in her state, her audience stood as a woman for her sentiments.

"We teach our women to work within the parties," she said, "but never as rubber stamps. Not only do we insist that they take with them individuality, but also that they must teach all women to stand loyally and intelligently behind the men and women we have elected, to help them administer the laws properly."

And so the problems of good roads and good schools were shown to be inevitably tied up together, just as the other two corners of the conference foundation were shown to be inevitably related—repeal of archaic laws and the institution of social hygiene—a problem that, from a racial standpoint, is of the utmost importance to the southern women.

### Intensive Legislation Is Necessary

A delegate from Louisiana put forth the necessity for intensive legislative work with an earnestness that was perhaps the keynote of the conference. Like the majority of the women there, unjust laws, bad roads, and poor school advantages could not materially affect her or her family, but because of her influence in her community and her power of weight with legislative conditions, she could wage an organized and intelligent warfare for the women who could not fight for themselves, but whose happiness was constantly endangered by existing conditions.

"We are much better fitted to inquire into laws relating to women and children than are men," said Mrs. Weirlein. "In my state there is a law that gives the family of the father a right to take away the children in case of the father's death. Although I am a widow and the mother of four children, this law would not affect me, but it does affect women less able to combat that law than I am. In our state, also, there is a law making it possible to bind out a child until it is twenty-one, subject to the orders of the master. For instance, in case the master dies, the child becomes a part of the chattels of the estate and may be disposed of as such."

It was Miss Annie Wright, of Augusta, Georgia, who struck the dominant thought in the minds of the delegates. Mrs. Maud Wood Park had put before the conference the fact that new conditions had brought new problems, which must be solved by group power if they were to be solved at all. While she pointed out that the purpose of the League was distinctly that of the proper education of the new citizens to a sense of their personal responsibility in the use of the ballot, she advocated strongly the joining of the already established parties.

"We tried to join our party," said Miss Wright. "We want to join our parties. But we found that we were expected to line up as a sort of political Ladies' Aid Society—to serve the luncheons and raise the money and do all the disagreeable jobs. They denied us the right of entry into the inner councils, forgetting that we had ways and means of finding out everything that went on. Our hardest job has been that of educating the politicians to a sense of our right to join the parties."

The most notable tendency in this conference in its task of discussing its four cornerstones—good roads, good schools, good laws, and social hygiene—was the demand for practical methods.

When Mrs. Richard Edwards, of Peru, Indiana, launched her version of the work of



LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

No Chemicals

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

140 years' experience  
in cocoa and chocolate making

**\* Baker's Breakfast Cocoa**

is of unsurpassed quality, flavor and  
purity. A food beverage of great value.

CHOICE RECIPE BOOK SENT FREE

**WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.**

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.





## Greater Usefulness In This Better Cabinet

Women have found better system, greater convenience, greater saving of time and labor in the Napanee—good reasons for the favoritism shown it. It is a triumph of scientific ingenuity!

The sliding “easy-reach” pot and pan shelves, the lowering “easy-fill” flour bin, the dust-proof roll curtain, are famous exclusive advantages.

The selected woods, the flawless metals, the master craftsmanship are additional superiorities. The Napanee is built by devoted cabinet makers. In every detail it shows the ideals and the patient handiwork of fine furniture craftsmen. Ask your dealer to show you the Napanee. Compare it with other kitchen cabinets—then compare the prices!

### Write For These

If you are planning a model kitchen write for “What We Learned About Built-in Features.” It is a fascinating story giving the right solution to some big kitchen problems—“More Time Out of Your Kitchen”—is another booklet that will show you the way to more leisure with your present kitchen. These books are valuable, but FREE.

Address Department 22

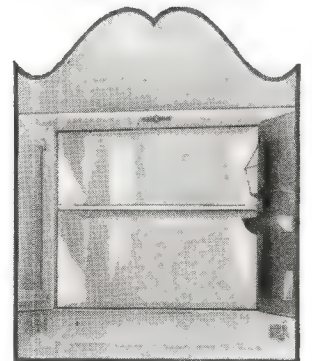
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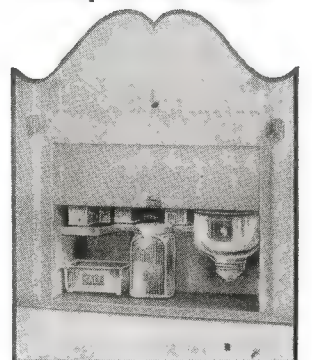
“Easy-Fill” Flour Bin



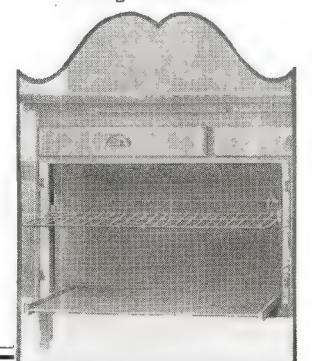
Enameled Interiors



Dust-proof Roll Curtain



“Easy-Reach”  
Sliding Pot Shelves





## Way Down South in Dixie

the League at a banquet one night, the delegates at once demanded to know how it was to be done.

"We intend to eradicate trickery and trading in votes," said Mrs. Edwards, "and to advocate at all times a settled conviction in the voting booths."

A woman answered the demands at her table by telling just how it had been down in her home town at a previous election, when the practise of repeating at the polls was broken up by a determined little band of women. They did it by the simple expedient of photographing any suspected bunch of men who were seemingly conveyed in groups to the polls. By following the suspects from place to place, the women succeeded in obtaining ample evidence of their repeating. At one place, when an infuriated judge, interested in the election of his ticket and well aware of the evidence these photographs would present, attempted to wrest a camera from the hands of a woman, another snapped him promptly on her film and thus secured additional evidence of the evil. It was a plan that registered with the banquet group and will be heard from later under given conditions.

The conference was thus extended into every social activity. Even when beautifully gowned women awaited cars to take them to the various entertainments, the conferences went on in selected groups.

### The Sheppard-Towner Bill

The Sheppard-Towner bill was one of the deep undercurrents of the conference, especially after the report of Mrs. Maud Wood Park on its progress in Washington. It is so near to the hearts of all women that its discussion was most tense, broken by an incident related by one of the women who had attended most of its hearings before committee in Washington.

"At a committee hearing before one of the influential politicians of my own state," she said, "he announced himself as against the passage of the bill for this reason:

"We have a Public Health Service," he said pompously, "that is to look after infantile, maternity and all other diseases!"

"He may be inclined to class maternity with infantile and other diseases," went on the speaker, "but the majority of women will not agree with him."

The result of this Third Regional Conference was to weld into concrete form, not only the problems of the South, but also the methods of combating and of solving them. The delegates pledged themselves to carry not only into the General Conference at Cleveland, but into their own communities as well, the principles of the conference and the determination not to rest until good roads, good schools, good laws, and good health are too firmly established in the South ever again to be eradicated.

They established also the value of the League as a vast national research committee, to search out and to place before the nation's voters the weakness of any legislation in any state and the best method of properly strengthening and upholding it. Probably its greatest lesson was that the mere acquisition of the vote will not miraculously endow any woman with judgment and political wisdom—these she must earn for herself. Its greatest safety, perhaps, lies in the fact that the southern woman does not at all repudiate politics. Instead, she stresses the necessity for good government.

No section of the country can have more to contribute to the permanent value of the League for Women Voters than the South. There is no doubt that the League is on trial for the coming year. There is an immense power and a wide opportunity for this group of citizens. Its friends believe that it will eventually solve all its problems and triumphantly take its place as a stabilizing power in the nation.



## New importance for a familiar food

*Many physicians are recommending yeast—  
the richest available source  
of the mysterious vitamine*

**O**NE vital element in food without which we cannot keep fit! This new discovery of science is startling thousands of men and women today.

Are we getting enough of this single element—this vitamine—in our everyday meals? Without it, scientists are agreed, we fall off in health.

A number of foods, notably spinach, contain this vitamine. But from many of our everyday foods it has been removed by the process of manufacture or preparation.

The richest known source of this vitamine is yeast. That is why thousands of men and women are adding the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast to their diet—to build up increased resistance to disease and to maintain vigorous health and energy.

So great has been the scientific interest in this new importance of yeast, that its value has been tested in leading

medical institutions. Besides its food value, Fleischmann's Yeast was found to be successful in correcting ailments that often accompany a lowered state of health, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin.

Yeast is a food, highly digestible, entirely wholesome. It is assimilated in the body just like any other food. Only one precaution: if you are troubled with gas dissolve yeast in boiling water before taking it.

Eat from 1 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast. Have it on your table so that everyone can eat it with their meals. Eat it before or between meals if you prefer. You will quickly learn to like its taste. Try it on bread or buttered toast; in milk, water or fruit juices; or just plain.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast, and get it fresh daily.

To learn more about the newly discovered importance of yeast, send for booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." **THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. T-24, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.**

### *A food, not a laxative*

*Yeast helps all the digestive processes. A New York physician writes: "Vitamines are readily supplied to the body in yeast, and we sometimes advise patients to eat one half cake of yeast three times a day, the yeast being stimulant in its nature to intestinal motility."*

*Thus Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food. Taken regularly over a period of time, from two to four weeks, it helps restore normal body functions and gradually replaces laxatives. From 1 to 3 cakes a day is the usual amount.*





# "Onyx" Hosiery

with "Pointex" Heel  
(PATENTED)

*A heel re-enforcement  
shaped to enhance  
the ankle's trimness.*

## DON'T—

increase your ironing labors by using an ironing machine in which every movement is not plainly visible.

## ★ The Gould

## Double Roll Visible Ironer

is the only ironer in which you can see the article ironed from the time it is put in until it is perfectly finished. No possibility of imperfect ironing, necessitating doing the work all over again.

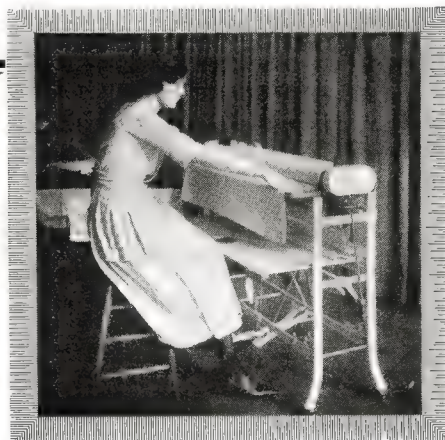
The GOULD is all steel construction—no wooden rolls to warp or crack— $\frac{1}{3}$  lighter than any other—moved about

with ease—just sit in a chair, press lightly on a foot pedal and—"Ironing day becomes an hour's play."

You owe it to yourself—to your husband—to write TO-DAY for particulars. It will save your health, your energy, and give you hours more time for your household and social duties.

*Write today for particulars*

GOULD APPLIANCE CO., Inc., 7 West 42nd Street, New York City



## Weddings

(Continued from page 76)

wedding is a country one, and a gardener is employed, the church and house can often be decorated from the home products at no expense, and equally effectively.

For the wedding reception simple vases of flowers are in the best taste, and only the place where the newly-married couple stand to receive is marked by an alcove or screen of flowers. If the ceremony is performed in the house, the decorations can follow more nearly the form used in a church wedding. The aisle is often indicated by long ropes of flowers, or ribbons, leading to an altar and background built of flowers. The handsomer the house and church, the less decoration is required.

The bride's bouquet, and the boutonnières of the ushers, are provided by the groom and must be white. The bridesmaids' bouquets and the corsage ornament for the bride's mother are also given by the groom, but are ordered to match the individual costumes.

In the ordering of the music great individuality may be shown, and no two musical performances are alike. For the church the organ alone is used, and the bride's favorite operatic or sacred musical selections are played before and while the procession goes up the aisle. The music ceases while the ceremony is being performed, and then the recessional or other selections is played until the church is emptied. At a house wedding a string quartette can be used for the ceremony, and afterward to enliven the reception with dance music, for nowadays almost every wedding reception turns into a dancing affair.

### Order of the Bridal Party

The entire bridal party, including the bride's father and mother, should be at the church at the stated time. The bride's mother is then escorted to the first pew at the left of the church by the chief usher, while the groom's family occupy the first pews on the right. The bridal party is now forming in the entrance of the church, and at the first strains of the wedding march starts for the altar. At the same moment the groom and best man come from the vestry and stand at the right of the chancel steps, waiting. The ushers come first, two by two, and then the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride on the left arm of her father. The ushers and bridesmaids group themselves on either side of the chancel, and the groom receives the bride from her father or escort and proceeds to the altar. The maid of honor stands directly beside the bride, to take her bouquet and turn her train, and the best man by the groom to give him the ring. The bride's father waits in the rear of the chancel until he is called upon to give away the bride, after which he joins his wife in the first pew.

The ceremony over, the couple are congratulated by the minister, turn, and proceed to leave the church in the following order: the newly wedded pair (this time the bride should take her husband's right arm), the best man and the maid of honor, the bridesmaids and ushers. The family should linger a moment to give the couple a chance to get away, and then the father of the groom escorts the bride's mother and vice versa. The ushers may or may not return to escort the other members of the family.

This same order is used for a house wedding, which, although more simple, should conform to the church event in every detail.

The entire bridal party, and those who have been invited, proceed in carriages to the bride's home and arrange themselves for the reception. The couple stand at one end of the room against whatever floral background has been chosen, and around them are grouped the bridal attendants. The bride's mother stands by the entrance to receive the guests who are announced, and who then pass on to congratulate the bride and groom.

Often the bridal couple do not receive for a





PLUME UNDERWEAR



Martin made since 1878

**I**T is worthy of comment that the making of underthings has kept pace with civilization's progress—witness the cotton pantalettes of the early sixties and the dainty sheer step-ins of today.

M. MARTIN & CO., 108 Madison Avenue, New York

*Write for our style booklet—"Milady's Underthings"*



25  
YEAR  
GUARANTEE

## The Real Test of a Bedspring

—is how long it will *retain its sleeping comfort and restfulness.* The Way Sagless Spring is *guaranteed* for a quarter century not to stretch, sag or break. 25 years hence it will be as resilient, as quiet, as free from sags or humps, as comfortable and restful as the day you buy it. In the

# WAY Sagless Spring

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

you are assured of at least 9000 nights of real rest. In no other bedspring can you get the "Way" patented hollow strand construction with its wonderful lasting resiliency.

It is important, therefore, to be sure you get the *genuine* "Way" Sagless Spring. You can be *certain* if you see the name and red stripes on the frame.

Let the "Way" dealer in your locality show you why the Way Sagless Spring is the most economical and satisfactory one to buy. Write for booklet, "The Restful Way."

**Way Sagless Spring Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

*Branch Factories in Chicago and Cleveland. Distributing warehouses at Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis.*



LOOK  
FOR THE  
RED STRIPE  
ON THE  
FRAME

Made and sold in  
North Atlantic States  
by Burton-Dixie Cor-  
poration, N. Y. In  
Canada by Canadian  
Mersereau Co., Ltd.,  
Toronto; Parkhill  
Bedding, Ltd., Win-  
nipeg.

Southern Distributors:  
Belknap Hdw. &  
Mfg. Co., Inc., Louis-  
ville, Ky. Chittenden  
& Eastman Company,  
Burlington, Iowa;  
Peck & Hills Furni-  
ture Co., San Fran-  
cisco, Los Angeles,  
Denver.



## Weddings

great length of time, as the spirit of the times is informality, but where many people are asked to the reception, it obviates confusion if there is a definite point toward which the guests may move. As soon as all have congratulated the happy couple, breakfast is served, and this can be done in a variety of ways. Of course, if the house is large and time is no object, the nicest way is to have a regular sit-down affair at small tables, which are set and carried in, or are ready in the dining-room. The bride's table should be at one end of the room, and there the bridal party and one or two intimate friends sit, the mother of the bride having a separate table at which the groom's family and the minister are entertained. The menu for the breakfast should be of the following variety:

<i>Bouillon</i>	<i>or Clam Broth</i>
<i>Lobster Newburg</i>	<i>"Chicken Patty and Fresh Peas</i>
<i>Squabs and Salad</i>	<i>"Virginia Ham and Salad</i>
<i>Ice-Cream, Cake, and Coffee</i>	<i>Ice-Cream or Cake, and Coffee</i>

If the wedding is in the afternoon, or if the house is small, only a buffet supper should be served, and in many cases this is preferable. The buffet may be used for coffee, punch, and sandwiches, and the croquettes, salad, and ice-cream served in plates directly from the pantry. In this case it is best to avoid bouillon, and have one service of whatever meat, patty, and salad are selected, followed by a second plate with ice-cream and cake, the guests helping themselves from the buffet to whatever supplementary food they desire.

Usually the bride's cake is cut and packed in small white boxes initialed with the names of both and ribbon tied. These can be left near the entrance, to be taken when leaving. If, however, there is a large cake which the bride is to cut, it should be placed on her table. Or if it is a buffet breakfast, a small table may be placed near the bride, where she can make a charming ceremony of cutting and distributing the cake. If the breakfast is served at tables, some decoration must be ordered for the center of each, and a novelty are the little white china bowls of spring flowers informally arranged.

After the breakfast is over, the bride and groom change into traveling dress and depart. This is the occasion of many fun-making events, including the throwing of rose leaves, now used in place of rice, the tossing of the bridal bouquet, and the throwing of old slippers after the carriage for luck.

### Costumes for the Bridal Party

The costumes which may be worn by the entire bridal party are of such infinite variety that it would be impossible in this brief account to give them all, but it is always safe to follow the conventionally correct descriptions given here.

The bride is always dressed in white tulle, chiffon, satin, or—what is very new—cloth of silver, trimmed with old lace, if it is in the family. A train is more imposing, and should come from the shoulders, but if the veil is of tulle instead of lace, that may form the train and will give a very soft appearance.

The accessories such as slippers, stockings, gloves, and bouquet, are all of white. In fact, no color of any kind is introduced, unless orange blossoms are worn. If the bride is a divorcee or a widow, she should wear a smart afternoon or traveling gown, and a hat to match. A prayer book is often carried, while a few orchids or gardenias may be pinned at the waist in place of the conventional bouquet.

The groom, ushers, and bride's escort wear the conventional afternoon costume, cutaway coat, striped trousers, white or gray four-in-hand cravat, light or dark waistcoat as preferred, patent leather shoes, and white boutonniere.

The bridesmaids are all dressed alike in any light color scheme, with hat to match. In



## A Surprise Awaits you in this ten-day test

This is to urge that you brush teeth for ten days in a new way. Combat the film. Bring other good effects. The whiter, cleaner, safer teeth will be a delightful surprise.

To millions of people this method is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

### It combats film

One object is to fight the film—that viscous film you feel. This is the teeth's great enemy. It dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So night and day it may do a damage which few people have escaped.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

### New methods now

Dental science, after diligent research, has found effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them.

**\*Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.  
**The New-Day Dentifrice**

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now leading dentists, in Europe and America, advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people have already adopted it.

### Watch these desired effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film-coats cannot easily adhere.

It also brings other effects which modern authorities desire. It multiplies the salivary flow, as certain foods would do. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus twice a day it brings to users unique tooth protection.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the scientific reason for each new effect.

Do this now. It is most important, both to you and yours. It may lead to life-long benefits which you cannot afford to miss.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 648, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family



## Weddings

England they often wear bands of silver or flowers in their hair. The maid of honor and flower girls are dressed differently to distinguish them, and often there is a page and a flower girl dressed in fancy costume, after Reynolds or Van Dyke, who walk together. The favorite color of the bride is usually chosen for her bridesmaids' costumes, and great individuality may be expressed in the costuming of the wedding procession.

The bride's mother wears a smart, elaborate afternoon gown of mauve or some other dignified color, and carries or wears a small bouquet to match. The groom presents his ushers and best man with some souvenir, such as a scarf pin, sleeve links, or cigarette case in memory of the day, and the bridesmaids receive something of the same sort from the bride. Bracelets, lockets, brooches are always charming gifts.

### Wedding Invitation Forms

The promised forms to use for wedding invitations and announcements follow.

This is the correct form to use for a church wedding:

*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brown  
request the honor of  
Mrs. Andrews'  
presence at the marriage of their daughter  
Sylvia Marie  
to  
Mr. James Endicott  
on Wednesday, the third of May  
at half after three o'clock  
at St. Thomas Church*

### Entrance Card:

*Please present this card  
at Saint Thomas Church  
Fifty-Third Street & Fifth Avenue  
on Wednesday, the third of May.*

Wedding Reception Invitation. This is used for the Home Wedding Reception as well.

*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brown  
request the pleasure of  
Mrs. Andrews'  
company on Wednesday, the third of May  
at four o'clock  
at 980 Fifth Avenue*

### Wedding Announcement:

*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brown  
announce the marriage of their daughter  
Sylvia Marie  
to  
Mr. James Endicott  
on Wednesday, the third of May  
nineteen hundred and twenty-one  
New York City*

This is the correct form to use for a house wedding:

*Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Brown  
request the honor of  
Mrs. Andrews'  
presence at the marriage of their daughter  
Sylvia Marie  
to  
Mr. James Endicott  
on Wednesday, the third of May  
at half after three o'clock  
at 980 Fifth Avenue*

## SPECIAL NOTICE

In consideration of the vast amount of personal correspondence received by the Entertainment Editor, only instructions for the parties mentioned in the magazine can be furnished. No special parties can be planned, or entertainments suggested



*"A chair's a chair, some folks will say  
But that's not true in full today.  
My point is this," says Winthrop Wise,  
"A chair's a dream with KYANIZE."*

## Eight beautiful colors — perfectly blended with the varnish

One operation—that's all.

Take a can of Kyanize Floor Finish (any color, Light Oak to Dark Mahogany) and a good brush—apply without mixing. Before your eyes, old furniture disappears. In its place you have a handsome ornament. Stained and varnished in a single operation.

Kyanize Floor Finish, made to endure abuse on floors, is, for that very reason, ideal for furniture and woodwork as well.

Waterproof—of course—and gritty heels cannot scratch it white.

Our booklet, "The Inviting Home," awaits your postal request. It's free for the asking but its attractive colored illustrations may furnish the home-beauty suggestion you desire. With it comes the name of the nearest Kyanize Dealer.

**BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY**

80 Everett Station 49 Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

*Kyanize your floors, furniture and woodwork*



## THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

**SUMMER CAMPS**—The very best place for a boy or girl during the warm summer months is at a summer camp where there is plenty of fresh air, good food and the right kind of exercise. Do you like swimming, dancing, horseback riding, sailing, tennis, golf, dramatics and hiking? All of these sports can be found at the camps throughout the country. It is not too early to make application at the camps for the coming season, for everyone realizes what it means to the boy or girl to spend a month or two at one of the best camps in the country. If you do not find in our camp pages in the front of this issue just the camp you have in mind, we shall be glad to have you write to us.

**SCHOOLS**—If the right school for the coming fall is not represented in our school pages, we shall be glad to help you also. Send us full information as to age and sex of prospective pupil, location desired and the tuition you have in mind.

**THE SERVICE BUREAU** of Good Housekeeping's School Department is maintained so that we may be of assistance to you in making a selection of a school or a summer camp. Let us help you.

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT**  
119 West 40th Street New York City



# VOLLRATH WARE



*Age that brings Devotion*

**I**T MAY be a time-worn piece of jewelry, an old-fashioned shawl, or a kitchen utensil of long standing—every home has its treasures which have won devotion through years of service.

In many homes there are treasured pieces of Vollrath Ware which possess the charm of long service. For Vollrath Ware is America's pioneer enameled ware. Moreover, its beauty and quality prompt one instinctively to handle it with care—a tendency which greatly lengthens its life.

The ordinary wear on Vollrath utensils is almost negligible. Only careless bumps injure them. And careless bumps, of course, will damage any kind of cooking utensils.

Vollrath Ware lasts long and retains its snow-white, glistening beauty. It is also desirable

for its cleanliness and sanitation. Its surface is smooth and non-porous. Handles and all other attachments are welded and fit smoothly. There are no projecting rivet heads on the inside, no seams or crevices to catch dirt. Every Vollrath article may be washed thoroughly clean.

*Write for a copy of the interesting booklet "How to Select Household Utensils." It's free. In writing mention your dealer's name.*

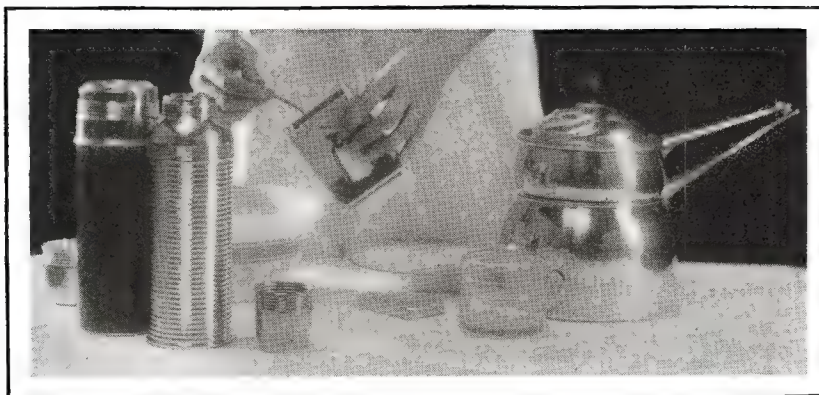
★ **The Vollrath Co., Sheboygan, Wis.**

For sale by department and hardware stores throughout the United States.



Every article of genuine Vollrath Ware bears this blue oval label.





# Thousands of Women Prepare Breakfast at 6:00 *in the Evening*

In a certain dainty little home in a suburb of Chicago, breakfast used to consist of a frantic rush in the kitchen, followed by a series of equally animated bolts and gulps of foods and fluids, climaxed with a hurried exit by Hubby.

No time for a moment's friendly chat over the coffee cups—scarcely time for a parting salute.

But in this home, and in thousands of others, something much better has taken its place through the simple expedient of preparing breakfast not at 6:00 in the morning, but at 6:00 in the evening.

Coffee is made while dinner is being prepared, and poured into an Icy-Hot. The cereal is cooked and placed in another Icy-Hot—in the morning breakfast can be had in a moment, coffee and cereal ready to serve.

Icy-Hot is the im-

proved vacuum container for foods and fluids. It keeps hot things piping hot for as long as 24 hours, and cold things cold for three days.

There are Icy-Hot bottles for fluids; jars for foods and fluids; coffee and chocolate pots; jug sets; carafes, pitchers, luncheon kits, and motor kits.

With an Icy-Hot, sparkling cool water can be had at any hour of the day or night; fruit drinks can be kept fresh. Hot lunch can be carried to school by the children, or to work by the husband. The hostess can prepare in the morning for her afternoon luncheon.

## A Gift of Science to Mankind

Few people know that the vacuum bottle was a gift of science to mankind—invented by two men, each unaware of the work of the other. M. D'Arsonval and Sir James Dewar both developed and employed the vacuum bottle in connection with their experiments. The first Icy-Hot, made in 1908, was an improvement of these original scientific inventions, making vacuum bottles available to everyone.

You can get Icy-Hots at almost every store; durable, handsomely made in many sizes, shapes and styles, and at a wide range of moderate prices.

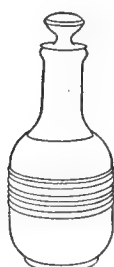
But insist that the bottle you buy is an Icy-Hot. Write for interesting Menu Booklet.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE COMPANY, 128 Second Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

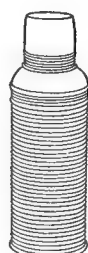


Solid as well as liquid foods can be kept piping hot for as long as 24 hours

## ★ ICY-HOT VACUUM PRODUCTS



Icy-Hot Carafes enable you to keep cool refreshment always at hand



This all-around bottle can be used for every purpose—at home, at work, at play



A popular-priced Icy-Hot Lunch Kit. Also made in many other styles

MADE IN AMERICA



## Furnishings and Decorations

(Continued from page 73)

added interest of variety of hue and texture.

In the same way, the grace and vivacity which were the real charm of the Louis Quinze period, and the hospitable comfort of old English country homes may be reembodyed without great expense in the interiors of today: the first, by the use of fresh and delicate colorings and furniture of light and graceful design; and the second, through the medium of rich, dark-toned woods, simple paneled walls, wide hearths, and warm, soft fabrics and color harmonies. The luxurious extravagance of the French period and the occasionally somber magnificence of the English will be lacking, but the underlying ideals will be no less worthy because expressed through new and simpler mediums and combinations.

It will be seen, therefore, that it is not upon the expenditure of large sums, or the literal copying of the furnishings of a given period that the beauty of the home depends, but upon the intelligent selection and arrangement of harmonious forms, colors, and materials in accordance with certain fundamental principles which have existed in *all* periods and are equally applicable to homes of every type.

### What Is Your Ideal Home?

The first step is to ask yourself what the house as a whole is to express. Is your chosen ideal one of stately formality or of modest and unpretentious charm? Would you make your home a tranquil oasis, where the tired spirit is soothed with delicate nuances of color, or a center of life and joyousness expressed in vital, vibrant hues and stimulating contrasts? Does the quaintness of pre-Revolutionary surroundings give you keenest delight, or have you a cherished hobby—flower growing, collecting old china, or what not—for which your chief desire is to provide an effective setting?

Whatever your ideal, set it down in black and white. Then proceed to plan and replan each room in harmony therewith. But do not forget, in the delight of creative expression that the *practical function* of the room must not be overlooked. A bedroom, for example, may perfectly embody your decorative ideals, but unless in addition it fulfils the prime function of a bedroom, namely, to promote rest and sleep, the result will not be a success. In like fashion the question of use must influence the furnishing and arrangement of every room in the house. The drawing-room or parlor is devoted to social intercourse, hence the decorative effect should be light, joyous, and inviting. Libraries are rooms in which to read, write, or study, and therefore should be provided with comfortable furniture and decorated in quiet, unobtrusive colors which will not interfere with mental concentration. A breakfast-room, which helps to strike the keynote for the day, should be especially bright and cheerful, and in the kitchen, thoughts of cleanliness and convenience should be permanent.

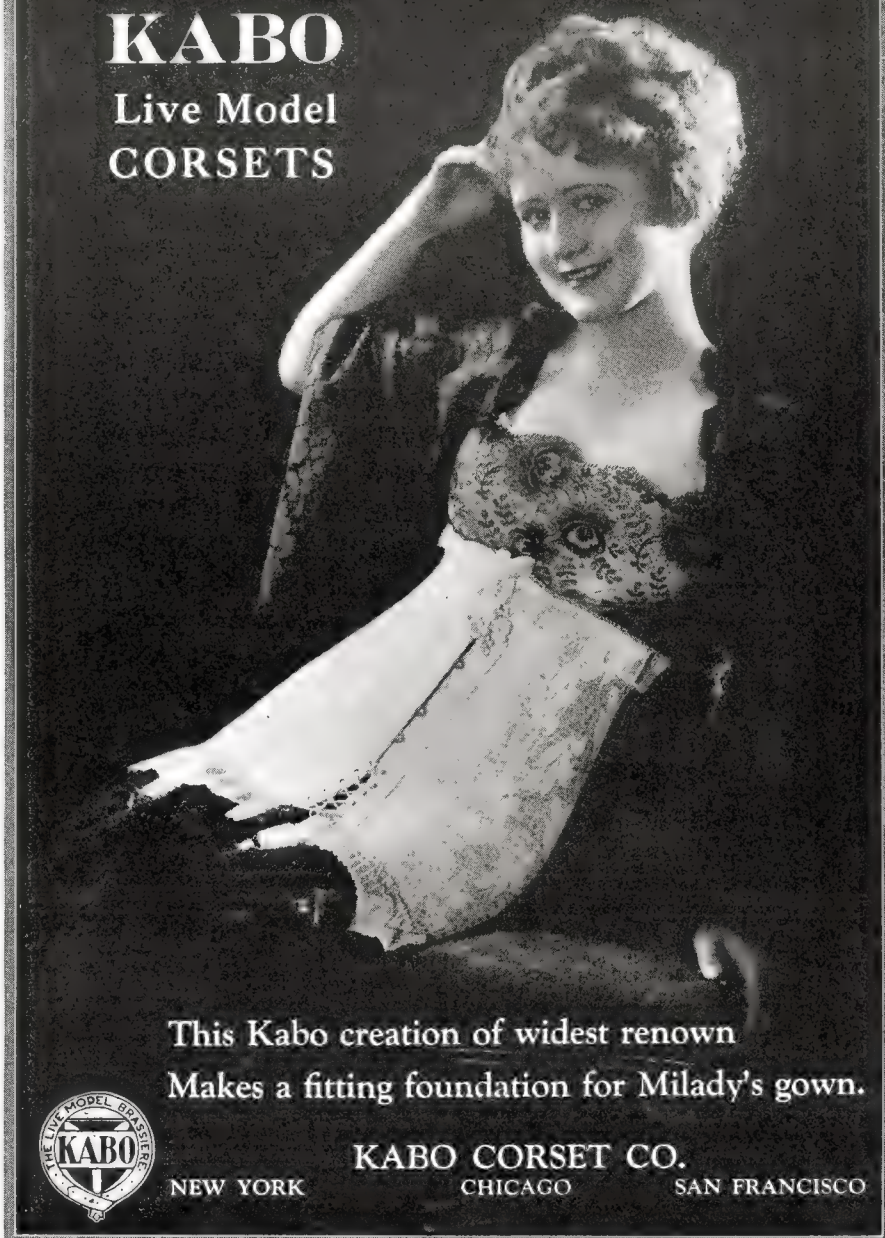
### Learn to Visualize

Carry out your plan on paper to the smallest details, changing and rearranging until the effect is satisfactory. It is not enough, however, merely to write down,


DINING-ROOM  
Gray Walls  
Blue Overdraperies  
Blue and Gold Chinese Rug  
Mahogany Furniture  
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With your mind's eye you must visualize the room, studying the effect of different backgrounds, trying the buffet on this side and on that, deciding whether a picture or a mirror will look better over the mantel, whether a window-seat or a plant-shelf will be most effective in the bay. The ability to see an

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## Furnishings and Decorations

empty room vividly, in fancy, as it will look when completely furnished, is what makes the successful decorator.

When planning the furnishings of an entire house, it is not enough to visualize one room at a time. Connecting rooms must be studied in relation to one another until you are satisfied that there are no startling transitions or inharmonious contrasts, but that each room, while a complete unit in itself, is at the same time an integral factor in the scheme of the whole. This does not by any means imply monotony, for it is quite possible to establish unity in variety, as will be clearly shown in Lesson 2, on building color schemes.

### Furnishing By Degrees

Do not be discouraged if your means will not permit the immediate carrying out of your plans, and above all do not yield to the temptation to desecrate your home with cheap and shoddy furnishings with the idea of discarding them as soon as something better can be afforded. Too many homes are mere make-shifts, whose furnishings exhibit neither plan nor beauty but were purchased simply as stop-gaps, to be patiently endured in the hope that some day the family ship would come in, bringing the means to realize every dream.

This form of compromise is a tragic mistake. Having made your plan, refuse to buy a single article which falls below the standard set. Better bare walls than had art in glittering frames. Better empty floor spaces than golden oak atrocities that bristle with glued-on machine carvings. Let the family budget include a sum, no matter how small, to be regularly set aside for new furnishings. When enough has accumulated, buy one rug, or chair, or table scheduled in the plan. In a few months add another, and so continue until little by little your whole environment is remodeled "nearer to the heart's desire." Each purchase will mean another step toward the goal, and there is much joy and satisfaction to be gained from watching a room grow—provided it is growing in the right direction.

### Decorative Principles Never Change

Do not be afraid that this season's purchases will be "out of style" next year or the year after and your plan made obsolete. It is only the freakish and superficial in decoration that is subject to the tyranny of fashion. Those who follow fads soon find their furnishings passé, as happened when the "black and white" craze of a decade ago ran its brief course, but art and beauty are immortal and have nothing to do with styles.

Did any one ever hear the term "old-fashioned" applied to a Gobelin tapestry, a Boule cabinet, a Sheraton sideboard, or an Adam mantel? As the authority previously quoted asks, "Do not householders know that crazes are fostered by manufacturers and dealers for trade purposes, that art is a matter of sanity and equilibrium, and that worthy interior decoration recognizes no such thing as the fad?"

Resolve, then, to ignore fashion, and to buy furnishings, not for a season, but for a lifetime. Learn to discriminate between the real and the sham in art; between good and bad design; between honest and shoddy construction. Thus will your home evolve into an expression, not of the latest whim, nor of the taste of your wealthier neighbor, nor the rug or furniture salesman, but of your own highest ideals of beauty, guided by intelligent appreciation, and founded on a knowledge of principles that are changeless and eternal.

Note: on receipt of 4c in stamps a list of references for supplementary reading on the subject of this lesson will be mailed to any address, together with a series of questions on the lesson itself, which will enable the reader to test her own grasp of the subject.





# The Most Profitable Summer I Ever Spent

**L**IKE most girls, I had always looked forward to vacation as the main feature of the summer season. Before father died, I used to go with Mildred Harrington and Kitty Wells to the Harrington's beautiful summer home at Seaclyff or to the Wells's country place in the Adirondacks, where from the time we arrived until the season ended, there was one continuous round of pleasure—bathing, boating and sports of all kinds, during the day, with moonlight excursions, dinner parties and dancing at night.

Then, two years ago prices began to soar and mother could no longer stretch the little income we had to cover all our needs. So I secured a position in an office downtown. Even then, we had all we could do to get along.

And last summer, for the first time, I had to give up my vacation with the girls. I had tried to plan ahead and save enough money to go with Mildred and Kitty, but I simply *couldn't* go. I didn't have the kind of clothes I wanted and knew that I would be miserable every minute contrasting my own two or three simple, little outfits with the wonderful wardrobes of the others.

Of course, I was terribly unhappy for a few days after I had sent Mildred my regrets and later I went to the station to see the old crowd off. As I watched the train out of sight and waved "Good Bye," my eyes were so full of tears I couldn't see, and there was a big sob in my throat when I turned to go back to the humdrum of the office.

And yet last summer, after all, proved to be the most profitable and delightful summer I ever spent. Soon after the girls left, I made a discovery which has meant so much in happiness and prosperity to mother and me that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

I had gone up to my room early that night so mother would not know how wretchedly unhappy I felt. And for a long time I sat there thinking. I wondered if my clothes were always going to hold me back and make me different from other girls. It was bad enough to have to give up the vacation to which I had looked forward so eagerly. But the worst of it all was that I could look ahead and see myself shut off all the rest of

my life for the same reason from the places and people I liked best.

After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I picked up one of my favorite magazines and began idly turning the pages. My glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the story and—strangely enough!—it was about a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had learned in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make for herself just the kind of stylish, becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story and mother agreed that it was surely worth finding out about at least. So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make my own clothes.

Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which *any* woman or girl *anywhere* can easily and quickly learn at home in spare time *all* the secrets of the dressmaker's art. When I read how thousands of women of all ages and in all circumstances, who live in all parts of the world, had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Anyone could learn by this easy, fascinating method. Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete. There are more than 2000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life! I was so interested I devoted every spare moment I could to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't *help* it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take just

as personal an interest as if they were right beside you!

And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful little waist for mother after my third lesson and in just a little while I was making all our clothes without any difficulty whatever.

What was most important to me, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes *distinctively* becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. By this time mother had learned a great deal and helped me. But I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired and there is no worrying about money. My income from the shop is sufficient to make us very comfortable indeed.

Do you wonder now that I regard last summer, beginning though it did with a bitter disappointment, as the most profitable summer I ever spent? And I know that what I did—thanks to the Woman's Institute!—in saving more than half the money we used to spend for clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than we could have had any other way and attracting happiness and prosperity with them—*any* woman or girl can do!

More than 100,000 delighted women and girls, in city, town, and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

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In using advertisements see page 4

143



## Secrets of Flavor and Savor

(Continued from page 59)



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This tag on a MIDDLETOWN Casserole, Baker or Pie Plate is more than a mark of identification. It is a personal guarantee of satisfaction on the part of the makers of both the Pyrex transparent oven-ware and of the artistic silver frame which beautifies your table.

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# MIDDLETOWN SILVERWARE

mash all well, add a pint of scalded milk, and pour all over a well-beaten egg. Stir well and serve with toasted croûtons.

Garden cress or pepper grass, with its pungent tang, makes an excellent appetizer eaten with salt and vinegar, or with a salad dressing. Chopped fine, it may be added to any salad or salad dressing with good effect.

Anise, coriander, dill, horehound, and pennyroyal are easily grown and require but small space. Horehound and pennyroyal, once planted, need not be renewed for years, which is also true of chives and mint. Dill will give you a supply of those delicious pickles that are the making of many a picnic supper, and the anise and coriander seeds will add new delights to the plainest of cookies and buns.

If you have a mint patch in your garden, you are to be congratulated. Mint sauce and mint jelly, although excellent, are not the only refreshing uses for this herb. A sprig of mint added to fresh green peas while they are cooking will impart a piquant flavor. Mint is also a delicious addition to iced tea or lemonade. Mint apple sauce is a novelty exceedingly good, the mint being used to produce flavor when apples are tasteless. Mint vegetables also make an agreeable change. Scrape two carrots, cut in slices, and boil until tender. Meanwhile cook a cupful of fresh peas, drain the vegetables, mix them, and add one tablespoonful of butter or vegetable oil, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of chopped mint, and a liberal dash each of pepper, salt, and paprika. Serve in an open vegetable dish with a border of garden cress or parsley. Mint sauce is delicious if well made. The mint should be chopped fine, covered with good cider vinegar, sprinkled very lightly with granulated sugar, and covered and placed in the refrigerator for half an hour before serving. Salt and pepper are not required, though a mere suspicion of each is an improvement.

Summer and winter savory, sweet marjoram, thyme, and sage may be given a place in the herb corner of your garden, not only to add flavor and savor to your summer cookery, but to store away for next winter's use. These herbs should be cut as soon as they blossom, tied in bunches, and hung in a light, airy place indoors. When thoroughly dried, they may be crumbled, sifted through a coarse sieve, and placed in bags or boxes in the cupboard.

### Garlic Is the Oldest Herb

Garlic, until recently imported from Italy, is the oldest herb we have. Here are a few ways in which it may be used. Rub the inside of the dish in which you are about to bake spaghetti or macaroni with a section of garlic cut across the grain, and notice the improvement in this familiar dish. In like manner, rub the hot platter on which your steak is to be served, then place the sizzling meat upon it, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, and dot with a few bits of butter. A salad, too, is better for a tiny bit of garlic in the dressing or for having the bowl rubbed with a bit of the herb before the salad has been placed in it. When roasting a piece of mutton, divide a garlic bulb and peel just one of its cloves. Slice into minute bits, then puncture the mutton in many places with a sharp knife, and in each place insert a tiny piece of the garlic, covering it with a bit of parsley. Roast the mutton in a hot oven, basting it frequently, and both meat and gravy will take on an indescribable deliciousness.

But all of the savors and flavors available are not to be found in the herb garden. There is curry powder, for instance, which is a combination of the very finest of spices and herbs. Ginger, turmeric, coriander, black and red pepper, cloves, poppy seeds, and a dozen other good things, all so skilfully blended that not

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## Secrets of Flavor and Savor

one predominates, are combined in this useful and wholesome condiment. The most ordinary of meat may be transformed with curry dressing; boiled rice is made more savory because of a dash of curry powder, curried vegetables are delicious, and for making over odds and ends of meat there is nothing to equal this same curry powder. Like the garlic or the chives, or any other strong and pungent herb or spice, it must be used with discretion, otherwise we shall ruin the dish. Half a teaspoonful to a pint of liquid or semi-liquid is sufficient for most tastes.

The same rule holds good with bay-leaves. A mere suspicion of the bay flavor improves many soups and sauces, while the dish is made unpleasant if too much is used. Break one bay-leaf into four sections and drop one of these into two quarts of stew or soup while simmering, to secure the delicate flavor you desire.

And cloves! Have you ever tried adding just one clove to an Irish stew or to a goulash for the sake of variety? Insert the clove in an onion that is going into the stew, or drop it into the kettle, and I am sure you will enjoy the faintly aromatic savor it will impart. In making soup or soup stock, I usually follow the same method, adding two or three cloves as the amount of liquid requires.

Mace is a spice which is not appreciated as it should be. A pinch of powdered mace, or a blade of whole mace, simmered in a cream soup will make it very delicate and delicious. Mace will also improve creamed oysters and similar dishes. Creamed Hamburg steak is very good when flavored with a very little powdered mace. Frizzle the bits of meat in hot fat for a few moments. Then sprinkle them with pepper, salt, paprika, and flour. Stir over the fire till slightly brown, then add sufficient milk to make a nice gravy. Simmer till smooth and slightly thickened, and add the mace, just a very little—and serve the meat on strips of toast.

I have not mentioned the ordinary spices such as nutmeg, allspice, ginger, and cinnamon, for they are to be found in almost every cupboard. Vanilla is also familiar, but there are other methods of flavoring one's cakes and sweet dishes which should not be overlooked.

### The Rose-Geranium Leaf

Rose-geranium leaves placed on the bottom of the cake pan after it is greased and sprinkled with flour will impart a delicate, fascinating flavor to the plainest of cakes. Peel the leaves from the cake after it has cooled, leaving only the faint, indescribable scent. Lemon verbena leaves may be used in the same way, or the cake may be flavored with a combination of both. Either of these leaves used separately or combined will transform your ordinary apple jelly into a delicious sweet if cooked in the sirup for a few moments. Two or three leaves will be ample for several quarts of jelly.

Peach leaves boiled in custard or blanc mange add a very refreshing flavor. And the kernels of the peach pits crushed and added in small quantity to peach marmalade will impart a truly Oriental tang.

Perhaps you have not thought of your flower garden as a means of adding variety to your cooking, but having experimented with rose geranium and lemon verbena leaves, you will be willing to go further. Nasturtium pods and leaves used for flavor are too good to be omitted here. The flowers, too, may be employed as a garnish for a green salad and even added to the salad itself.

These blossoms will also make delightful sandwiches, and rose or violet petals are quite as dainty. To make these flower sandwiches, butter the bread, which may be either whole wheat or graham, and slice it as thin as a wafer. Scatter the petals of the flowers over the bread and press the slices together in sandwich form. Cut in fancy shapes and serve garnished with a few whole flowers and leaves.



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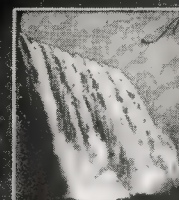
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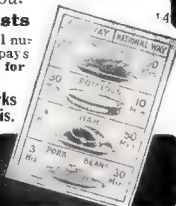
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## Christopher Titmouse, B.B.

(Continued from page 65)

forth in a most soothing manner. He laid a warning finger to his lips and then waved me back to my kitchen.

"Come in a jiffy," he croaked in a hoarse whisper. "Small fry only half under. Take a couple more turns to see him off."

As he was eating his toast, he swept a hand indicatively toward the porch. "Name? What you call him?"

"I want him named after Dudley's father, and Dudley wants to call him after mine. So we haven't made up our minds yet. For the present he's just Buddy."

He made no comments, ate a little more in silence, and then jerked himself about suddenly and faced me with a searching look. "Eh, eh—you don't look so darned cheerful. What about doin' your own work? Don't find it so consarned pleasant, do y'? Ain't so easy to laugh as it was?"

I tried to laugh by way of bluffing, but I knew he could see straight through it, so instead I tried some of my home-made philosophy. "It is always hard at first with the babies, especially when you're young and don't know quite how to manage. I haven't learned to go without sleep gracefully yet, and sometimes the work piles up right on top of me, and I have to dig my way out. Then I get tired, too tired to take Buddy and me out, and that makes me stodgy and dull. But I'll learn how—you'll see. Come again next year when Buddy is over the colic and I've caught up with things, and it will all be different."

It was after that second bowl of milk toast that I discovered my Bogey-man loved babies. He sat on, nervously rubbing his hands, apparently waiting for something. What it was I did not guess until Buddy's whimpering cry broke the silence, and the little man jerked himself out of the kitchen and on the porch in the wink of an eye. I arrived in time to see him lift the baby and swing it with gentle assurance against his shoulder. He grinned back at me more openly and consequently more abominably.

"Here you—you'd better go back to your kitchen an' potato paring. I'm used to small fry, an' him an' me's going to get acquainted."

**I**T was dusk before he finally gave Buddy up, and even then I could see he was loath to leave him. But his arms once free of the baby, he jerked himself about and vanished as abruptly as before. I could hear the final slamming of the car door and the burr of the engine that whisked him away. But this time he left behind him something more than a memory. Next morning there was a shiny new runabout apparently stalled at the foot of the brick path. It was empty of occupants, and no one was tinkering around it. When, at the end of a couple of hours, no one had come to claim it, curiosity drove Dudley out to investigate, and on the wheel of the runabout he found an envelop tied and addressed to "The Lady of the Dutch House."

We tore open the envelop together. His hands pulled out the note inside, and I read it. It was a sample of the most perfect old-style penmanship I had ever seen.

Dear Ma'm.

That Buddy of yours is bound to grow out of that go-cart you've got for him before long. I've taken the notion he'd like a bigger one. Here it is.

Yours respectfully,  
CHRISTOPHER TITMOUSE.

This was our first real introduction to him. The world is full of young married people just as poor, just as courageous, and just as determined to be happy as we were. They face life and a growing family on their meager incomes and wrestle heroically with those everlasting two ends that never quite meet. And

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there comes a faint-hearted time for them all just as there came to us, when life seems all work and no play; when the eternal daily round of cleaning, cooking, sewing, washing, and baby tending seem to sap one's energy down to the last ounce and leave nothing to be cheerful with. It is that part of the world's population that will understand the great longing ache that comes into a mother's heart for a breathing space—for a chance to lock the door and get off, far away, out of eyeshot of the kitchen sink, the mending basket, and the mop. It was this ache that Christopher Titmouse cured, not only for us, but for the neighbors as well. For there was a Queen Anne house neighboring on the Dutch house, and a Swiss chalet neighboring to that. Across the street was a Spanish mission-house, and close by just a plain house. And all of them were run on instructors' salaries and boasted proudly of at least one baby inside.

So we christened the runabout Phoebe—after the one orthodox nursemaid on the campus—and we owned her cooperatively. We pooled our spare pennies for gas and oil, and when a new tire was needed or the cylinders knocked for grinding, we took up a neighborhood contribution. If there had been a poet in our midst, there would have been an ode written to Phoebe and her giver. All the fathers learned to drive; all the mothers learned the knack of stowing away feeding bottles, blankets, and a luncheon hamper in the small space under the seat. And all the babies learned in a surprisingly short time to sleep the afternoon out in Phoebe's gently jostling charge. In no time at all I grew young again and was able to say over Dudley's and my creed with absolute faith. Incidentally Buddy was christened Christopher on his one-half birthday.

THE next spring brought Christopher Titmouse again for the third time to our door. I was beginning to look for him by this time, as one looks for the first robins and the swelling buds on the lilac bushes. My welcome was ready for him, and a smile came without trying. He greeted me with a grin.

"Eh, eh, darn it—how's the go-cart runnin'? Buddy grown big enough so's he can run it himself yet?"

I drew him eagerly inside, and while I made his annual bowl of milk toast, I told him of Phoebe and the neighbors. He laughed outright this time, a rusty laugh that creaked from disuse, and as he laughed, he rubbed his thin white hands round and round on his knees by way of violent approval.

"What I tell y'—what I tell y'! Nothin' like havin' a go-cart that you don't have to lug. No backaches; no liver aches. C'n quit an' clear out any time you choose—jest pick up the small fry and git away somewheres—forget all about the work layin' round the home. I know; I've watched 'em by the dozens—ain't I right?"

Afterward he played on the porch with Buddy. Down on hands and knees he crept in delicious imitation of beasts known and unknown. He roared, he cackled, he barked and he brayed, reducing Buddy to squirms and spasms of delight. I left them together, puttering around my kitchen until twilight fell and Christopher Titmouse appeared in the dusk of the hallway.

"Goin', ma'm," he announced. And then he flashed me a look from those hurt gray eyes of his. "Keep him little, m'am—keep him small fry till I come again. That way they like me—let 'em grow big and they laugh." And with a slam of the door he was gone.

But this time he did not wait for spring to come. He dropped in unexpectedly through the late summer and fall. Often his bowl of milk toast was forgotten in his eagerness to get at his play with Buddy. There was something pitifully excited and hectic about him, as if he feared to lose something of the babyhood that he had learned to believe belonged to him. I discovered something more about him each time he came. He had never had an ed-



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In using advertisements see page 4

147



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## Christopher Titmouse, B. B.

ucation of even the meagerest sort. From the time that he could travel securely on a pair of crooked, spindly legs he had been hounded with work by the uncle who had raised him. There had never been time for school, books, or play. He had taught himself to read from the Farmers' Almanac and the labels on the canned goods his uncle bought, and he had taught himself to write out of an old copybook he had found on the road one day. He was very proud of his writing. He confessed honestly to his awe of the university and his envy of every student that entered its doors.

"Eh, eh, darn it. What does it mean to them?" he snarled. "All that l'arnin' jest so much candy to young ones. They suck it's long's the flavor tickles 'em—throw it away soon's they're tired of it. Why, I'd give every consarned factory I own this minute for the right to walk up to the president of the university of yourn an' stand there while he handed me one of them rolls of sheepskin with an A.B. or a B.C. or any darned little letters he took the notion to put after the name of Christopher Titmouse. Never wanted to be king of nothin', no, ma'm. Never hankered for earlships or dukeships or countships or anythin' in the aristocratic line, but when it comes to gettin' ranked for l'arnin'—"

He never finished the sentence, but I couldn't let such a distorted point of view regarding our students go unchallenged.

"You're all wrong about the boys who do go through the university. Lots of them have to work their way through, and they work hard. They live on scant rations, go shabby and often hungry for their chance. Dudley did, and I rather guess Buddy will have to do his bit if he's going through."

Christopher Titmouse considered his namesake with a good deal of anxiety. "Goin' to make you work your way, are they, eh? Well, darn it, 'twon't hurt y' any."

By chance I caught the look of warm tenderness in the gray eyes as he threw back his head and lifted the baby up in his arms. He walked to the window with him and pointed a slim white finger toward the library tower and the silvery dome of the engineering building which showed against the sky.

"Want to go there when you're a man, Buddy, go an' git some of them little letters after your name to make old Christopher proud of y'? Well—reckon y' will."

Buddy exploded into squeals at the bare suggestion, but I turned away quickly to my work lest Christopher Titmouse should see how wet my eyes were.

THE next spring Buddy was navigating himself on two fat little legs, and his sister was filling the leather go-cart when Christopher Titmouse came again. He laughed his rusty laugh and rubbed his hands with approval when he saw them together.

"That's right, m'am—you're doin' the thing right. Doesn't do to have one an' stop. Small fry git awful lonely playin' by themselves. Boys an' girls—boys an' girls, playin' together. That's life—sweet an' all."

He didn't take time for his milk toast. He just stood and watched them in a silent, speculative sort of way, and then his eye lighted suddenly on Phoebe who was standing opposite the Spanish mission-house.

"Eh, eh, darn it! How does the old thing run?" And before I could answer him he was down the brick path and across the road.

I watched him with increasing curiosity as he climbed into the runabout and started the engine. In a moment Phoebe and the Bogeyman had disappeared together. For the first time in the years Christopher Titmouse had been coming to our door I walked down the path and spoke to his chauffeur.

"Does Mr. Titmouse know about cars?" I asked anxiously. "He won't hurt himself in that one, will he?"

## The Baby Midget

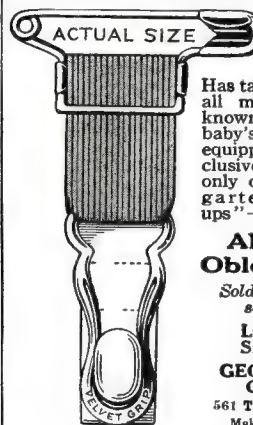
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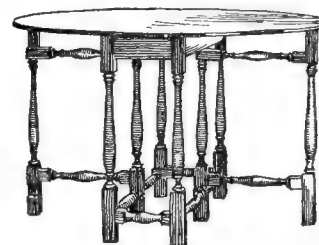
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IDYL PUB. CO., 222 N. Clark Street. Suite 221, CHICAGO

"Not unless he wants to. You needn't worry. He can drive a car as well as I can, and he knows more about machinery than any man alive." Then, seeing the surprise in my face, he added, "Why, don't you know, he's the man that owns the Delhi factories?"

When I told Dudley about it that night, he said he had known it all along. Can you beat a man for strangeness?

When Christopher Titmouse returned, it was on foot. He walked extra jerkily, and his face looked extra bogeyish. For the life of me I couldn't have told whether he was consumed inside with some unholy glee or terrible remorse. But I know he was grunting extra fiercely.

"Eh, eh, darn it! That Phoebe thing of yours was no good—worn out—smashed up—all gone—too bad!" And then he added as if by way of consolation, "Too consarned small now, anyway."

And without further explanation he slammed himself into his own car and was gone.

But late that afternoon one of the drivers from the garage appeared with a new five-passenger. He looked amused, as if he had been enjoying a huge joke.

"That queer old chap who turned in your old car and paid for this said to tell you the next size was a seven-passenger."

**B**UT before the time came when we needed anything larger Christopher Titmouse was gathered to his fathers. He came as he had been coming, at least once a year. He ate his usual bowl of milk toast. He listened with interest to the adventures of Phoebe, the second. He played with the usual abandon with the baby and grew increasingly reserved with Buddy when he discarded rompers in favor of shirts and knickers.

"Tain't that I don't love him same's ever," he confided to me on his last visit, "but I get sort o' scary that he'll be seein' me different. I couldn't stand to have him laugh—not him!"

I remembered afterward that he seemed whiter and thinner and more shaky that day. It was with difficulty that he moved up and down on his hands and knees, and he didn't play any of the fiercest beasts.

Four months later I had a letter from one, Cassie Byrnn, his housekeeper. It told us that he had died that afternoon after considerable illness. It gave the time for the funeral and reminded us that he had no one near or specially related to him. To me the letter could mean but one thing. I looked up the road map and found Delhi a scant seventy miles away. When Dudley came home, my plans were made. Leaving the two youngest with the neighbors in the plain house, and taking little Christopher with us, we set forth with Phoebe, the second, to make our first and last visit on Christopher Titmouse. Cassie Byrnn's welcome, and the look on her face as I told her at the door who we were, dispelled any anxiety that might have grown out of the journey as to the rightness of our coming.

"Mary be praised!" she whispered. "I was wishin' for ye. Seemed only fair and proper ye should have come the once, an' him lovin' the lad so."

I shall never forget the gathering that late fall day in those two old-fashioned parlors. They were crowded with the foremen and superintendents of the factory and representative prominent townsmen. But here and there were sprinkled little, sober, unpretentious groups like ours—none too prosperous. Usually there were just a young father and mother with a boy between them somewhere around the age of our Christopher, but sometimes there was a younger child on the mother's lap. It seemed very peaceful and strangely beautiful as the mellow afternoon sunlight poured through the windows—not a shade was drawn. Strangely enough, it didn't seem like death; there was too much of radiance and promise to it—like the promise of a safeguarded harvest.

As we were making our way outward, the hand of Cassie Byrnn was laid firmly on mine.



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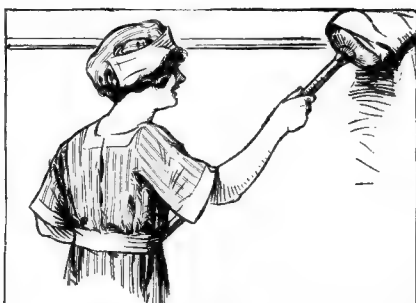


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### THE ADAIR COMPANY

130 West 42d St. Dept. 27 New York City

## Christopher Titmouse, B.B.

"Would ye be comin' back here afther the cemetery?" she asked eagerly. "'Tis this way, ye see: there's papers and the fillings of his desk an' little things to be gone over, an' no one but myself to do it. I leave it to ye, ma'm, it's not the work for a paid servant."

What was I to say? Her homely, wrinkled old face, deep set with grief at her loss and yet too proud to weep over it, told me she was more than a paid servant, but I understood what she meant. She must have caught the sympathy in my face, for she hurried on.

"Of them all 'twas yourselves he liked the most. I could always tell by the way he came in the door there after a day's jaunt if it was your house he had been to, the day. Ye see, for goin' on ten years now he hasn't been able to keep steady at the factories, and with them cut out it seemed as if most of his life had gone. He hadn't the will or the way to find pleasure the way most would find it. So he found ye and some forty others like ye, young and married, with the joy of life in ye an' the willingness to turn a little his way. Ye saw the others, near all of them, here same as yourselves and every lad named Christopher."

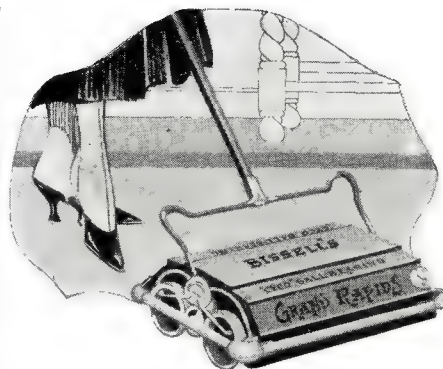
She broke off as suddenly as she had begun, and moved a step nearer the door. "There's Mr. Henderson, the sexton, beckonin' us. I must go fetch my black bonnet." And then her hand closed on mine harder than ever. "But the papers—will ye please stay over a day an' go over them for me?"

SO that is how it came about that after Christopher Titmouse had gone, I wandered over the house he had lived in for over thirty years, and saw the flowers that banked the window-seats in his sunny dining-room and that he tended all himself—saw the photographs of nearly two score babies, Buddy's among them, lining the mantelpieces in the front and back parlors, and all marked with names and ages in his old-fashioned, copybook hand. And last of all I sat down in front of the old secretary, opened down the lid, and went over drawer after drawer, pigeonhole after pigeonhole. It took me until late into the night to finish. There was nothing of vital importance but his will, which, strangely enough, was made out without legal advice. Apparently there was very little left out of the tremendous fortune he had made. He had spent it in model houses for his workmen at the factories. He had put it into endowment funds for their widows and children. Of what was left he put aside enough to take care of Cassie Byrnn as long as she should live, and the rest went in five-thousand-dollar gifts to the little Christophers, to be held by their parents until they were of college age.

"It's to see them through an education," he had added quaintly.

Besides the will there were letters—I think he must have kept all the kindly ones that were ever written to him—and last of all came a diary. The entries were spasmodic and strikingly brief. There would be a short, terse sentence jotted down each day for a fortnight and then not another for six months or more. Sometimes they would skip a year, and then would come many pages full. As I read it through, I felt as if I was following the epic of a lonely human soul, grim and heroic. And at the end I came to five entries made the week before he died. I give them here as I found them, written in the old copybook script of Christopher Titmouse.

"SUNDAY. Well, I'm dying—and nobody knows it yet but the Lord Almighty and me. Nobody cares particularly neither, but what's the odds! It strikes me, though, that the Lord is bound to care, for even a child who sets his toy craft afloat gets mighty curious as to how it makes port again. I can't help wondering how the Lord Almighty expects me to make port?"



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See Bissell's at any store. Or send for price list and booklet—"Sweeping Facts and Fallacies."

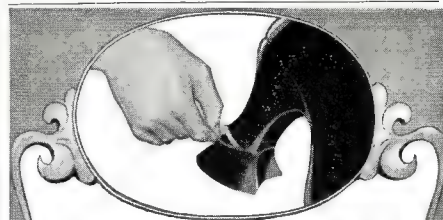
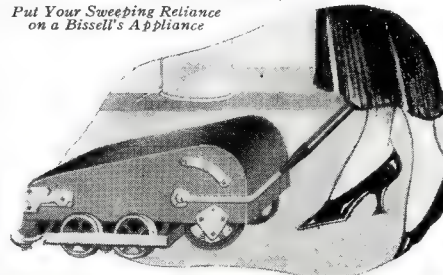
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"Monday. It's a long time coming—death. If I had been given to making friends, or had gone to school and learned to love books, time would not be pressing down on me now, and maybe I could be battling better with pain, 'stead of snarling at it. What a lot of snarling I've done in my lifetime!"

"Tuesday. I'm not sleeping much these last days. Well, I reckon I'll get plenty of it bime-by. I used to curse the Lord Almighty a lot for making me the thing He had and suckling me on bitterness, but I can't curse Him any more. You see I get to thinking of the fine job He's done on all the little Christophers—and thinking of that, somehow I don't matter. But in the dead of last night, as I lay awake, a queer notion took me. I thought I was all laid out in my coffin and the Lord Almighty stood over me. He picked me up in those magnificent white hands of His like I'd been a little daub of clay, and He said, 'I'll make something better, this time.' So He began to roll and to pound and to shape and to smooth and to fashion me all new. And when He was done there was I, small fry myself, and I looked like one of those little Christophers named for me. And on my face I could feel shining, warm and bright, the smile of the mother I had never known. Queer notion.

"Wednesday. Lay awake again, thinking—mighty pleasant thing—forty small fry for a dying man to think about. Got to see them growing up just as plain as the sleight-of-hand man makes a seed grow into a rosebush and blossom before your eyes. So I saw them picking up all the things along the way that I had never found or had dropped—or maybe didn't have the courage to lay hands to. I started them all off to school; stood by while they said their lessons; saw 'em go out to recess when the bell rang and play with the other boys—fight 'em, too. I saw them grow straight and strong—good men to look at; and last of all I walked beside them, just where they couldn't see, while they climbed the steps leading to some big university. I even saw 'em get the little letters after their names—I, Christopher Titmouse, bitter and ugly and misshapen as no other human being.

"Thursday. I am wondering if the Lord Almighty had any reason for making me so or if even He makes mistakes. I'd like to know why He's kept from me the things a man wants most? Maybe it was in His mind I wouldn't have used them right. But I can't help thinking that if I had ever had the love of a woman, or any small fry had come into my keeping, I would have been different. Who knows? Well—maybe—next time—when the Lord Almighty molds again—"

Christopher Titmouse had left death to add the period.

I CLOSED the book and sat crying softly until Dudley came to take me to bed. He didn't ask anything. He just waited and at last he said,

"Cassie Byrnn says the stone-cutter will be here the first thing in the morning to find out what goes on the monument, and she'd like you to write it down."

I had never written an epitaph in my life. I don't believe I realized I was writing one then. I took up a piece of paper and wrote on it what it was in my heart to say for my Bogey-man. Dudley read over my shoulder:

"CHRISTOPHER TITMOUSE, B.B."

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Baby Benefactor. It's his degree, conferred like many other honors, after a man is dead."

Dudley didn't laugh at me. I think his voice shook a little as he repeated it and read on to the end:

"CHRISTOPHER TITMOUSE, B.B.

Born.....Died.....

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

"And I will make all things new, saith the Lord."



## My dear

"Your kitchen looks as though it had just been painted. In fact the whole house does. How *dō* you do it?"

"Don't give me the credit. John deserves it. Over a year ago he brought home some U. S. N. Deck Paint for the nursery, and said, 'Maybe the kids can't ruin this paint at any rate.' They didn't. Then we tried it on the porch; then the kitchen, and now that I know what lovely colors it comes in, I use it everywhere. One coat goes *such* a long way, and it never seems to wear out or scrub off.

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## The Wild Heart

(Continued from page 30)

in the tub, and then would turn his grave head toward us, giving us the broadside effect of one shiny eye, whether in thanks or in petition for more we could not determine.

But it was really due to Cannon, our bantam rooster, that Henry's convalescence was not entirely unendurable. Cannon was the eldest son of Liberty, a small bantam hen who had brought forth her brood on the fourth of July—hence her name and his. He was the undisputed king of the poultry yard, for a strain of game cock in his blood had made him fearless of everything and an unspeakable bully. There was no hen or cock of twice his size who dared come near his end of the feed trough, and even Prince, the mammoth White Rock rooster, stood in awe of him. Perhaps he was merely amused at the airs Cannon gave himself, and so let the tiny cock have his way, but at any rate his record of combat was unsullied by a single defeat.

I HAVE seen many a strange friendship between animals and between birds, too, but never so curious a one as that of Henry, the heron, and Cannon, the bantam rooster, for friends they were, and real friends, too. They became acquainted when Cannon, flying into the back-yard one day, spied the stiff-legged Henry and immediately decided to do battle with him. He ruffled up his neck feathers, whirled round and round with one wing dusting the ground, and advancing on Henry, dared him to come on and fight. At first Brother and I thought to rescue Cannon from what we believed would be his sure death. But we were wrong, for Henry regarded the little brown cock contemptuously, snapped his bill in warning, then blinked and turned away as if overcome with boredom. But Cannon was not used to being ignored. If his enemies would not fight, they must at least give way before him, so his neck ruff distended more and more, his tiny comb was an angry red, and in his best game-cock fashion he hopped up and down stiffly, trying to strike at the heron's broad, feathered breast above him.

Henry eyed him curiously, almost saturninely, and at last with a sort of wearied annoyance gave one sweep of his broad bill, and Cannon was sent tumbling in a scurry of brown feathers and outraged squawks. But he was a warrior; back he came in a series of frenzied leaps, and once more Henry's massive bill swept him lightly but conclusively aside.

Time after time, to the number of twelve, Cannon came charging in a whirlwind of feathers, trying to slash the feathered breast of his passive enemy, always to be met by the calm but decisive buffet of Henry's beak. At last it was a wearied little bantam cock who stopped pantingly and turned his back upon the gray heron, owning himself defeated.

Perhaps it was respect for Henry's superior prowess which actuated Cannon, and perhaps the merry little bantam's pluck appealed to the grave fisher bird, for they became almost at once inseparable friends. Cannon deserted his feathered acquaintances and spent his time in the back-yard with Henry. When finally the invalid was well enough to hobble down on the float, Cannon went with him and would stand beside him while Henry, the heron, swooped joyfully upon minnows and silver smelt and gobbled them down with a zest he had never displayed when fishing in the wash-tub. Such became the intimacy of the tall Henry and the diminutive Cannon that Henry would even share his catch with Cannon, dropping down upon the float a small, wriggling fish for Cannon's delectation.

We noticed that at first the bantam rooster eyed askance the flapping tidbits offered by his friend. He was not accustomed to such lively food, but little by little he learned to peck and devour the fish with the same relish that Henry showed for them. He became a

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## Rat Bis-Kit

For Mice Too



feathered parasite, depending almost entirely upon the heron for his meals.

It was such a pleasant friendship—comradeship between man and man always is—and it was broken up, I am sorry to say, in the usual way—by a woman.

As Henry grew stronger, his leg and wing knit rapidly. And on the day when the Old Fisherman removed the bandages and pronounced the patient out of danger, we feared our heron friend would leave us. But he did not. He had become accustomed to the float, to the cabin, to the yard, and to Brother and me. Above all, there was Cannon, the bantam rooster. So he stayed with us, flapping up into the fir-tree in the front yard at night to roost, and fishing from the float or the beach in the daytime. It was an idyllic state of affairs which might have lasted indefinitely had it not been for Sirona, the Black Minorca hen.

"Si" we sometimes called her for short, and we had known her from the day of her birth. Even before that; for Brother and I had set the very egg in the incubator from which she was hatched. She was a trim little hen with shiny black feathers, a red comb that fell coquettishly over one eye, and a "singing voice" that made her the prima donna among the poultry. She was in every respect fitted to make an impressionable cockerel forget the ties of friendship, and Brother and I have always believed that she mapped out a campaign to that end after seeing how well Cannon fared by trailing at Henry's heels.

She took to wandering down upon the float, singing softly to herself and ostensibly on the lookout for bugs, but, as we noticed, keeping an eye upon Cannon and his fisher friend and always drawing nearer and nearer to the pair.

Finally she grew so bold as to come up to Cannon's side, and when Henry, the heron, next dropped a shining smelt upon the float, the bantam, innately chivalrous, voiced a high-pitched invitation to Sirona to partake of the dainty.

Cannon, watching her, was content to have her devour the juicy morsel, but not so with Henry. He would fish willingly for Cannon, but not for his lady friends, and with one hair-raising scream he opened his huge bill, spread his wings, and started for Sirona, who dropped the remnants of the fish and fled down the float, half running, half flying, and uttering hysterical cackles.

Cannon watched her precipitous retreat with a surprised and worried countenance; then he turned upon Henry. And though Brother and I could not hear what was said, I am sure that there were fierce words between them, for Henry had to knock Cannon down three times in rapid succession before the irate bantam turned heel and followed Sirona up the float and into the yard.

THE rift in the lute had come, and it grew wider. For Sirona became bolder in her advances, and Cannon, flattered by her feminine wiles, laid his fish—of Henry's catching—at her feet. It was a triangle situation which could end only in one way. For at the end of each one-sided fight Cannon would stalk away with outraged dignity in every ruffled feather, and Henry would gaze after him sadly and would thereafter peck at the swarms of silver smelt solemnly and without zest.

And so he left us. One day he tried his massive wings and sailed upward and outward into the blue sky, circled in midair as if trying his strength, and then flapped quietly away toward the Pointing Finger, and as he flew, he uttered a mournful cry that trailed behind him like a wisp of smoke.

And Cannon, the thankless one, did not even know that he had gone. He was scratching worms for Sirona. But I really think it broke Henry's heart, for he never came to our float again. And I am positive that he became a woman-hater and remained a bachelor the rest of his life.

The next story will be "Timothy, the Dirty Bear," a laughable account of the doings of the Huckleberry Finn of the Puget Sound country



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Miss Mary Burrough of Cape Girardeau, Mo., writes: "Your yarn is the best I have ever used, and far cheaper than any on our local market."

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Did you see the announcement of our competition for the Face Brick and working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for any of the "Home of Beauty" houses in the March issue of this magazine? It is open to all young married women. Particulars sent on request. "The Home of Beauty" will be sent free to all competitors.

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## The League for Longer Life

(Continued from page 33)

we find that in regard to Bright's disease a few more boys than girls die between birth and twenty years of age. From twenty to thirty, the deaths among women are very considerably more than they are among men. From thirty to forty the men have regained the lead, and there is a distinct increase in deaths among men over those among women. It is a curious thing to note that the change takes place and men gain the advantage, if you may call it an advantage, at just about thirty-five. The figures from thirty to thirty-five show 4050 deaths among men and 4003 among women; in other words, from thirty to thirty-four inclusive men and women are almost equally victims. From that time on, the man takes the lead. For instance, from thirty-five to thirty-nine inclusive, 6007 men and 5986 women fell victims. There is not much difference, but it shows the tendency. After forty, man has undisputed possession of the field, and this continues to the age of sixty and beyond.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the causes which make men above forty more easily victims of albuminuria. We have seen, for instance, in regard to typhoid fever, a similarity of conditions. Men are more away from home. They indulge in a greater variety of diet. They are in many more kinds of environment. They probably, as a rule, lead a more strenuous life. They are more likely to be overworked. They certainly have a greater amount of worry. Not only do they have all the worries which come to the woman, but in addition, they have worries which come to the business in which they are engaged. Up to the present time they also had practically all the worries of politics, and were subject to all the excess of overwork and exposure which political campaigns entail. All this tends to derange the normal process of digestion and assimilation, but how it would be difficult to state. We can hardly think that men of this age are less vital, or have less enduring powers than women. It must be that they are more exposed and have greater burdens and less opportunity to lead quiet and uniform lives.

### Kinds of Nephritis

There are two distinct forms of Bright's disease. In the acute form, the lining membranes of the urinary ducts in the kidney are inflamed. This condition is one often found in children and due to some other disease, particularly scarlet fever and diphtheria. Dropsy is very frequent in such cases, first manifested in the puffiness of the face. The urine is quite charged with albumin. If the child survives the predisposing disease, complete recovery from Bright's disease usually takes place.

In the advanced stages of pregnancy, the development of Bright's disease is not infrequent, often causing serious dropsy in the legs and great discomfort, but, fortunately, not often fatal. After the birth of the child the trouble, as a rule, speedily passes away.

More serious are the chronic cases of this form of nephritis. This is the form that appears particularly in later life without any apparent association with any other form of disease. Dropsy also develops in the later stages of the malady. The quantity of the urine is often increased for a time with low specific gravity. Later the volume may be diminished. Near the end, entire suppression of the urine may occur, and death ensues from uræmic poisoning. I give only a few of these more important symptoms in the hope that any one noticing any of them may be induced the more speedily to secure competent care.

A great deal has been written on the subject of the relations of the diet to Bright's disease. Unfortunately, these relations are not so definitely pointed out as in the case of diabetes, which was the subject of the last lesson in the League for Longer Life. Whether it is, there-

## Advertising Index-- Always at your service. See page 4.

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**Refuse Substitutes**  
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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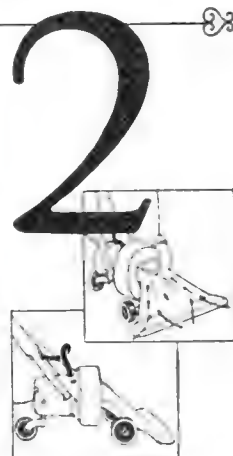
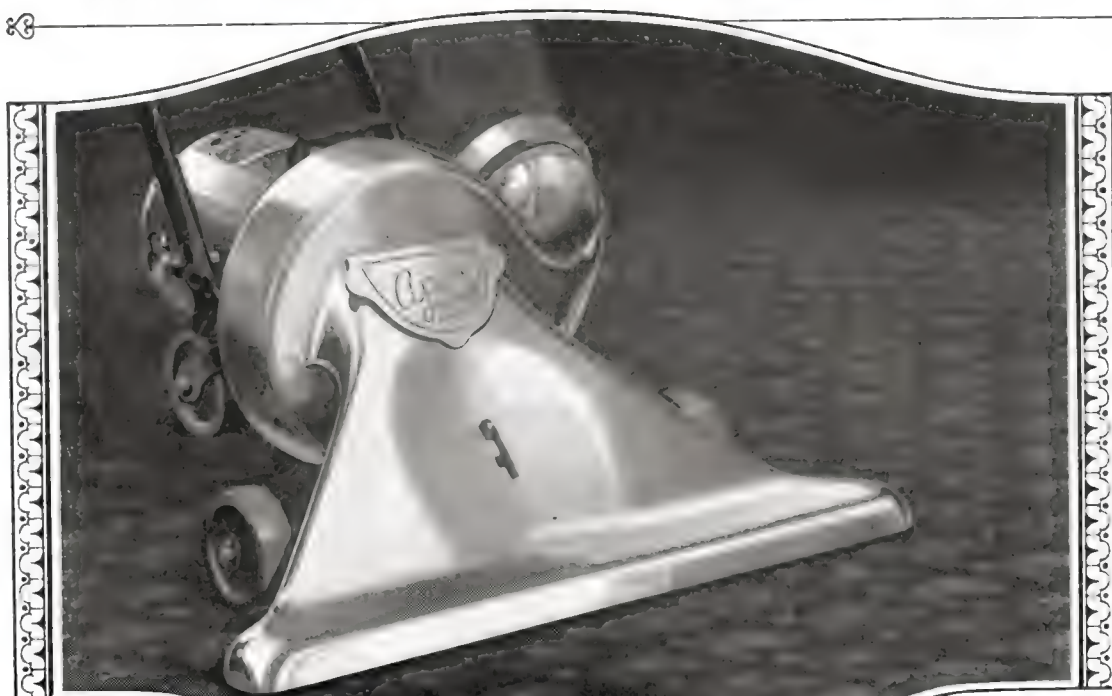


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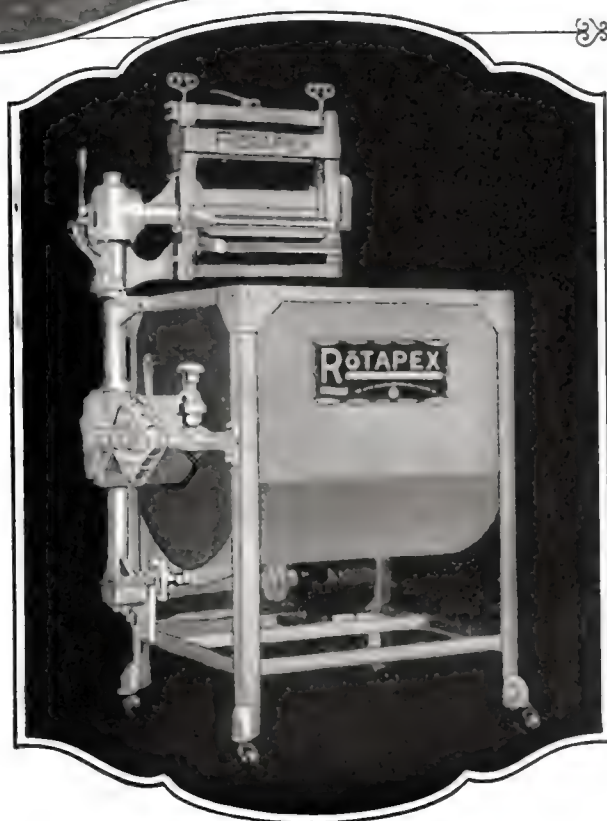
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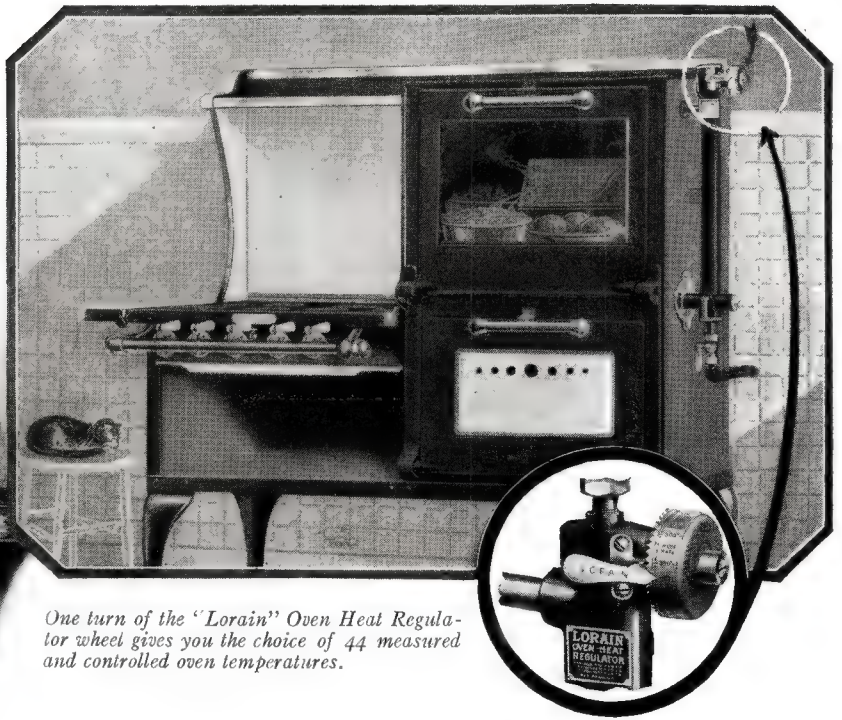
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"Now I have time to motor, shop and enjoy the social life that means so much to any woman."

## The bride who was imprisoned in a kitchen

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1921



## The League for Longer Life

fore, the character of the diet, or the effect produced by the strenuous life of the man on the digestive functions that leads to the failure to utilize the albumin which is in his food or more properly the serum-albumin of the blood, is a point difficult to decide. I do not claim to be able to pass judgment on this point.

I may call the attention of my readers, however, to one or two rather suggestive facts. If the intake of nitrogenous food, that is, protein, is diminished it is evident that the digestive organism has a less quantity to take care of. It has been shown in the case of diabetes that the overflow of sugar into the urine may come temporarily from excessive quantities of sugar taken into the stomach. It has been pointed out by one of the prominent Boston physicians, that since the consumption of sugar in the United States has risen from sixty to ninety pounds per head, there are four times as many cases of diabetes in Boston as there were before. There has been, however, no such increase in the quantity of nitrogenous foods. In fact, the campaign which has been made by our vegetarian friends has probably done much good in this respect; namely, to decrease the quantity of high protein foods which we consume. That, with the higher cost of protein foods, must have had some considerable effect upon reducing the total amount in our diet. Nevertheless, it seems the part of wisdom, as we approach the age when we are most subject to this form of nephritis, to diminish the quantity of protein in our foods. This is also indicated by the fact that at forty we have practically concluded our growth. If we increase in weight after forty, it is not due to any increase in our nitrogenous tissues, such as bones and muscles, skin and hair. Any increase after forty is much more likely to be in fat. When one has attained his growth, then the only protein food he needs is that sufficient to repair the natural waste of the tissues.

### Diminish Protein After Forty

It seems reasonable, therefore, to advise a person who has attained the age of forty years to diminish, by a very considerable amount, the high protein foods to which he has been accustomed. Among these I might mention particularly, meat, fish, poultry, and eggs. Eggs in particular seem to be singled out for temperate use. The albumin which is the particular symptom of Bright's disease is almost identical in composition with the white of egg. I am not prepared to say that it is derived from the white of egg. It may be derived from other nitrogenous tissues, as the blood, changed into the albuminous type in the process of digestion or absorption. But, whatever the source may be, it is the part of wisdom to diminish the amount of the raw material on which abnormal conditions may work.

Diabetes is not regarded as a kidney disease, but albuminuria, which is another form for Bright's disease, is regarded as one form of kidney disease, that is, nephritis or inflammation of the kidney. The lesions in the kidney are pronounced and, to this extent, the kidney seems to be intimately associated with albuminuria, while it is only a vehicle to carry off the excess of sugar in diabetes.

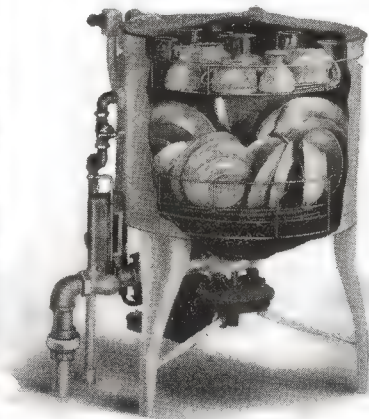
The age from forty to sixty, as has already been pointed out, is the fruitage age of humanity. Take the case of the ordinary individual. These are the years of his greatest output, no matter in what industry he may be engaged. It is customary, in many cases, to look upon a man who has passed his fiftieth birthday as already an old man. It is probable that in some cases this is so, but not as a rule. In fact, while from forty to fifty, one may have a greater amount of energy, his actual attainment and output are very likely to be much greater from fifty to sixty than they were from forty to fifty. This comes from his experience and adaptability to the thing he is doing. He has acquired skill, tolerance, and knowledge which permit him, with the same expenditure of energy, to turn out a much larger quantity

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## The League for Longer Life

of product. The protection, then, of these fruitful years from such a dreadful catastrophe as albuminuria is of the highest economic and social importance.

One fine thing which the League for Longer Life will secure for its members is, by the frequent medical examinations, to detect the very first appearance of this disease. It is quite as important as to detect the first stages of tuberculosis or diabetes. The wise physician who discovers the beginnings of this disease will at once place his patient upon a regimen constituted to remove the trouble before it has become firmly established. It is a sad thing to come in contact with an old friend whom you have not seen for many years, whose haggard look, ashy skin, and puffiness under the eyes mark the ravages of this disease. How often have I been startled, as well as alarmed, at this kind of appearance! The skilled physician and diagnostician, almost before he applies the test tube as a final index, will recognize the other outward signs of this practically incurable trouble.

I am not writing these lines to frighten anybody, but only to tell you the truth. If you desire to lengthen your days, if you are a victim of this disease, you must know it at once and take the necessary precautions.

As you will see, when we come to consider the next group, the death-rate due to Bright's disease increases even after sixty, although the number of people left to die at that period has become greatly diminished. I am almost constrained to say that for a real disease of old age, Bright's disease is to be more feared than cancer or hardening of the arteries or diabetes, and certainly by far more threatening than typhoid fever or tuberculosis, both of which seem to lose their power over human life after passing the age of fifty or sixty years.

I can give you no precautions in the way of avoiding this disease other than in the regulation of the diet and avoidance of care and worry, as I have already pointed out. Don't wait until it is fastened upon you, but begin now to restrict your intake of highly nitrogenous foods and increase, if necessary, the intake of fruits and vegetables, in order to diminish the chances of falling a victim. It is far better to begin before the test tube reveals the trouble than afterward.

## Mrs. Hogan on Marriage

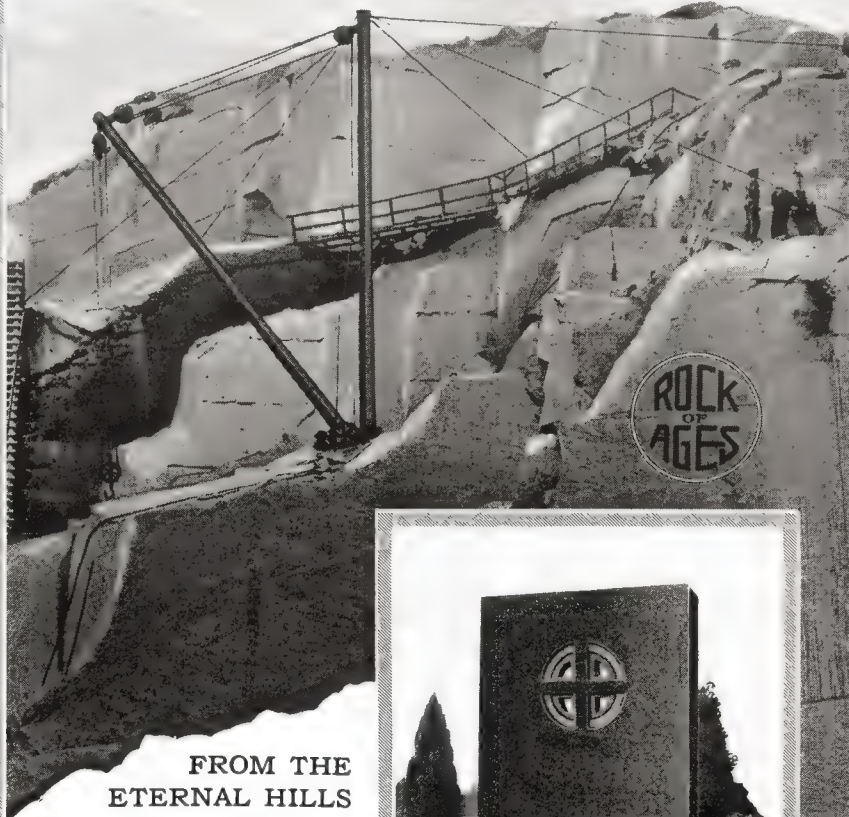
(Continued from page 50)

black eye for manny cinchies be reason av th' business min who've been rispicted in it. An' there's manny an unsuccessfull marriage that's been unsuccessfull because it was founded on successfull business principles. But I'm not tarkin' about successfull business principles; I'm only tarkin' about good wans."

Mrs. Hogan lapsed into a silence of reflection. Mrs. Cassidy rocked in her chair and sipped her tea in mild restlessness.

"But ye were tarkin' av marriage bein' a business thransaction, Mrs. Hogan?" said Mrs. Cassidy finally.

"Well, an' it is," said Mrs. Hogan. "Here we ar-re for all th' wurruld like a perpet-chool county fair av mathrimony with ivrybody ready t' buy, swap, or sell. Along comes a gintlema-an—old 'r young, they're mostly alike—with marriage in his eye. 'I'd like t' git marrid,' says he to a felly hangin' round th' gate an' doin' nothin' special. 'Blonde 'r brunette?' asks th' felly. 'Blonde' I guess' says th' gintlema-an. 'Third aisle t' th' left an' t' th' rear,' says th' felly. So back goes th' gintlema-an an' starts in. He's waited on be an old dowager in black satin an' jet, an' her daughter shows off somethin' grand—plays th' pianola an' th' phonygraft an' auction bridge, wan as good as th' other, an' with a complexion like a Californy peach in a Atlantic City hotel. She wears clo's well, too—th' gintlema-an can tell that from his experience with



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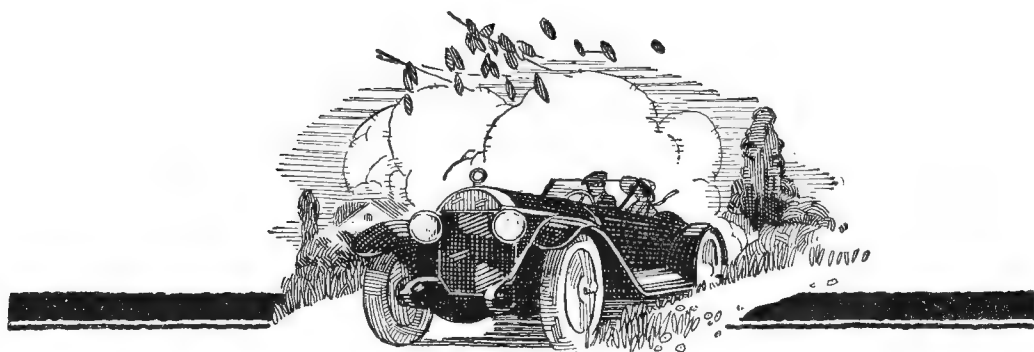


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## Mrs. Hogan on Marriage

th' feminine sex in th' Broadway shows for th' tired business ma-an. Thin he gives three cheers for th' felly that invinted Cupid, an' th' Marriage License Bureau. 'I'm in love!' says th' gintlema-an puttin' his hand where he's heard his heart is like in th' movies and reachin' for his pocketbook. So they get marrid.

"He promises to love, honor and cherish—meanin' to get for himself board an' lodgin.' An' she says love, honor, an' obey—meanin' to get for herself ready-made board with sufficient cabarets an' shows t' follow, lodgin' that'll match her clo's, an' clo's that'll not be th' worst at Pa'm Beach 'r Asbury 'r annywhere else; an' she'll obey ivry time she's ordered to injy herself. It's a beutiful ser-vice, an' th' innocint young things ar-re full av love an' thrust for each other—on thim terms.

"Th' home-nest's barely settled an' th' fir-rst instalment paid on th' furnichoor whin th' gintlema-an dhrops a wurrud about th' coffee 'r th' fried eggs, 'r annythin' else ma-aybe. 'Did ye think ye marrid a cook!' sa-ays th' la-ady wife scornful as she begins playin' Th' Maiden's Prayer in ragtime on the pianola t' hide her breakin' heart. 'I hoped I marrid a wife,' said th' gintlema-an ivir gintle an' cuttin' out th' rough-stuff as he's thryin' t'luk like he thinks Ethel Barrymore wud if she was playin' th' part. 'Thin why don't ye support her like wan,' says th' la-ady wife, 'an' have th' cukkin' done out like a gintlema-an shud?' 'I marrid for a home,' says th' gintlema-an, still off th' rough-stuff. 'Ye're a bigamist thin,' says th' la-ady wife, 'thryin' t' marry a houseful av servants in poor little me!' Th' gintlema-an gives himself pause. I wuddent degrade ye be payin' ye atchool wa-ages for thim things,' thin says th' gintlema-an av th' house, calm an' thrifty, 'yet ye shud give thim gladly, for if I don't divorce ye, I'm li'ble t' provide gin'rously for ye with some real money—afther me death an' I'm through with it.' 'O death, where is thy sting!' says th' la-ady wife softly as she begins changin' th' pianola roll. An' so it goes, Mrs. Cassidy.

"Th' gintlema-an had been tarkin' love whin he had in mind a private boardin' house for him alone with volunteer help on dooty twenty-four hours th' da-ay. Th' la-ady wife thought she was gettin' a free-handed felly with blue eyes, an' a good dancer that she'd only have t'knit a pair of silk suspenders for come Christmas. Each wan's thryin' to get th' best av th' bargain be takin' as much an' givin' as little's they can. 'Tis throe ma-an's made it wurrud in business for manny a year, but he can't ma-ake it wurrud in marriage. Though I'll s-ay this for th' min, they did they best they cud t' ma-ake it wurrud. They ma-ade ivry priest in th' wurruld a ma-an, t' help scare th' wumman back t' th' job, an' they've passed more laws t' ma-ake a wumman do a ma-an's cukkin' free for him than a body wud think possible. But ye can't ma-ake marriage succissful that way, no matter in whose hands ye put th' club."

**"I HOPE ye're not against marriage?"** said Mrs. Cassidy.

"Nivir," returned Mrs. Hogan warmly, "far from it. Marriage, as me Dinny says when he's thryin' t' flatter me—an' doin' it, too—is th' greatest thing in th' wurruld. But neither a ma-an nor a wumman can get annythin' out av it if they're each wan thryin' to get more than they're givin'. An' if they aint th' same as a business thransaction, thin I dinnaw what business is comin' to. Or marriage either."

"Thin how wud ye ma-ake a marriage—if ye were th' boss?" asked Mrs. Cassidy.

"I wuddent have to," returned Mrs. Hogan, reminiscently, "they ma-ake thimselves annyhow. It's been done an' it's bein' done—an' there's manny av us that knows it. It's th' sa-ame County Fair av Mathrimony with th' bands playin' their volupchus choons, an' th' flags an' flowers a-wavin', an' ivrybody all



## Mrs. Hogan on Marriage

dressed up in th' wondherful clo's an' complexions that comes only wanst in a lifetime. Th' young fellys an' th' young gurruls is a-weavin' up an' down through th' crowds an' sizin' each other up bashful-like—or sometimes some is bashful-like, annyhow—an' th' fir-rst thing you or I or annybody else knows, there's a young felly an' a young gurrul a-sittin' in a hammick with th' moon above thim bossin' th' show all soft an' silv'ry—an' makin' a good job av it too. It shelters their eyes with its shadow so ye can commit no sacrilege be lukkin at th' dawn in their eyes. Wanst in a while they tark with their lips—but not often, f'r wurruds has become tur'ble coarse. But down below, their hearts is tarkin' unbeknownst—an' tarkin' straight business like a couple av insurance adjusters acrost a desk in a downtown office.

"'As a business thransaction,' says th' young felly's heart, 'I promise to pay to ye, share an' share alike, win, lose or draw, what I've got 'r what I'll get with yer help an' inspiration; an' ye won't have t' wait till I'm dead t' come inty what ye've helped t'ma-ake.' 'Tis only fair,' says th' young gurrul's heart, thryin' t' act nachral, 'for th' wurrul I'll do for ye with head an' hand is worth no less than th' hired head an' hand av annywan else—an' me life'll be in th' job. I'll earn me wa-ages,' says th' young gurrul's heart, 'before I'll ask ye t' think av th' love that goes inty it.' An' thin there's a stop for a momint. 'An' if I love ye too—what's th' har-rm?' says th' young felly's heart. 'An' what thin,' goes on th' young felly's heart, 'have ye t' thrade with me?'"

"'I'LL give ye a woman's honor, no matter what yer own past has been,' says th' young gurrul's heart. 'I'll give ye childher, an' motherhood, an' ambition that'll hold ye to a fairer course than ivir man steered for himself. I'll give ye vision av half th' wurruld that ye'll never see but with a gurrul at yer side—an' I'll share your life, blow har'rd or soft, like th' war-rm blood av yer own heart.' 'That sounds like a good business thrade for me, all right,' says th' young felly's heart, 'but I don't think th' little I can give ye'll be quite enough. I dinnaw how t' ma-ake it more—I'm givin' ye all I have—I'll have t' thry, an' ma-ake it up somehow,' says th' young felly's heart, 'for I want ye very much.' 'Well,' says th' young gurrul's heart, very business-like, 'if that's th' way ye feel about it, I think we can make a business thransaction av it. 'For,' says th' heart av th' young gurrul, 'that's just th' way. I feel about it, too—for there's so much t' give whin ye thry t' do business with th' heart—so it's a bargain, ye ould rapsclion heart, ye.' An' thin th' two hearts shake hands acrost th' desk t' bind th' bargain, an' th' first thing ye know, on th' floor above there's a young felly an' a young gurrul a-kissin' each other an' not knowin' whether they're in a hammick or heaven. 'An' thin, Mrs. Cassidy, th' moon's out av wan job an' has t' go lukkin' for another, while pretty soon some felly in a black soot with a collar that buttons in th' back is goin' t' ma-ake annythin' from a ten-dol'ar gold piece on up."

"I don't think so av arl," said Mrs. Cassidy with vagueness but no uncertainty of conviction.

"Ye have plinty av comp'ny, Mrs. Cassidy," replied Mrs. Hogan, "for there's manny a romantic soul besides you that thinks marriage is locking a la-ady an' gintlema-an in th' same set av leg-irons an' hand-cuffs to be sentenced as lovin' helpmeets for life—owin' to wan onfortchnit slip av th' tongue that got thim engaged. They'd have th' same motto for business that they wud for marriage an' no better."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Cassidy.

"'Caveat embtor,'" said Mrs. Hogan, "which Father Flynn, who tarks Latin like a book, says means 'Let the buyer beware.'"

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## "Two Women... at a Mill"

(Continued from page 20)

Old Hettie, having fumed away her wrath overnight, found Turley in the morning. The girl lay inert, her muddy heels on the spotless counterpane, her little, transparent fingers stained with earth and burning like flames in the cold room. Hettie, who had sulked all night in futile solitude, rolled the girl over and regarded the glazed strangeness of her eyes with no trace of relenting.

"If you've caught the chills with your tantrums, it serves you right," she said grimly. "Get your clothes off like a Christian! I'll make you some hoarhound tea when I git the milkin' done!"

When the milk was strained in the spring-house, and every crock meticulously skimmed, and the calves fed, old Hettie found Turley still across her bed, her drabbed gingham skirt rumpled under her. Hettie looked at her, baffled. The Featherlys had never been sick. Hume's father had dropped dead turning a cider press. Hettie had no instinct for nursing. In her mind illness was linked with shiftlessness and other vices. She pulled off the girl's shoes and unfasted her clothes.

"Pore as a snake!" she snapped as she noted Turley's sunken chest and bulging collar-bones.

It was raining outside, and a raw, friendless chill stole in around the windows and made the old woman's hands clumsy. Awkwardly she dressed the fevered, muttering girl in a starched cotton nightgown and rolled her between icy sheets. Then she marched downstairs to the warm kitchen, a stern and virtuous tightness about her mouth. It was all of a piece for Hume's wife to take the chills now with planting time coming and lambs to tend to! Shameless piece—talking over the fence to Strong Bailey as bold as brass!

A thought occurred to Hettie—an idea so insidious, so arresting, that she let the hoarhound mixture boil over on the immaculate stove. She thrust it out of her mind swiftly, startled. Hettie Featherly was hard with the narrow, beaten hardness which grows out of solitude and the relentlessness of an iron code of duty, but she was not a wicked woman. Yet the thought came seeping back persistently, and a certain perverse niche in her brain harbored it.

Sick people died! Ignorant as Hettie was, she knew Turley was desperately sick.

Dutifully, as though her pious soul sought to do battle with the evil suggestion, she strained the hoarhound tea and rendered it palatable with sugar. Then she carried it up to the cold room and forced spoonfuls of it between the girl's hot, twitching lips. Turley was babbling now, and complaining about a pain. So Hettie concocted a hot poultice of bran and onions and put it on the sick girl's chest. Then she tramped out to feed, but the sly, sinister thought went with her. It troubled her peace, so that when a pitchfork clattered down in the mow, she trembled as though an accusation had been hurled at her.

That night Hettie could not sleep, though she ached with weariness. Turley's breathing had grown stertorous, and the rasp of it drifted down the stairs. The cat, forgotten, mewed reproachfully on the cellar door, and two calves, accustomed to Turley's wheedling ways, had upset their buckets of feed and bawled hungrily. The house was still with the hollow, waiting stillness that made Hettie lie stiff and chilled in her bed, listening in spite of herself for sounds from upstairs—for the monotonous breathing or a faint, delirious chatter.

Sick people died! By midnight Hettie was drawn with a taut fear which had in it the sickening heaviness of guilt. She told herself angrily that it was not her fault that Hume's wife lay gasping above. But the fear persisted, and her restlessness increased, until she crept shaking from her blankets and lighted a lamp. A gaunt, shaking old specter in

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Everyone has it. What? See page 159.

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FOLDS COMPACTLY

## "Two Women... at a Mill"

white, with a plaid shawl about her shoulders, she stirred the coals in the stove and put on more wood. Then she climbed the stairs.

Turley lay low in the bed, lips parted, eyes sunken. The chill of the room made Hettie's teeth rattle. Rain, the searching, icy deluge of early spring, swished cheerlessly against the thin clapboards and battered on the roof.

Hettie looked at the sick girl speculatively. Turley was light—pitifully light. She slipped a brown, stringy arm under the frail shoulders and lifted Turley as though she had been a child. Breathlessly she staggered with her down the steep stairs. The room below was warm, and she laid the girl in her own bed. The wispy body sank gratefully into the warmth of the feathers. Dressing herself, Hettie sat down grimly in the high-backed rocker, her black sunbonnet nodding as she dozed.

**F**OR three nights Hettie Featherly sat in that rocker, keeping her stern vigil, while Turley battled for breath and moaned with pain. Her emaciated body grew hourly more ethereal as the fever consumed it. By day Hettie tramped, tramped back and forth down the gravelly slope to the spring-house where the stream was roiled with the rains and the butter floated unheeded, out to the lot where the bewildered cows paced half-tended, and then back to the house to wait tensely at the door for the sound of that anguished breath. Each rasp of it sounded in Hettie's tormented old ears like a reprieve for her own soul. It was as if her treacherous thought had inveigled death into the house and she was made a reluctant conspirator with grim terror.

She grew haggard, and her militant body sagged. A nagging cough troubled her, and she brewed pennyroyal tea for that. There were doctors in the town, but Hettie dreaded and distrusted them. She made poultices doggedly, and kept fires at night, and briefly dismissed the field hand who offered help.

From him, however, she gathered a drop of comfort. There was a sight of sickness around, he told her. People were dying like flies—there had been nine burials in Bethel graveyard that week. Hettie distilled a balm from this with which to salve her smarting conscience. She could not help it if people died. She could not help it if Turley died.

"You wanted her to die!" accused a voice within her. "You wanted the farm—alone!"

Alone! A house so hollowly still that the footsteps of a prowling cat thundered through the rooms! A house so empty that the dust swam giddily in wide spaces, possessing it as dust possesses a place forsaken! No footsteps moving lightly in the kitchen. No door closed softly. No sound of quarreling, no disputes, no more the monotonous satisfaction of elaborating her own angry harangue! Only stillness and that labored breath—and when it ceased—

"No! No!" screamed old Hettie Featherly aloud in panic. She turned and fled from the house, haunted by that accusing voice, cut to the mow where the spring sun came in warmly and where the window looked out upon brown fields and orchards black and misty—and upon far hills, where the light lay long and where a feather of smoke plumed to the sky. There Hettie leaned against a rafter and looked off into the kindling sky as though absolution burned like a holy candle in that sanctuary of gold and amethyst and dying rose.

She felt old, suddenly old and desolate. The white house sprawling dominantly among the Bailey barns seemed very far away, and in between lay the width of appalling loneliness. The belligerent self-sufficiency which had upheld her for fifty years seemed crumbling into a whimpering weakness. She was afraid—afraid of being alone—afraid of her own warped and bittered soul.

She crept back into the house and halted at the door to listen. Turley was still breathing

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# How my husband and I chose a vacuum cleaner

*Our search for the best cleaner on the market and how we found it*

BY A WOMAN WHO DOES HER OWN WORK



ABOUT a month ago I reached a point in housekeeping where I decided one of two things was going to happen. "Harry," I said, "either I am going to become a physical wreck, or the house will have to go dirty."

Harry put down his paper and looked at me not really thinking I was serious. "Great Scott," he said, "is it as bad as all that?"

"I should say it is," I replied. "I guess you don't know much about sweeping. You don't know what a tiresome, dirty job it is. And the worst of it is, the job is never finished and the house is never really clean. The dust you stir up with the broom settles back again on everything. It keeps you either sweeping or dusting nine-tenths of the time. It is just about hopeless. I'm completely tired out."

"I'm mighty sorry, Bess," he said. "I didn't know. I wish you'd told me sooner. But why don't you buy a vacuum cleaner?"

"I suppose it's because they cost so much," I replied. "I've always thought we couldn't afford one."

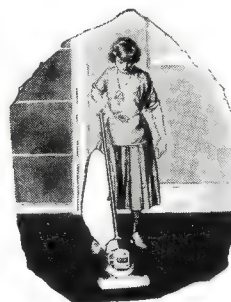
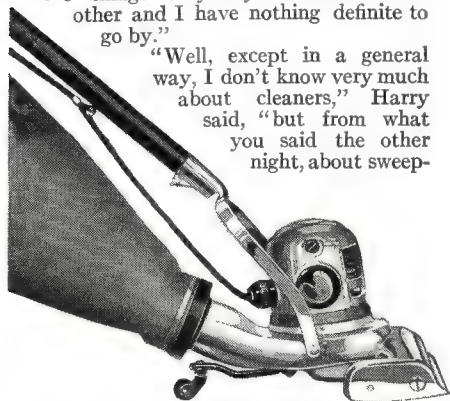
"Do you know how much they cost?" Harry asked.

"Why no, not exactly," I told him, "but they do cost a lot, don't they?"

"No, I think you'll be surprised that they cost so little, and they are certainly cheap in comparison to your health. You go buy one tomorrow."

So I set out to buy a cleaner. I went shopping for one the very next afternoon. In fact, I went shopping several afternoons, but when Harry asked me a few days later, "Bought that cleaner yet?" I had to confess that I hadn't. "The trouble is," I said, "that there are so many different cleaners on the market that I can't seem to choose the best one. All the dealers claim theirs is the best, but the things they say contradict each other and I have nothing definite to go by."

"Well, except in a general way, I don't know very much about cleaners," Harry said, "but from what you said the other night, about sweep-



**Point No. 1** It must really clean without scattering dust in the room—that most unpleasant of all the broom's many disadvantages. The Ohio Electric Cleaner is absolutely dustless in operation. No dust rises in the room or escapes through its double dust bag. It easily draws dirt through rug or carpet.

**Point No. 4** It must be able to clean corners because you want the corners to be just as clean as the center of the floor. If the cleaning nozzle is awkward in shape or if the ends are blocked with wheels, corners will be dirty. The nozzle of the Ohio is scientifically designed to clean the squar- est corner that ever existed.



**Point No. 2** It must pick up lint, threads, hairs, etc., without injuring the rug or carpet. The Ohio does not use an electrically driven brush. This provides high speed in the motor, powerful suction and a slowly moving brush that picks up lint, threads, hairs, etc., yet will not injure the finest rug or carpet.



**Point No. 5** It must have attachments for cleaning everything. Bear in mind that the floor is not the only thing to be cleaned. There are upholstered furniture, beds, etc. Attachments easy to fit on and easy to take off must be provided for this. The Ohio has a full set of attachments that will clean every object in the house.



**Point No. 3** It must save moving heavy furniture. It must be so constructed that you can push it under the average table, divan, bed, bureau, etc., so that you won't have to move them around. The Ohio is designed as low down to the floor as possible so that you can push it under any average piece of furniture.

**Point No. 6** It must be as light in weight as possible. The Ohio is light in weight—only 11½ pounds. It is easy to lift, and of course requires only a small fraction of 11½ pounds of force to push it over your rugs. It has good balance and is surprisingly easy to use. It is so very much easier to use than the broom.



ing, there are several points that I'd make sure the cleaner I bought would cover. I take it that the ideal vacuum cleaner would keep whatever advantages there are of sweeping with a broom and would correct its big disadvantages without introducing any new faults of its own. Let's get the facts down on paper and see what they look like."

So we did, and I have set all six of them down here so that you can use them, too, if you want to.

These points made the whole thing as simple as could be. I took them with me the next afternoon, and checked up the different machines by them. I found that the Ohio measures up to every point. So I

decided the Ohio was as nearly perfect as a cleaner could be and the way it works in the house is absolutely satisfactory. I'm sure if you buy one, too, you will be very, very glad you did.

The six cleaning points which were thus set down as a guide, are carefully reproduced on this page. A little book has been prepared by The United Electric Company which elaborates these points, and furnishes a complete guide to making a choice of a vacuum cleaner. A copy will gladly be sent to you, free of charge, if you will write direct to The United Electric Company, 1302—8th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio, and ask for a copy of "Choosing a Vacuum Cleaner."



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**PREMO**  
**ECLIPSE**  
**GAS RANGE**



## "Two Women...at a Mill"

hoarsely. Hettie prodded the fire into life and boiled water fiercely. Until midnight she worked without slackening, fighting that failing breath, fairly dragging each labored, ragged respiration from the girl's sunken chest. Then Turley began to writhe with pain, and Hettie sank dispiritedly into her chair. She did not know that her frantic efforts were opening seared, choked cells in the girl's lungs, that healing oxygen was fighting the devouring of disease, and that the battle was agony.

"She's a-goin'," whispered Hettie to herself. "It ain't no use—she's a dyin'."

She slumped exhaustedly, a piteous brown huddle topped by a shuddering black bonnet. Her head throbbed dully. She had been so many nights without sleep. And though the spring night was warm and the stove glowed, she quaked in every muscle with a biting, clammy cold. She was old—old and lonely and worn with the warring of her stormy soul. She was tired with such weariness that her very limbs cried out in protest, and yet her tortured conscience goaded her on.

"I've got to get a doctor," she said. "I've got to fetch—somebody!"

She staggered up and lighted the lantern. The kitchen fire was nearly out, but she did not wait to replenish it. Groping, she reached the barn and fought back the heavy sliding doors. The high old buggy, seldom used in winter, stood behind a farm wagon, the shafts fastened to the beams above. She climbed up weakly and struggled with the fastenings. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands shook. She wrapped herself in the laprobe and sat in the buggy, the bridle across her knees, waiting for the chill to pass. Her head fell backward with a jar, but she jerked upright, fighting a smothering desire to sleep. A pain like a tightening band was girdling her body, shortening her breath. She gripped the bridle and slid stiffly out of the buggy.

She would ride the black mare. It would be warmer riding. She was so cold—so cold—

**STRONG** Bailey, riding defiantly up the boundary lane that separated the Featherly orchard from the grazing lands of the Baileys, looked across the Featherly lands, his brow furrowed.

Under the melting April sun the place wore a deathly stillness. The barn doors were open, but the stock had not been turned out, though it was late afternoon. The little, weather-beaten cabin in the bottoms, where the hired hand lived, was bleakly still. Strong knew that Thad Burnet, who farmed the Featherly land, had died that morning.

So was the Featherly house still. There was no smoke, no stir, no opened door, no blue apron flitted briefly at the pump, no black bonnet moving like a shadow toward the spring-house. Strong Bailey sat still, his hat tipped back, his dark, handsome face troubled. Then with a sudden, plunging movement he drove his chestnut mare over the low rail fence into the Featherly orchard, where little green plants were spreading like tender stars over the brown mud.

He rode slowly past the spot where two years before Hume Featherly had cursed him and called him a name intolerable to the fighting Baileys. Past the limber-twig tree where the mark of his own pistol was still indented in the mud in spite of the rains, past the boulders by the fence where Hume Featherly's shotgun lay, broken and rusted, until he gained the miry yard and the trampled stack.

Here he waited, but there was no challenge, no shrill voice evicting him furiously. A calf penned in a shed blatted in dreary woe, and he could hear horses tramping, but there was no sign of the two women.

Strong leaped down and tethered the mare to the barn door. Then he saw Hettie Featherly. With the bridle across her body, she lay in the shadow between the wheels of



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## "Two Women...at a Mill"

the wagon. Her black bonnet had fallen off, and her haggard face was upturned in the straw with the cleansed pallor of peace upon it. Her mouth was softened with a smile of absolved content. She was dead. Her hands, clutching the bridle, were already chill.

Strong Bailey, who had slain a man and laughed, stood up a bit white about the lips, and took off his hat.

Hettie had been a woman hewn of iron, but so worn was she that the man lifted her easily. He carried her into the kitchen, treading softly in the oppressive silence, and laid her on a lounge in the corner. The house was cold and still. A cat, curled on the quilt for warmth, leaped up and spit at him as he straightened Hettie's cramped hands across her breast. And then he heard a voice calling through the hollow house.

"Mother!" It was a hoarse and feeble cry. "Mother!"

Strong tiptoed into the other room. The air was icy, and the stove cold. A night and a dragging day had passed since Hettie Featherly had staggered out of the house, herself already smitten to death. Sunk in the wide bed, her face so transparent and wasted that her eyes looked out of it like cornflowers blooming in a skull, Turley Featherly lay and stared at him. Strong saw that she had been very near to death and that her life still flickered like a tiny flame in a spent heap of white ashes.

"I want mother," she said huskily.

Strong Bailey came of a dark, passionate race of strong men, fearless, unscrupulous, but the piteous tragedy of Hettie Featherly lay over his young spirit like a blight. It showed in his face. The girl, too weak to lift her head, read it in his eyes, and her lips parted in a weak, childish cry, that made Strong Bailey's throat swell and choke.

"I want mother," wailed Turley.

And something in the cry sweetened the bleak house of its sour and stormy loneliness, crept on the relenting April air through rooms made squalid with quarrels, purged away the bitterness and the memory of bitterness. Love was in it, love which levels dead, decaying hates so that little sunny flowers may grow above the stubble.

Strong Bailey, groping out of the room because his eyes were dim, his boyish insolence gone, his only thought how quickest to fetch his mother, saw that the quaver of Turley's waking cry had reached the dulled, dead ears of stern old Hettie Featherly.

Very still and cold she lay. But on her face was a smile—a mother smile!

## Our Girls!

(Continued from page 23)

influence the welfare of their country and society as compared to the tremendous power of their personalities and ideals of conduct. I wondered how many homes would be made happy by these young people through the qualities of industry, service, good cheer, charity, sympathy, and unselfishness and how many homes would be made miserable by friction, back-biting, jealousy, laziness, and self-indulgence. Are we not here considering the very taproots of human happiness and human misery? There are many philosophers who will assure us that this is a world of sorrow and that it is unreasonable to aspire to make it a world of happiness, but I have always felt that this was a sickly and jaundiced viewpoint. It is the little things in life that interfere with true happiness; it is the minor frictions and pin-pricks, the mean and contemptible little human traits, that keep us from our true heritage of good cheer and satisfaction in living. A thin veil woven of gossamer threads of small human weaknesses and meannesses alone separates us from a joyous world.

I believe I have said enough to disclose my diagnosis of the present materialistic and

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## Fruit Recipes that keep the Spring Menu healthful, tempting and economical

By Miss Alice Bradley  
Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass.

THE value of a well-planned meal is being appreciated more and more as we better understand the requirements of the body for those foods that promote health. Especially in the spring, after months of hearty eating and too little exercise, do we need fruits and vegetables to regulate the system and help to throw off accumulated poisons. Years ago doctors prescribed spring bitters and grandmothers dosed their families with sulphur and molasses and herb tea. Now we know that such things are not necessary if fruits and vegetables have been included in the diet throughout the winter and if they are served abundantly during the spring months.

Of course fresh fruits are out of the question for most people in winter, and even at this season of the year, on account of their scarcity and high cost. But that need not keep anyone from serving the finest fruits grown every day in the year at really economical expense. In our school work we use canned fruits and vegetables all the year round in making hundreds of delicious healthful dishes to suit the season. We really prefer DEL MONTE fruits and vegetables in many instances to the fresh product because we know they are always of the same high quality—choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards—"packed where they ripen the day they are picked"—and brought to one's table with all the natural fresh flavor and delicacy that kindest nature can impart. Even during the fresh fruit season we often find DEL MONTE products more economical than fresh fruit of equal quality, and of course being ready to serve they are always very much more convenient to use.

The wide variety of DEL MONTE products and the many tempting ways to use them enable us to vary our fruit dishes as much as we please. Frequently we use them just as they come from the can, but more often in salads, desserts and the made-up dishes that add a touch of charm and novelty to every-day meals. Here are a few particularly good examples of how you can use DEL MONTE fruits to keep the spring menu healthful, tempting and economical.

### Peach Pie

Put syrup from 1 can Del Monte Peaches in sauce pan, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and cook peaches a few at a time until glazed. To syrup add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons cornstarch mixed with 1 tablespoon cold water and cook until thickened. Remove 6 halves of peaches, cut remainder in thin slices and add thickened syrup. Fill baked pastry crust with the peaches, garnish with reserved peach halves and with meringue.

### Apricot Bavarian Cream

In double boiler put 1 level tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 cup syrup drained from Del Monte Apricots, 2 egg yolks, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Mix thoroughly, cook over hot water, stirring constantly until slightly thickened, and strain. Add 1 cup sliced apricots and set in pan of ice water. When slightly stiffened beat until light and fold in a stiffly beaten egg whites and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy cream, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled mold decorated with pieces

of apricot, chill, remove from mold, garnish with halved apricots and whipped cream.

### Quick Cherry Pudding

Mix 1 cup bread flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and 1 level tablespoon baking powder. Add 1 cup Del Monte Cherries stoned and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Put in small greased individual molds or cups and steam ten minutes. Stone remaining cherries and cut in pieces, add cherry syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar and few grains salt. Boil ten minutes and serve with puddings.

### Del Monte Pears with Chocolate Sauce

Drain 1 can Del Monte Pears, sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup powdered sugar and sauté in 3 tablespoons butter until brown. Arrange in serving dish. To butter in frying pan add 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with syrup drained from pears and 1 square of chocolate. Stir and boil 1 minute. Pour around pears and serve hot or cold.

For over 500 other equally delightful ways to use canned fruits and vegetables all the year round you should send for

"Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," For a free copy write to Department A, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Cherry Pudding

Peach Pie

Pears with Chocolate Sauce

Apricot Bavarian Cream



The DEL MONTE shield on canned foods stands for highest quality and finest flavor, insured by a rigid and scientific inspection made possible only through long experience and ceaseless devotion to the DEL MONTE ideal of perfection.





*A WOMAN'S CLOSET—what a mysterious, fascinating place it is! What a wealth of fluttery feminine things it holds—soft, frilly little blouses, intimate, delicate lingerie, ruffy, rippling frocks and underskirts! And what a joy to see them hanging there spotlessly sweet and clean!*

And what a simple matter to have everything snowy white when a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer stands alert and waiting. You notice its bright copper tub, and see with pleasure that there's not a thing in it to rub against or catch the clothes, not a part to lift out and clean after the wash is finished.

You examine the swinging reversible wringer, which also works electrically and which sends the clothes through it silently and swiftly.

Greatest of all, you appreciate that magic figure 8 movement—an exclusive feature of the 1900. Back and forth through the clothes swirls that soapy cleansing water—in a figure 8 motion—which sends the water through them with *every motion of the tub and four times as often as in the ordinary washer.*

The 1900 works easily and smoothly at a cost of a few cents an hour, does its work in 8 to 10 minutes, and washes everything—even heavy linens—equally well.

*If you want to know more about the 1900, send for interesting book, George Brinton's Wife, a book of fiction with some surprising facts included.*



*The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.*

## 1900 CATARACT WASHER

THE 1900 WASHER CO.  
200 Claxton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office:  
CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO.  
337 Vinge St., Toronto



## Our Girls!

neurotic tendencies among our young people. We do not have to go to the mid-Victorian period for a standard of true womanhood. This standard has not really varied, at least in the Occident, during civilized ages. Customs have varied, but there is only one standard of womanhood that intelligent people could subscribe to in this age or any other age, and that is not a standard including lack of womanly reserve or reckless, promiscuous fraternizing on a basis of caressing intimacy with comparative strangers. We have the right in this age as in any other age to expect our womankind to make a high spiritual appeal. We have the right to expect that they will stem the tide of materialism that is always set against us and not convey the invitations to laxness and decadence.

There is no surer test of the trend of a civilization than the standards established by its womankind.

As a corrective, therefore, for much that is disintegrating and discouraging in this present age, we suggest a rallying of the forces of true womanhood—of our girls and women who are wholesome and healthy at heart, however they may lend themselves temporarily to the mob psychology of the hour and assume a superficial recklessness wholly foreign to their true character. Healthful activity automatically excludes unhealthy activity.

### The Camp Fire Slogans

Perhaps there could be no better expression of the principle involved in cultivating and giving play to wholesome and healthful activities in woman's sphere than the program of the Camp Fire Girls. The slogans used by that organization are, in themselves, an inspiring appeal to the healthy-minded, and the mind and character of an individual must be sick indeed if it can decry or condemn the call of such a program. These slogans are as follows:

Seek Beauty  
Give Service  
Pursue Knowledge  
Be Trustworthy  
Hold on to Health  
Glorify Work  
Be Happy.

Also mark the Fire Maker's Desire:

As fuel is brought to the fire,  
So I purpose to bring  
My strength,  
My ambition,  
My heart's desire,  
My joy and  
My sorrow  
To the fire of humankind;  
For I will tend  
As my fathers have tended  
And my father's fathers  
Since time began  
That fire which is called  
The love of man for man,  
The love of man for God.

The late Dr. Luther Gulick, than whom there was no more critical diagnostician of social needs, especially as related to these particular questions of training for true womanhood, aptly expressed the principle of education and leadership rather than that of rebuke or punishment, when he stated, "The basis of Camp Fire is appreciation; its entire system of elective honors is based upon the giving recognition for attainments accomplished in the simple and modest things of daily life. The recognition of effort and attainment is an incentive to do more. Camp Fire possesses no organ for punishment or correction. It devotes its energies to discovering and bringing out the good things that lie within each girl."

It is indeed along these lines that we must proceed, and always we must bear in mind the need for patience and understanding of these tender and complex organisms that are entrusted to our charge. It is often difficult to



"See how these furs are ruined"

"—and I took all the trouble to pack them away in a trunk."

"But, my dear, that isn't safe at all," said Mrs. Common-Sense Good-Taste. "Why don't you use the—"

## ★ WHITE TAR GARMENT BAGS



3 Garments to a bag,

"That's both the safest and the easiest way to protect clothes against moths, mice, dust, germs and dampness. The bags hold anything from a fur to an overcoat. Every garment hangs on its own hanger—three garments to a bag. It's absolutely foolish *not* to take better care of your things when a few dollars spent for White Tar Bags give you 'life insurance' on thousands of dollars' worth of your family's clothes."

"I suppose it is, but I tried a garment bag and I didn't like it."

"Well you just go into a department store or a drug store and ask for the genuine White Tar Bags. They're different from the others. You'll find them the most convenient things that have ever been invented for protecting clothes. Try one—just for my sake—and I know you will put *all* your clothes away in White Tar Moth-Proof Garment Bags."

### Other White Tar Products



White Tar Paper  
—Tar or Cedarized  
for packing trunks,  
lining drawers, wrap-  
ping blankets, etc.

White Tar  
Moth Balls  
and  
White Tar  
Naphthalene  
Flakes

### 6 SIZES—From 75c to \$2.30

A bag for every style and size of garment from muffs to motor coats.

SIZE	PRICE		
	Tar	Cedar	Odorless
24 x 24 in.	\$0.75	\$1.00	\$0.85
24 x 37 in.	1.25	1.60	1.40
30 x 50 in.	1.55	1.85	1.70
30 x 60 in.	1.75	2.05	1.90
30 x 70 in.	2.00	2.30	2.10
30 x 40 in.			
"Blanket Size"	1.00	1.30	1.15
Lavender Garment Bag 24 x 50 in.... \$2.00			
Lavender Garment Bag 24 x 60 in.... 2.25			

Write for booklet

THE WHITE TAR COMPANY  
Fifty-six Vesey Street, New York



## Our Girls!

make instruction, even of the highest order, or appeal, however powerful, effective when we are dealing with a sick body. Thorough physical examination is the first requisite in child training, and a periodic physical examination of the body is a simple elementary need throughout life if the individual is to have the best chance for happiness and achievement.

This country was appalled when it learned that one-third of our young men between 21 and 31 were found unfit for war. Great Britain was staggered when it learned that only 36 percent of men between 18 and 41 could qualify for full military service. These conditions are paralleled among our young women as thousands of examinations made by the Life Extension Institute have demonstrated. The correction of this wide-spread physical deficiency is an elementary step in the upbuilding of a sound womanhood. The period of exuberant, vital, attractive youth is all too brief—needlessly so. There is no possible doubt that a reasonable application of scientific knowledge can greatly prolong it. Let us frankly admit that this is a matter of even more importance to women than to men.

With everything done to satisfy these requirements, we may then hope for substantial results in bringing out latent good qualities of our girls and assuring them the opportunity for self-expression in the highest sense of the word.

### Life Must Be a Balanced Structure

It is far from my purpose to decry mere amusement. The play faculties must have exercise, but it is a mistake to regard amusement as the foundation for a happy existence. Work is the foundation of true happiness—work in which there is some satisfaction—work that convinces an individual that she has a useful place in society—work that makes play time appreciated and provides that psychological action and reaction without which life would be a condition of hopeless boredom. It is the testimony of all time and of all ages that a mere seeker after amusement soon reaches the saturation point. Man is a struggling, working animal. He must satisfy these instincts or sickness of mind and body are both likely to result. This does not mean that work should not be intelligently selected or that direction of our activities should not be carefully considered. Vocation, Avocation, Recreation—a proper balance in all of these and wholesome cooperative team work in the business of living—this is the formula that will best serve in defeating the demon of grouch and discontent.

There is a sphere in which women are peculiarly powerful, in which they can find peculiar satisfaction and exert influences of a fundamental and directive character. This sphere is the home, as well as in those social activities where the wealth of sympathy and capacity for service, present in every normal woman's heart, can exert its blessed influence.

A word of caution to those women who are reveling in the new freedom, who believe that they are exercising that freedom most effectively in merely imitating the opposite sex, in taking over men's activities and even men's vices. There could be no more terrible calamity for the human race than for women to turn themselves into poor imitations of men. They have a sphere in which they are all-powerful. They have qualities and capacities for serving society, which if allowed to atrophy, will carry with them into decay ideals and standards without which no society that is fit to live in could long maintain itself.

Let us do everything possible, therefore, to rally the forces of sound womanhood of the nation and make unfashionable and ridiculous some of the wretched and trivial customs that have spread like contagion among our young people. It is exasperating when we consider that such customs usually arise, like some foul disease, from the activities of a limited number of malignant organisms. If

## What Shall We Give the Bride?

It must be beautiful! It must be dainty! It must be serviceable! It must last through the years to keep young her memories of the occasion and of us.

A Hall's Teapot answers the question. Like a faithful friend its value increases with time.

If you have trouble in finding Hall's Teapots, write for the name of nearest dealer and folder, "Better Tea in a Hall Pot," showing them in colors.

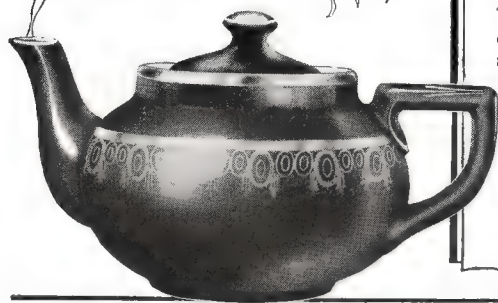
Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Always look for the circle on the bottom enclosing the words "Hall's China."

Hall China Co.  
East Liverpool, Ohio



Decorated in Gold



## \* HALL'S TEAPOTS

~ of Secret Process Fireproof China

## A Better Table for A Good Cook

### \* PORCE-NAMEL

"The Better Kitchen Table"

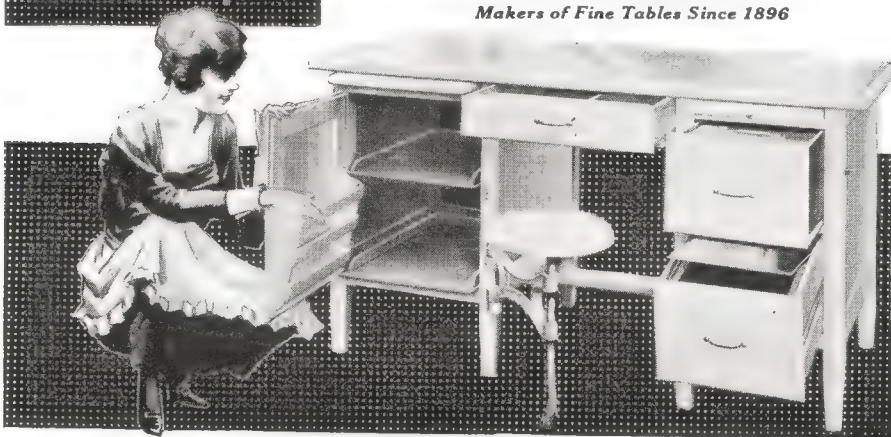
THERE is a Porce-Namel table designed especially for your kitchen—no matter what your requirements. Nine models—all with snowy, spotless porcelain tops and white enameled, inside and out—front, back and ends—afford every conceivable convenience, including an 11-inch swinging, revolving, disappearing stool. Constructed with 3-ply panels throughout, every Porce-Namel serves for life. It is the product of twenty-five years of experience, and is guaranteed.

See Porce-Namel tables at your furniture dealers. If not found there, write us. We will see that you get the proper size and style to meet your requirements.

### MUTSCHLER BROS. COMPANY

NAPPANEE, INDIANA

Makers of Fine Tables Since 1896





# A New Era In Home Refrigeration

Leonard sets the standard of efficiency and quality in home refrigeration—and as a result one out of every seven refrigerators sold is made by Leonard.

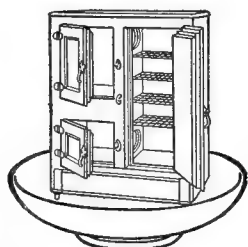
A new era in home refrigeration is yours if you select the Leonard Cleanable. The one-piece, porcelain-lined food chamber with its rounded inside corners eliminates cracks and seams that catch dirt and grease. Cleaning a Leonard is a simple matter. The triple-coated porcelain lining cannot be scratched and will not crack. Year after year it retains its pure whiteness unmarred.

## ★ LEONARD Cleanable Refrigerator

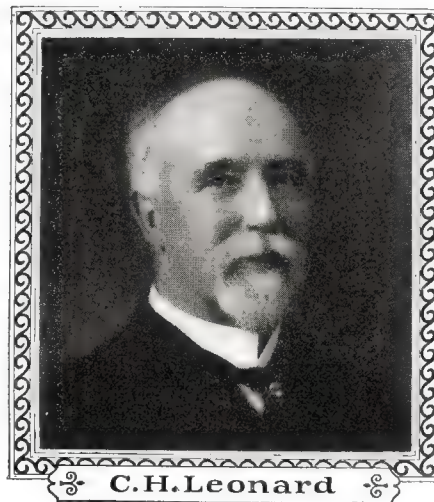
Ten heat-defying walls of insulation keep the cold in and the heat out. The constant cold, moving air is a perfect preserver of foodstuffs.

In every detail the master touch of science is to be seen: the "non-sweating" waste pipe, the Leonard patent trap, the non-leaking device, the retinned shelves, and all-metal ice rack—these are all prominent Leonard features.

You are safe in your choice of a Leonard, for it is made by the oldest and largest manufacturers of refrigerators in the world. Take your husband with you when you buy. He can advise you on the mechanics of a refrigerator.



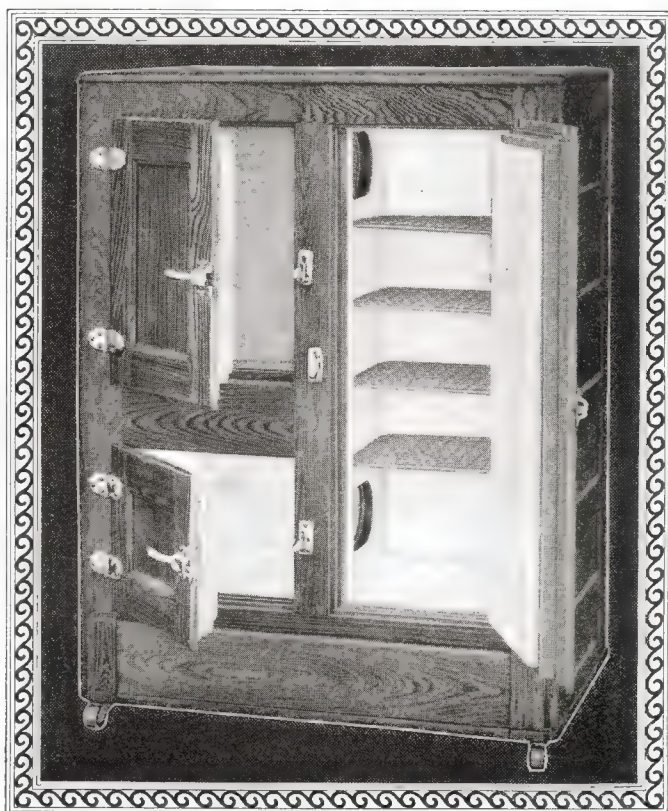
"Like a Clean China Dish"



*C. H. Leonard, builder of refrigerators for 38 years, gave the world the one-piece porcelain idea, the Leonard patent trap, the non-leaking device, the "non-sweating" waste pipe, the patented rounded inside front corner, the ten-wall insulation, the air-tight lock, and a score of other inventions which measure excellence in home refrigeration. Mr. Leonard coined the word "Cleanable" and copyrighted it. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on the "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" should be a handbook in domestic science. Write us now for your copy.*

Go to the Leonard Dealer in your town. If you fail to find him, write us—we will see that you are supplied. Send for actual porcelain sample and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY  
15 Clyde Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan





# THE GRISWOLD BOLO OVEN

THE BOLO OVEN  
*does fast baking  
and slow baking  
at the same time*



CAKE and pudding in with the roast? Why certainly—when it's a Bolo Oven!

Simply shut the door, and you have two entirely separate ovens. The upper section has just the right heat to bake those dishes which must have a moderate temperature, while in the lower is the strong heat required by a roast or fast-baking biscuits, etc.

It's the patent flue plate, the shelf in the center, which makes this unique feature possible. When you need a high oven, you simply remove the plate to the top. Think of the saving of time and fuel—baking is much easier when you don't have to wait for one dish to come out before you can put in another!

Look at a Griswold Bolo Oven carefully. It is strongly and beautifully made with many special features of construction; glass door, strong hinges, wooden handles, washable and non-rustable top, clamp door handle, etc.

THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO., ERIE, PENNA., U. S. A.

*Makers of the Bolo Oven, Extra Finished Iron Kitchen Ware, Waffle Irons, Cast Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Food Choppers, Reversible Dampers, Steel Damper Clips, Gas Hot Plates.*

★ Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*If your dealer cannot show you a Bolo Oven, send direct to us for our Bolo Oven Bulletin with full descriptions and pictures of the various models.*



## Our Girls!

there was some way to trace these morons and moral lepers who start such crazes and show them up for what they really are, the thoughtless who are led astray by such influence would quickly be shamed into contrary action.

Another insidious and deplorable influence is the condoning by many writers of these present-day tendencies; the attempt to show that standards are no lower today than they were a hundred years ago, etc. This is superficial and trivial reasoning and would be merely foolish if it were not dangerous. Murder, theft, cruelty, political corruption, every form of human crime and weakness have existed in all societies, but that is no reason why we should not fight these tendencies. It is this attitude of mind that has held back public health work and the progress of medicine, and it is the most powerful influence that is always met in struggles toward greater human freedom and happiness. Such writers are either ignorant of history or do not know that the world is in a state of flux and always has been, and that nothing is fixed, however much they may hate to be disturbed by change.

### Healthful Social Influence

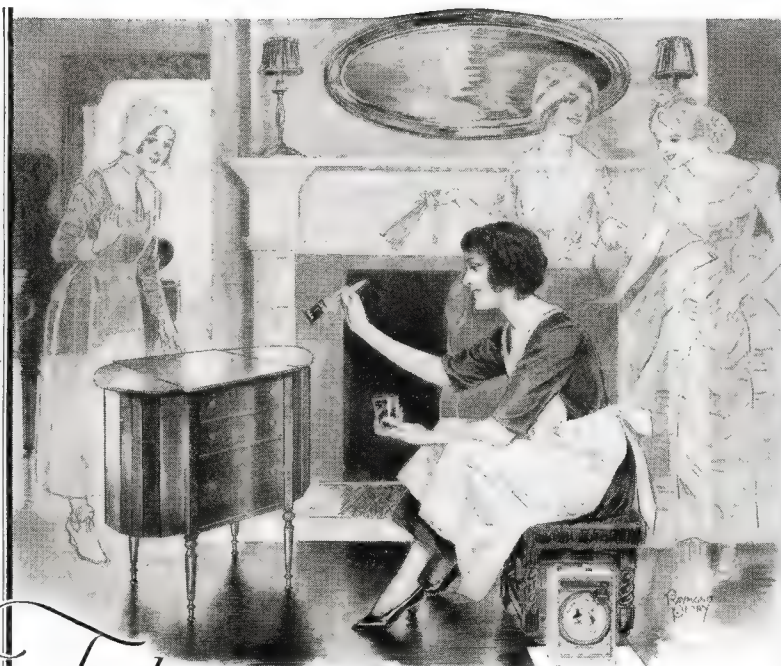
I do not know of any evidence that there is an inherent tendency to improvement in morals; we can not trust to any such influence, but must rely upon protection of our ideals and a vigorous struggle for the higher life. Nevertheless I do believe that if the proper appeal is made, there are a sufficient number of normal minds that will respond and take into their hands the work of safeguarding civilization against these moral infections and disintegrating influences. With foci of healthful influences and activities such as those included in the program of the Camp Fire Girls and other healthful foci of social influence, we may hope to set up not only defensive, but constructive machinery, and defy these pathological, menacing factors which really emanate from a very small and diseased fraction of the population. It is my firm belief that there is little hope for this country or any other country, if the youth of the land look upon woman merely "the female of the species." In the heart of every normal boy there is a flame or at least a spark of chivalry, struggling to survive the cold blasts of cynicism, ridicule, disillusionment, and moral infection. It rests with our girls to keep alight this sacred flame that has marked the difference between the degraded social condition of women of the Orient and that of our own mothers, sisters, and sweethearts whom we delight not only to honor and to serve but to make real life companions. We want no descent to Oriental standards in this country. It is important that our boys, as they come through the period of adolescence and idealism, cherish a vision of womanhood that is not in the form of a painted, leering, wriggling, cursing, half-clad, frantic distortion of humanity, seen through a haze of cigarette smoke. Cast down this wretched ideal, or rather idol, set up by the riff-raff of society, and replace it in the imagination of boyhood and youth by the vision of a "regular girl," one who

"... Walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

If this is old-fashioned, sentimental, and mid-Victorian, make the most of it.



*Fashions May Change—*  
BERRY BROTHERS QUALITY NEVER CHANGES

THREE generations of home-lovers have found Berry Brothers varnish products essential adjuncts to the home beautiful.

When the hand of Time falls heavily on a cherished piece of furniture, *Berrycraft*—the wonder-working stain finish—restores its original charm at once.

For floors and surfaces exposed to direct wear, *Liquid Granite*—the durable, water-proof floor varnish—is ideal.

Every varnish need finds a Berry Brothers product ready to fill it; and every Berry Brothers product is the culmination of long years of quality standards.

The name is your safe guide to varnish satisfaction. Write for attractively illustrated booklet—"Beautiful Homes"—sent free on request.

**BERRY BROTHERS** INC.  
World's Largest Makers  
Varnishes and Paint Specialties

Detroit, Michigan

Walkerville, Ontario



*The Luxeberry Painter Says.*

"A craftsman is only as good as his tools. That's why I use and recommend Berry Brothers varnishes. I know that the results will satisfy my customers and myself, just as they satisfied our grandparents."





## For Women's Clothes, Too

**C**URVED to fit the curves of collar and shoulders—a brush to dust your clothes either while on or off—the Fuller Clothes Brush. Its stiff China Chunking bristles actually revive the nap of the fabric while removing all the dust. Bristles you can't damage or pull out—washable—a handle of tortoise shell. It is attractive, but all like it for its serviceability. And yet—

Besides the Clothes Brush, there are forty-four other Fuller Brushes designed for special purposes, each guaranteed. All Fuller Brushes are of sanitary, open construction—can be thoroughly cleansed—are durable, and have the bristles permanently twisted in wire.

Fuller Brushes are demonstrated right in your own home. Their 69 uses are explained by our carefully supervised representatives, who are trained in household efficiency and who will bring you many worth-while ideas. If one has not called lately, write us.

★ **The Fuller Brush Company**  
Hartford, Connecticut

The Fuller Brush Company, Ltd.  
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Branch Offices in over 100 cities—consult telephone directory

**FULLER BRUSHES**  
69 USES • HEAD TO FOOT • CELLAR TO ATTIC



MARY H. NORTON

In rooms with plain walls and hangings, shades of figured, glazed chintz are both decorative and cool-looking

## The Cool-Looking Summer Home

(Continued from page 75)

a day require curtains heavy enough to temper the glare while admitting sufficient light. Silk or cotton pongee, English casement cloth, chambray, gingham, crinkled Austrian cloth, and the various light-weight sunfasts admirably fulfill this purpose.

In rooms with a cold exposure, and especially in those whose windows are inadequate in size or are shaded by trees or porches, the opposite method should be followed, and the curtains made of the most transparent fabrics which can be obtained.

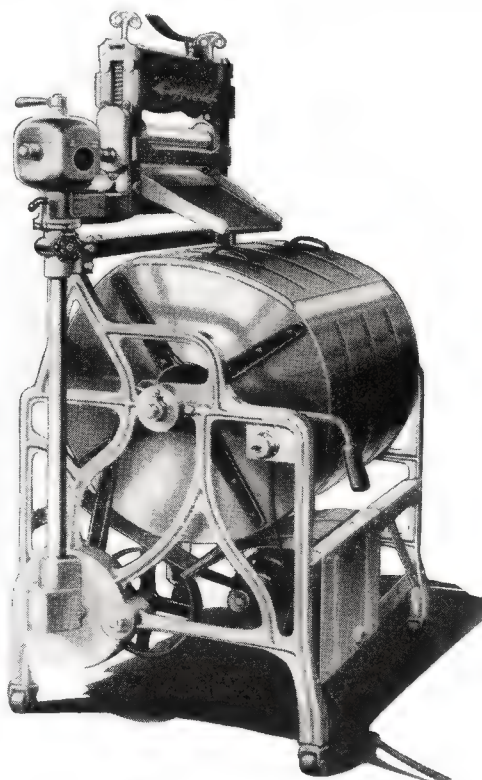
Plain or figured marquisesettes and dotted muslins and grenadines make charming curtains, and the most fascinating materials for this purpose may be found on the dress goods counters. These include all sorts of unusual novelty weaves—flowered dimities, organdies, striped and figured voiles, calicoes, and the colored Swisses so much in vogue for summer frocks. Should they fade after a time, those in plain colors can easily have their beauty restored by the use of one of the modern dyes which do not require boiling.

The new nets, both plain and figured, are obtainable in great variety. Where there are no overdraperies, the figured nets are usually preferable in order that the windows may not appear bare, and suitable patterns can be obtained for rooms of every type and period. A new idea is embodied in a single wide curtain which covers the entire window and is particularly useful for shutting out an undesirable view while admitting plenty of light. It is made very full, of fine Brussels net shirred into a band of filet lace some eight or ten inches wide, which crosses the center. The lower edge of this curtain is finished with deep fringe. Other interesting possibilities are suggested by the extra heavy nets in écru and coffee color, with coarse meshes three-eighths of an inch or more



"BUILT-IN" QUALITY INSURES FAITHFUL SERVICE

The Coffield has oilless bearings which eliminate entirely all the bother of oiling.



The Coffield runs so silently you hardly realize it is in operation.



## WHY WILL YOU CHOOSE IT?

THE Coffield Washer has so many features that are exclusively its own, that it's hard to tell which particular one causes so many discriminating folks to select it.

It may be because it works so quietly and smoothly. Perhaps it's the extra convenience of the Coffield wringer with the "touch o' thumb" water deflector which does away with awkward drainboards and wooden chutes that stick and bind.

Sometimes we think it's the simplicity of the Coffield and the ease with which it's handled.

Again it may be because people can tell at a glance that the Coffield is mighty well built and gives promise of long and faithful service.

### BUT WE DO KNOW

that when a family has a Coffield—the longer they use it the surer they are that they made the best choice. And that is a mighty satisfactory thing for us to know.

*Your Coffield Dealer is the "Washday Smile Shop."  
Let us send you his name.*

THE COFFIELD WASHER COMPANY  
DAYTON, OHIO

"Producers of Washday Smiles" for Seventeen Years.

★  
**Coffield**

WASHES THE DAINTY AS WELL AS THE DURABLE



# Luscious, Creamy, Wonderful Things in a Jiffy!

**Culinary Experts Urge Housewives  
to Note This Simple Comparison**



**WHIPPED CREAM**

Both difficult to make and expensive. You pay a high price for "double cream" which frequently will not whip. Falls quickly and spoils quickly. And you must use it immediately—all at one time. What's left over is waste. Delicious of course, and dainty. But nowadays a needless extravagance. And a million housewives will tell you so.



**HIP-O-LITE**

Richer and smoother than whipped cream and strictly ready-to-use. Has more body, and always "stands-up." Costs a fraction. Yet nearly everyone prefers it. Doesn't spoil, even after being opened. A supply on hand whenever it's needed. No waste. Costs as little as simple sugar sauces. Your grocer has it.



*That's the Caterer's way in cake and dessert making*

*—and you are asked to try it*

**N**O cooking, no mussing, no chance of failure! The most difficult of fillings, say for a "Baltimore" cake, all ready and made in less than two minutes. And the luxury of Whipped Cream, a joyous economy in everyday cookery!

That's the story in a nutshell. The reason home-made cakes and desserts are absolutely what they should be. And so much better than they used to be.

Heaped high with fluffy-white lusciousness, and as attractive as delicious, they gayly suggest the Caterer's Art.

Which is to say, they're topped with Hip-o-lite. Exquisite marshmallow creme, used by world famous caterers and chefs, put up in crystal jars and ready for you to use. "Experience unnecessary."

**See how simple it is—**

## CAKE FILLINGS AND FROSTINGS

Merely spread Hip-o-lite on the layers and over your cake, like butter on bread. This for plain Marshmallow Cake, while the more ambitious Baltimore, Fig, Cocoa-nut, Raisin—and others as "fussy" that used to take *hours!*—are quite as easily

made. You simply add the fruit and nut ingredients, that's all.

Spread it on cup cakes for the tea table. Between vanilla wafers and lady-fingers for the daintiest of marshmallow sandwiches. On graham wafers for the children. You needn't wait to bake a cake to taste the delights of Hip-o-lite.

## A dessert topping richer than whipped cream

*—that's the joy of Hip-o-lite!*

Smoother and more delicious than the richest Whipped Cream, Hip-o-lite makes luxury dainties a daily economy. "A teaspoon to a serving" is the rule to follow.

Culinary experts say to serve it "with any dessert that whipped cream would improve." And that, as you know, means all desserts.

Serve with gelatine desserts, tapioca, blanc mange—custards. Or as a special delight, with fresh fruits and berries. And then you will know how caterers make sweets so captivating.

Note too that many women thin Hip-o-lite with grape juice and other fruit juices.

Makes cold rice pudding seem a Caterer's Creation. Others thin it with milk or plain water. And that's the sauce that's served with sundaes. You have often wondered how to make it.

Just for the joy of it, try Hip-o-lite today. Your grocer has it, of course.

## These books free and postpaid

(Mail the coupon)

The *Hip-o-lite Book of Caterers' Professional Recipes*—a glimpse behind the scenes in cake and dessert making, and "*Simplified Candy Making*," said by many to be the most remarkable recipes of their kind ever published, are well worth having. The coupon brings them free. Mail it.

**HIPOLITE COMPANY,  
400 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.**

Send me without charge the Book of Caterers' Professional Recipes and Simplified Candy Making.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



## The Cool-Looking Summer Home

in diameter. These are especially appropriate for bungalows and summer cottages.

Curtains of the materials enumerated should hang inside the window casing, have a narrow heading at the top, and reach to within half an inch of the sill. When used on French doors, they may be shirred top and bottom, or the lower edge may hang free and have a finish of deep fringe as in the illustration of the attractive sun parlor at the top of page 74.

As all rules have exceptions, it may be noted that in rooms whose neutral colorings demand the enlivening effect of chintz at the windows, the need of the softening influence of net or muslin under-curtains may be felt, except at casement windows composed of small panes.

When plain walls and plain curtain materials are used, window shades of figured, glazed chintz, like those on page 174, are most decorative. These may be made at home or ordered from a shade maker, but are not carried for sale in the shops. In choosing a chintz for this purpose, it should be held to the light, for many times colors that look attractive in the piece are a disappointment when the light shines through them, and the reverse is also true.

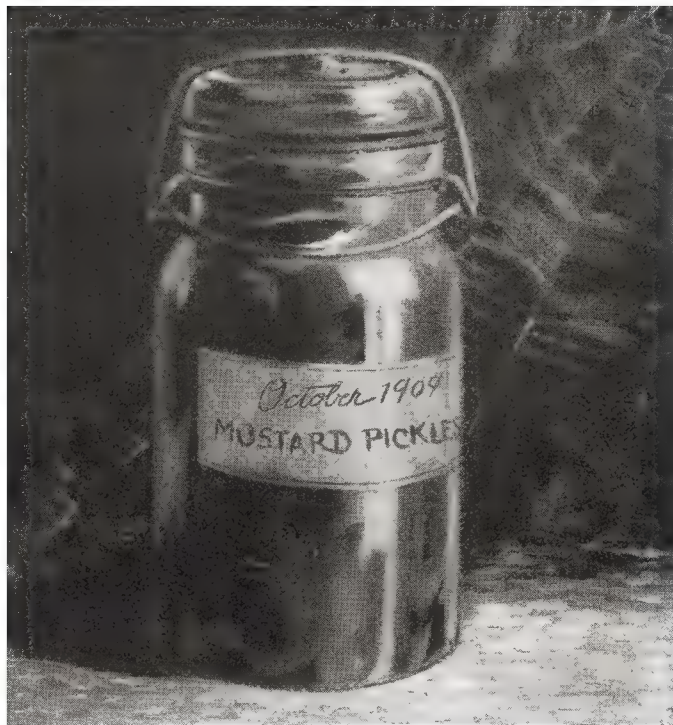
Such shades may be raised and lowered by means of long tassels made to order in one of the colors of the chintz, or with the amusing little painted wooden pulls in the form of birds, nosegays, and other ornamental devices.

## Letters from a Senator's Wife

(Continued from page 52)

it. The ceremonies began with a simple but lovely service at the Church of the Covenant Sunday afternoon, and continued, the next evening, with a dinner at Rauscher's, the big fashionable restaurant here, which corresponds to Delmonico's in New York. There were four hundred guests, seated at small tables, at the dinner, completely filling both the large and small ballrooms, which fortunately open into each other, and which were beautifully decorated with American flags, pictures of George Washington, the University coat-of-arms, and quantities of flowers. The long "honor table" stood at one side of the room, on a slightly raised platform, and at that there were twenty-three men and only four women—the four who were to receive honorary degrees the next day: Julia Marlowe, whom we call Mrs. Sothern here, of course, and whom I know I don't need to introduce or describe to you; Matel Boardman of Red Cross fame, now one of the City Commissioners of the District of Columbia—the only woman who has ever held that office in the city of Washington; Permeal Jane French, Dean of Women at the University of Idaho, and one of the great administrative teachers of the day; and myself. Miss French was dressed in black, Mrs. Sothern was in cloth of gold, Miss Boardman in blue and gold brocade, and I in white and gold brocade, and we all had jeweled bands in our hair. This similarity of dress was entirely an accident, but I am told it was a most effective accident, viewed from the main part of the room!

The men at the "honor table," all of whom were to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws the next day, made a distinguished group. As it was obviously impossible to ask the representatives from each and every college to speak, Dr. Collier, the President of George Washington University, wisely chose one to speak for the New England colleges, one for the southern colleges, and so on, and one for each of the foreign universities. Monsieur Jusserand was there not only as the French Ambassador, but as the duly-accredited representative of the University of Paris; Signor



## The Jar that was overlooked

**W**AY back in the Fall of 1909, one of the earliest users of GOOD LUCK rubbers filled a cellar shelf with jars of mustard pickles. For a number of years, that part of the cellar was not in use, but when it was again occupied last Spring, an unopened jar of pickles was found in a dark corner of the shelf.

The GOOD LUCK rings had kept these mustard pickles as fresh and piquant as the day they were sealed, 11 years ago, although the jar contained two of rubber's worst enemies—acid in the form of vinegar, and oil. Some housewives don't like "kept over" canned foods, thinking they lose something in freshness and flavor after the first year. This is emphatically not the case when GOOD LUCK rubbers are used. The seal is so perfect that the contents are kept fresh indefinitely. GOOD LUCK rubbers are unexcelled for old-fashioned "open kettle" or hot pack canning, and they are indispensable for cold pack and steam pressure methods where the rubber must stand up under long boiling.

*GOOD LUCK rubbers come packed with all new Atlas E-Z Seal fruit jars*

Owing to our capacity of more than 5,000,000 GOOD LUCK Rubbers daily, we are able to announce the return of the GOOD LUCK ring to the pre-war price of 10 cents per dozen without in any way affecting its high standard of quality. Order through your dealer, or, if he cannot supply you, send 10 cents for sample dozen. Send 2c. stamp for our new cook book on Cold Pack Canning.



# ★ GOOD LUCK

## RED JAR RINGS

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY  
20 HAMPSHIRE STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The Largest Manufacturers of Rubber Rings  
in the World*





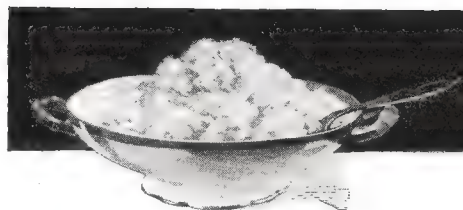
**S**EASON your mashed potatoes with butter and salt and beat in undiluted HEBE until potatoes are light and fluffy!

Once you have tried HEBE you will want to use it in all your cooking and baking. Every use you make of it will suggest another—and there is no end to the variety you can give your meals. You will notice a saving in cooking costs because HEBE is a distinct economy.

HEBE adds food value and flavor to foods cooked with it because it contains a well-balanced combination of nutritious foods. It is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat.

You will find the HEBE recipe booklet full of valuable ideas for improving your meals at less cost. Order HEBE from your grocer and send to us for the booklet. Address 3705 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

**THE HEBE COMPANY**  
Chicago Seattle



## Letters from a Senator's Wife

Ricci, the newly-arrived Italian Ambassador, as the representative of the University of Bologna; Monsieur Mathieu, the Chilean Ambassador, as the representative of the University of Chile—which is, it seems, *fifty years older than Harvard*—and still we are apt to feel, in the United States, that the civilization of South America is recent!

The after-dinner speeches were the most brilliant and witty that I have ever heard, and I hope you won't think I'm prejudiced when I tell you that the gem of the evening was delivered by Senator Moses of New Hampshire, who spoke for the New England colleges. "The very flower of perfection in an after-dinner speech," I heard one woman characterize it, and I agreed with her.

Mrs. Sothern was the only woman speaker, and you could have heard a pin drop in that immense room when she rose, and in her wonderful voice and with her wonderful charm, recited four of Shakespeare's sonnets. I waited breathlessly, fearing that she would not give the one which I love best of all; but she saved it until the last, and I found out afterward that was because it is her favorite, too—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments—"

Do you remember it, Jane? If you don't, get it out and read it and try to imagine yourself sitting near Mrs. Sothern as she said it that night, and you will find new beauties in it that you never saw there before.

### At The Table

I sat between His Excellency the Chilean Ambassador and Senator Pittman, both of whom I knew before; and since both are brilliant and delightful men, the dinner had an added pleasure for me because I was so agreeably placed. Senator Pittman very kindly offered to take me with him and Mrs. Pittman when they went next day to the Central High School, where the Convocation exercises took place, since of course we had to go early, and Harry, who was frantically trying to find a "pair"—a Senator on the opposite side who would withhold his vote during Harry's absence, thus evening things up—did not succeed until a very late hour, and only got to the exercises by the skin of his teeth.

We parted from Mrs. Pittman at the entrance, and hurried to the basement, where, in a large room, members of the faculty, members of the senior class, and candidates for honorary degrees, were all rushing about, trying to struggle into their robes before taking their places in the academic procession. As there were no mirrors, Mrs. Sothern and I saw that each other's caps were on straight, and each other's gowns tied, before we got into line together. I suppose you lost your heart to Julia Marlowe's Juliet or Beatrice or Katherine long ago, as I did. But if you had been in the basement of the Central High School that day, you would have lost it far more hopelessly to Mrs. Sothern! She had on the simplest sort of little black taffeta dress, and little round-toed, low-heeled shoes, and there was not a particle of paint or powder on her fresh, lovely face. She told me she hoped we would see more of each other next winter—she is just starting for England now—and it was all I could do to keep from saying, "You don't hope so half as much as I do!"

At last the music began, and we filed along, a procession that completely filled the big stage when we reached it. The building was packed, and as I looked out over the sea of faces, it made my heart thump harder than ever—and it was thumping pretty hard anyway!—to see how many of my own friends were there. I had just one little tiny regret—there always has to be that, doesn't there, even in the brightest day? You see, there was not one single person there from home, no one whom I'd known before I was a Senator's wife



# ★ ATLANTIC

## COL-PAC CANNER



*The ATLANTIC  
COL-PAC CANNER  
gives better results  
with less labor  
and less expense*

### Every Season Is Summer —if You Have an ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNER

Ripe, luscious berries; mellow, golden peaches; juicy, richly-flavored peas, beans and green corn—fresh and appetizing as on the day they were picked. You can have all these and many other delicious fruits and vegetables the year around, and with little trouble and slight expense, if you have an ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNER.

The tasty preserves and toothsome vegetables that “he” and the children like so much can be “put up” by the cold-pack method when the supply is abundant and the price is low, or

when your own garden produce is ready. Served months afterwards, they will have the same fresh appearance and delicious flavor as when picked. What food could be more appetizing and satisfying than that prepared in your own sweet, cleanly kitchen?

ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNERS operate easily and economically. Made in six-jar and twelve-jar sizes from the best grade of tin plate, with welded wire racks, heavily retinned.

*WRITE today for booklet, “Peaches and Cream the Whole Year Round.”*

ATLANTIC STAMPING COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.





"We Eat Armour's  
Oats At Our House"  
"So Do We"

# ARMOUR'S OATS

It's getting so that it is almost  
unanimous the country over!

Why?

Because they cook perfectly in 10  
to 15 minutes, an *exclusive advantage*  
of this popular cereal—the oats  
with the wonderful flavor.

★  
ARMOUR GRAIN COMPANY, CHICAGO

*Makers of Armour's Guaranteed Cereals  
Oats, Corn Flakes, Pancake Flour,  
Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles*



## Letters from a Senator's Wife

or a writer—and I wished there might have been!

The exercises were long, but they were very interesting. The Convocation address was given by Dr. Richmond, the President of Union College, and was not only scholarly, but witty—a rare combination. The commemorative address was given by Dr. King, a member of the Faculty; and then degrees were conferred upon those students who had completed their courses six months before the regular graduation time in June. Last of all, the honorary degrees were conferred by him—upon the three ambassadors whom I have mentioned before; upon Senator Pittman and Senator Moses; upon a great preacher, a great journalist, and a great cartoonist; and many other distinguished men—twenty-three in all; and, as you already know, upon Mrs. Sothern, Miss Boardman, Miss French, and myself.

Each candidate for the honor stepped to the center of the stage in front and stood facing Dr. Collier while the latter read the qualifications entitling him (or her!) to receive the degree; shook hands with Dr. Collier, and was given the parchment diploma; and then bent over while the so-called "hood," the insignium of honor, was flung over his (or her!) head and draped carefully over the back of the robe by a member of the faculty standing near by. These "hoods," by the way, are very gorgeous, and vary, of course, in style and color, with the degree granted. Mine is of fine black alpaca, edged with white velvet, and lined with wide stripes of yellow and blue silk.

### The Speech of Presentation

The little speeches with which Dr. Collier presented the diplomas were remarkably felicitous and gracious, and in order to give you some idea of what they were like, I'll quote mine, which he was good enough to give to me afterward—in order, also, to answer the unflattering question which, with the horrible frankness of an old friend, you have probably been asking yourself for some minutes: "But what on earth should they give you one for?" Haven't you?

"Doctor of Letters, Frances Parkinson Keyes: Vice-President of the League of American Penwomen; frequent contributor to many reviews and periodicals of the highest literary standards; author of novels that are filled with the breath of that pure, wholesome rural life which is the strength of America and its institutions."

That's a good deal to live up to, isn't it? But I'll try very, very hard!

And that, I think, is the end of the story; for after singing the Star Spangled Banner we all marched out again, "amid tumultuous applause" to quote the newspaper writers who described the event for the Washington press.

It must be the end of the letter as well, I think, for though the Convocation has included other festivities, among them a ball at Rauscher's given by the Junior Class, and a play given by the Seniors—the ones that I have described are those that I believe will be most interesting to you. I seem to close every letter that I write to you girls by saying, "I am very tired," and I certainly am. I ate just two meals, besides breakfasts, at home last week, and at one of those I had company myself; and yesterday, which was my receiving day, I had more than three hundred callers, and stood on my feet for nearly four hours on end, which, coming on top of everything else I had done, was "some stunt," as my eldest son would say! So I think I have a right to be tired, don't you? But this time I'm going to add something to that statement. *I'm very, very happy!*

Good night, Janey, dear. Much love—you know how much, I think!

Always affectionately yours,

*Frances Parkinson Keyes*

# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Crowning a Heavy Dinner

A WOMAN asked me the other day what was the most appropriate and pleasing dessert to serve with corned beef and cabbage, or any heavy dinner. This sounds like a very simple question, but it is not so easy to answer as you think. Corned beef and cabbage are heavy and therefore you want a light dessert in contrast and one that is neither too sweet nor insipid.

Here are two desserts which prove most delightful with either corned beef and cabbage or any other heavy meat dinner. Try them and see if you do not agree that they are real discoveries.



### SNOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice  
Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside to cool; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Chill and serve with boiled custard. A very attractive dish may be prepared by coloring half the mixture red.

*Sugar wafers or salt crackers may be made into dainty boxes in which to serve Knox desserts or salads by dipping the ends into dissolved gelatine, fastening them together and holding in place a few seconds until they will stand alone. Fill just before serving.*

### ORANGE JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
2 cups boiling water

1 cup sugar  
1 cup orange juice  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add lemon and orange juice. Strain into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. If desired, fresh or canned fruit may be added. NOTE—If fruit is added, this may be used for a salad course by serving it on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing.

*When making a gelatine vegetable salad, in place of part of the liquid called for in the recipe, use the vinegar from a jar of pickled beets. Fruit juices may be used the same way in making desserts. The added flavor and the brighter color will delight you.*

### MENU-PLANNING BOOKS FREE

My booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," contain recipes for every occasion and will help you to plan delightful and varied home menus. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—think of KNOX"


MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

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GELATINE

140 Knox Avenue  
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*J 250—Ivory tinted Italian pottery comport. 8¼ in. high. \$20.*

**FROM** many odd and interesting work-shops of distant lands, new wares and old have arrived at Ovington's. These importations, so much out of the ordinary, offer excellent suggestions for presents, but there is nothing to prevent your using them to enhance the beauty of your own home.

*Catalog J showing over 200 suggestions, sent on your request.*

**OVINGTON'S**  
*"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"*  
 314 Fifth Ave.,  
 Nr. 32nd St.

**Sechrest Pressure Cooker**



**Roast in 35 Minutes**

Three-pound roast, two vegetables and pudding—a whole meal cooked in 35 minutes.

Pressure forces 259 degrees of heat to the very center of the food, cooking every particle tender and digestible. All juices, flavors and food values retained. Saves hours of work. Keeps the kitchen cool.

The Sechrest Cook Book tells how to cook all meats, vegetables, fruits and cereals in one-third the usual time. Pressure cooker cans fruit, vegetables and meat by the "Cold Pack" method—40 to 280 quarts in ten hours. Pressure cooking and canning is recommended by Government Demonstration Agents.

Write for free recipe booklet explaining how to save \$60.00 in one year with a Sechrest Pressure Cooker

**Albert Sechrest Mfg. Co.**  
 ★ Dept R-1, Denver, Colorado

## The Flaming Forest

(Continued from page 70)

in response—shrill and terrible—and that was from the throat of André, the Broken Man.

### XXI

AS Carrigan stripped off his shirt, he knew that at least in one way he had met more than his match in St. Pierre Boulain. In the splendid service of which he was a part he had known many men of iron and steel, men whose nerve and coolness not even death could very greatly disturb. Yet St. Pierre, he conceded, was their master—and his own. For a flash he had transformed the chief of the Boulains into a volcano which had threatened to break in savage fury, yet neither the crash nor destruction had come. And now St. Pierre was smiling again, as Carrigan faced him, stripped to the waist. He betrayed no sign of the tempest of passion that had swept him a few minutes before. His cool, steely eyes had in them a look that was positively friendly, as Concombre Bateese marked in the hard sand the line of the circle within which no man might come. And as he did this and St. Pierre's people crowded close about it, St. Pierre himself spoke in a low voice to David.

"M'sieu, it seems a shame that we should fight. I like you. I have always loved a man who would fight to protect a woman, and I shall be careful not to hurt you more than is necessary to make you see reason—and to win the wagers. So you need not be afraid of my killing you, as Bateese might have done. And I promise not to destroy your beauty, for the sake of—the lady in the bateau. My Carmin, if she knew you spied through her window last night, would say kill you with as little loss of time as possible, for as regards you her sweet disposition was spoiled when you hung her brother, m'sieu. Yet to me she is an angel!"

Contempt for the man who spoke of his wife and the infamous Carmin Fanchet in the same breath drew a sneer to Carrigan's lips. He nodded toward the waiting circle of men.

"They are ready for the show, St. Pierre. You talk big. Now let us see if you can fight."

For another moment St. Pierre hesitated. "I am sorry, m'sieu—"

"Are you ready, St. Pierre?"

"It is not fair, and she will never forgive me. You are no match for me. I am half again as heavy."

"And as big a coward as you are a scoundrel, St. Pierre."

"It is like a man fighting a boy."

"Yet it is less dishonorable than betraying the woman who is your wife for another who should have been hanged along with her brother, St. Pierre."

Boulain's face darkened. He drew back half a dozen steps and cried out a word to Bateese. Instantly the circle of waiting men grew tense as the half-breed jerked the big handkerchief from his head and held it out at arm's length. Yet, with that eagerness for the fight there was something else which Carrigan was swift to sense. The attitude of the watchers was not one of uncertainty or of very great expectation, in spite of the staring faces and the muscular tightening of the line. He knew what was passing in their minds and in the low whispers from lip to lip. They were pitying him. Now that he stood stripped, with only a few paces between him and the giant figure of St. Pierre, the unfairness of the fight struck home even to Concombre Bateese. Only Carrigan himself knew how like tempered steel the sinews of his body were built. But to the eye, in size alone, he stood like a boy before St. Pierre. And St. Pierre's people, their voices stilled by the deadly inequality of it, were waiting for a slaughter and not a fight.

A smile came to Carrigan's lips as he saw Bateese hesitating to drop the handkerchief, and with the swiftness of the trained fighter he made his first plan for the battle before the

cloth fell from the half-breed's fingers. As the handkerchief fluttered to the ground, he faced St. Pierre, the smile gone.

"Never smile when you fight," the greatest of all masters of the ring had told him. "Never show anger. Don't betray any emotion at all if you can help it."

Carrigan wondered what the old ring-master would say could he see him now, backing away slowly from St. Pierre as the giant advanced upon him, for he knew his face was betraying to St. Pierre and his people the deadliest of all sins—anxiety and indecision. Very closely, yet with eyes that seemed to shift uneasily, he watched the effect of his trick on Boulain. Twice the huge riverman followed him about the ring of sand, and the steely glitter in his eyes changed to laughter, and the tense faces of the men about them relaxed. A subdued ripple of merriment rose where there had been silence. A third time David maneuvered his retreat, and his eyes shot furtively to Concombre Bateese and the men at his back. They were grinning. The half-breed's mouth was wide open, and his grotesque body hung limp and astonished. This was not a fight! It was a comedy—like a rooster following a sparrow around a barnyard! And then a still funnier thing happened, for David began to trot in a circle around St. Pierre, dodging and feinting, and keeping always at a safe distance. A howl of laughter came from Bateese and broke in a roar from the men. St. Pierre stopped in his tracks, a grin on his face, his big arms and shoulders limp and unprepared as Carrigan dodged in close and out again. And then—

A howl broke in the middle in the half-breed's throat. Where there had been laughter, there came a sudden shutting off of sound, a great gasp, as if made by choking men. Swifter than anything they had ever seen in human action Carrigan had leaped in. They saw him strike. They heard the blow. They saw St. Pierre's great head rock back, as if struck from his shoulders by a club, and they saw and heard another blow, and a third—like so many flashes of lightning—and St. Pierre went down as if shot. The man they had laughed at was no longer like a hopping sparrow. He was waiting, bent a little forward, every muscle in his body ready for action. They watched for him to leap upon his fallen enemy, kicking and gouging and choking in the riverman way. But David waited, and St. Pierre staggered to his feet. His mouth was bleeding and choked with sand, and a great lump was beginning to swell over his eye. A deadly fire blazed in his face, as he rushed like a mad bull at the insignificant opponent who had tricked and humiliated him. This time Carrigan did not retreat, but held his ground, and a yell of joy went up from Bateese as the mighty bulk of the giant descended upon his victim. It was an avalanche of brute force, crushing in its destructiveness, and Carrigan seemed to reach for it as it came upon him. Then his head went down, swifter than a diving grebe, and as St. Pierre's arm swung like an oaken beam over his shoulder, his own shot in straight for the pit of the other's stomach. It was a bullseye blow with the force of a pile-driver behind it, and the groan that forced its way out of St. Pierre's vitals was heard by every ear in the cordon of watchers. His weight stopped, his arms opened, and through that opening Carrigan's fist went a second time to the other's jaw, and a second time the great St. Pierre Boulain sprawled out upon the sand. And there he lay, and made no effort to rise.

CONCOMBRE BATEESE, with his great mouth agape, stood for an instant as if the blow had stunned him in place of his master. Then, suddenly he came to life, and leaped to David's side.

"Diable! Tonnerre! You have not fight



## Every Biscuit on This Dish Has a Different Taste

Have you any idea how much variety you can put into menus when you are familiar with a large assortment of wafers and crackers?

There are many uses for Sunshine Biscuits. Some are crisply thin—excellent to serve with relishes or salads; some can be toasted—a foundation for creamed luncheon dishes; while others are light and flaky, with rich creamy filling in a variety of flavors—favorites to be served with ices and puddings.

During the week of May 23, Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company will celebrate "Sunshine Biscuits Week."

Dealers will be given special co-operation in displaying Sunshine Biscuits. Look at the Display Racks and see for yourself that there are Sunshine Biscuits for every meal, everyday.

Send for our new recipe booklet, "How to Use Sunshine in Your Home." Address the Company, Dept. M, 814 Commerce Building, Kansas City, Mo.

### LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

*Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits  
Branches in Over 100 Cities*

## ★ Everymeal-Everyday Sunshine Biscuits

How many of the biscuits shown here do you know?

Per-fet-to  
Hydrox

Clover Leaves  
Yum-Yums (Ginger Snaps)  
Chocolate Fingers

Lemon Snaps  
Fig Bars



From the  
Thousand Window Bakeries



# ★ Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"



**T**EMPTING INDEED IS A DAINY TRAY that contains WELCH's Grape Juice and WELCH's Grapelade. WELCH's, The National Drink, chilled, is a perfect fruit course for breakfast or luncheon. It is the pure juice of selected, ripe Concord grapes, rich in food elements and healthful, as well as refreshing and appetizing.

As a spread for bread, toast or muffins or for dainty sandwiches, WELCH's Grapelade is delightful.

It is a smooth and velvety spread, made from whole, ripe grapes and pure sugar. It has the incomparable Grapelade flavor—unique and delicious. Send for Grapelade recipe folder.

Grapelade is not a by-product.

Order WELCH's from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Drink one or two small glasses every day—for your health's sake. Serve WELCH's on all social occasions, straight or blended with plain or charged water or ginger ale. WELCH's makes a delicious punch.

**The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.**



# The Flaming Forest

Concombre Bateese yet!" he howled. "Non, you have cheat me, you have lie, you have run lak cat from Concombre Bateese, ze stronges' man on all T'ree River! You are wan gran' coward, wan poltroon, an' you 'fraid to fight me, who ees greates' fightin' man in all dees countree! *Sapristi!* Why you no hit Concombre Bateese, m'sieu? Why you no hit ze greates' fightin' man w'at ees—"

David did not hear the rest. The opportunity was too tempting. He swung, and with a huge grunt the gorilla-like body of Concombre Bateese rolled over that of the chief of the Boulains. This time Carrigan did not wait, but followed up so closely that the half-breed had scarcely gathered the crook out of his knees when another blow on the jaw sent him into the sand again. Three times he tried the experiment of regaining his feet, and three times he was knocked down. After the last blow he raised himself groggily to a sitting posture, and there he remained, blinking like a stunned pig, with his big hands clutching in the sand. He stared up unseeing at Carrigan, who waited over him, and then stupidly at the transfixed cordon of men, whose eyes were bulging and who were holding their breath in the astonishment of this miracle which had descended upon them. They heard Bateese muttering something incoherent as his head wobbled, and St. Pierre himself seemed to hear it, for he stirred and raised himself slowly, until he also was sitting in the sand, staring at Bateese.

CARRIGAN picked up his shirt, and the riverman who had brought him from the bateau returned with him to the canoe. There was no demonstration behind them. To David himself the whole thing had been an amazing surprise, and he was not at all reluctant to leave as quickly as his dignity would permit, before some other of St. Pierre's people offered to put a further test upon his prowess. He wanted to laugh. He wanted to thank God at the top of his voice for the absurd run of luck that had made his triumph not only easy but utterly complete. He had expected to win, but he had also expected a terrific fight before the last blow was struck. And there had been no fight! He was returning to the bateau without a scratch, his hair scarcely ruffled, and he had defeated not only St. Pierre, but the giant half-breed as well! It was inconceivable—and yet it had happened; a veritable burlesque, an *opéra-bouffe* affair that might turn quickly into a tragedy if either St. Pierre or Concombre Bateese guessed the truth of it. For in that event he might have to face them again, with the god of luck playing fairly, and he was honest enough with himself to confess that the idea no longer held either thrill or desire for him. Now that he had seen both St. Pierre and Bateese stripped for battle, he had no further appetite for fistic discussion with them. After all, there was a merit in caution, and he had several lucky stars to bless just at the present moment!

Inwardly he was a bit suspicious of the ultimate ending of the affair. St. Pierre had almost no cause for complaint, for it was his own carelessness, coupled with his opponent's luck, that had been his undoing—and luck and carelessness are legitimate factors of every fight, Carrigan told himself. But with Bateese it was different. He had held up his big jaw, uncovered and tempting, entreating some one to hit him, and Carrigan had yielded to that temptation. The blow would have stunned an ox. Three others like it had left the huge half-breed sitting weak-mindedly in the sand, and no one of those three blows was exactly according to the rules of the game. They had been mightily efficacious, but the half-breed might demand a rehearing when he came fully into his senses.

Not until they were half-way to the bateau did Carrigan dare to glance back over his shoulder at the man who was paddling, to see

what effect the fistic travesty had left on him. He was a big-mouthed, clear-eyed, powerful-muscled fellow, and he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, what did you think of it, *camarade*?"

The other gave his shoulders a joyous shrug.

"*Mon Dieu!* Have you heard of wan *garçon* named Joe Clamart, m'sieu? *Non?* Well, I am Joe Clamart, what was once great fightin' man. Bateese hav' whip' me five times, m'sieu—so I say it was wan gr-r-r-a-n' fight! Many years ago I have seen ze same t'ing in Montreal—ze *boxeur de profession*. *Oui*, an' René Babin pays me fifteen prime martin against which I put up three scrubby red fox that you would win. They were bad, or I would not have gambled, m'sieu. It ees *funny!*"

"Yes, it is funny," agreed David. "I think it is a bit too funny. It is a pity they did not stand up on their legs a little longer!" Suddenly an inspiration hit him. "Joe, what do you say—shall you and I return and put up a *real* fight for them?"

Like a sprung trap Joe Clamart's grinning mouth closed. "*Non, non, non,*" he grunted. "Dere has been plenty fight, an' Joe Clamart mus' save hees face for Antoinette Roland, who hate ze sign of fight lak she hate ze devil, m'sieu! *Non, non!*"

His paddle dug deeper into the water, and David's heart felt lighter. If Joe was an average barometer, and he was a husky and fearless-looking chap, it was probable that neither St. Pierre nor Bateese would demand another chance at him, and St. Pierre would pay his wager.

He could see no one aboard the bateau when he climbed from the canoe. Looking back, he saw that two other canoes had started from the opposite shore. Then he went to his cabin door, opened it, and entered. Scarcely had the door closed behind him when he stopped, staring toward the window that opened on the river.

Standing full in the morning glow of it was Marie-Anne Boulain. She was facing him. Her cheeks were flushed. Her red lips were parted. Her eyes were aglow with a fire which she made no effort to hide from him. In her hand she still held the binoculars he had left on the cabin table. He guessed the truth. Through the glasses she had watched the whole miserable fiasco.

HE felt creeping over him a sickening shame, and his eyes fell slowly from her to the table. What he saw there caught his breath in the middle. It was the entire surgical outfit of Nepapinas, the old Indian doctor. And there were basins of water, and white strips of linen ready for use, and a pile of medicated cotton, and all sorts of odds and ends that one might apply to ease the agonies of a dying man. And beyond the table, huddled in so small a heap that he was almost hidden by it, was Nepapinas himself, disappointment writ in his mummy-like face as his beady eyes rested on David.

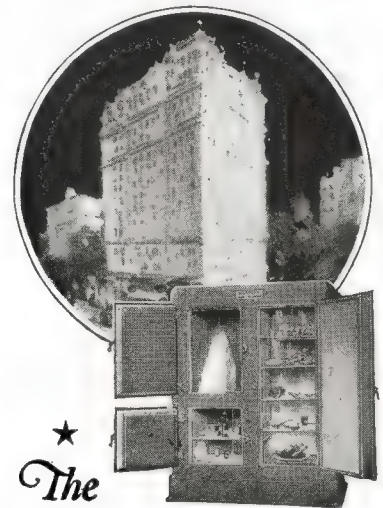
The evidence could not be mistaken. They had expected him to come back more nearly dead than alive, and St. Pierre's wife had prepared for the thing she had thought inevitable. Even his bed was nicely turned down, its fresh white sheets inviting an occupant!

And David, looking at St. Pierre's wife again, felt his heart beating hard in his breast at the look which was in her eyes. It was not the scintillation of laughter, and the flame in her cheeks was not embarrassment. She was not amused. The ludicrousness of her mislaid plans had not struck her as they had struck him. She had placed the binoculars on the table, and slowly she came to him. Her hands reached out, and her fingers rested like the touch of velvet on his arms.

"It was splendid!" she said softly. "It was splendid!"

She was very near, her breast almost touching him, her hands creeping up until the tips

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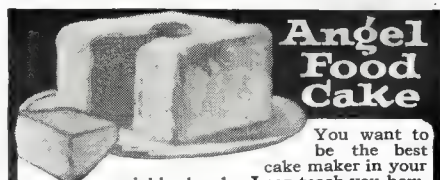
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## The Flaming Forest

of her fingers rested on his shoulders, her scarlet mouth so close he could feel the soft breath of it in his face.

"It was splendid!" she whispered again.

And then, suddenly, she rose up on her tiptoes and kissed him. So swiftly was it done that she was gone before he sensed that wild touch of her lips against his own. Like a swallow she was at the door, and through it, and for a moment he heard the quick running of her feet. The instant impulse to follow her was checked by the sight of the armed guard, beside whom she paused as if for refuge.

### XXII

FOR many seconds that seemed like minutes David stood where she had left him, while Nepapinas rose gruntingly to his feet, and gathered up his belongings, and hobbled sullenly to the bateau door and out. He was scarcely conscious of the Indian's movement, for his soul was aflame with a red-hot fire. Deliberately—with that ravishing glory of something in her eyes—St. Pierre's wife had kissed him! On her tiptoes, her cheeks like crimson flowers, she had given her still redder lips to him! And his own lips burned, and his heart pounded hard, and he stared for a time like one struck dumb at the spot where she had stood by the window. Then, suddenly, he turned to the door and flung it wide open, and on his lips was the reckless cry of Marie-Anne's name. But St. Pierre's wife was gone, and Nepapinas was gone, and at the tail of the big sweep sat only Joe Clamart, guarding watchfully.

The two canoes were drawing near, and in one of them were two men, and in the other three, and David knew that—like Joe Clamart—they were watchers set over him by St. Pierre. Then a fourth canoe left the far shore, and when it had reached mid-stream, he recognized the figure in the stern as that of André, the Broken Man. The other, he thought, must be St. Pierre.

He went back into the cabin and stood where Marie-Anne had stood—at the window. Nepapinas had not taken away the basins of water, and the bandages were still there, and the pile of medicated cotton, and the suspiciously made-up bed. After all, he was losing something by not occupying the bed—and yet if St. Pierre or Bateese had messed him up badly, and a couple of fellows had lugged him in between them, it was probable that Marie-Anne would not have kissed him. And that kiss of St. Pierre's wife would remain with him until the day he died!

He was thinking of it, the swift, warm thrill of her velvety lips, red as strawberries and twice as sweet, when the door opened and St. Pierre came in. The sight of him, in this richest moment of his life, gave David no sense of humiliation or shame. Between him and St. Pierre rose swiftly what he had seen last night—Carmin Fanchet in all the lure of her disheveled beauty, crushed close in the arms of the man whose wife only a moment before had pressed her lips close to his; and as the eyes of the two met, there came over him a desire to tell the other what had happened, that he might see him writhe with the sting of the two-edged thing with which he was playing. Then he saw that even that would not hurt St. Pierre, for the chief of the Boulains, standing there with the big lump over his eye, had caught sight of the things on the table and the nicely-turned-down bed, and his one good eye lit up with sudden laughter, and his white teeth flashed in an understanding smile.

"*Tonnerre*, I said she would nurse you with gentle hands," he rumbled. "See what you have missed, M'sieu Carrigan!"

"I received something which I shall remember longer than a fine nursing," retorted David. "And yet right now I have a greater interest in knowing what you think of the fight, St.

Pierre—and if you have come to pay your wager."

St. Pierre was chuckling mysteriously in his throat. "It was splendid—splendid," he said, repeating Marie-Anne's words. "And Joe Clamart says she ran out, blushing like a red rose in August, and that she said no word, but stopped for a moment beside him, then flew like a bird into the white birch ashore!"

"She was dismayed because I beat you, St. Pierre."

"*Non, non*—she was like a lark filled with joy." Suddenly his eyes rested on the binoculars.

David nodded. "Yes, she saw it all through the glasses."

St. Pierre seated himself at the table and heaved out a groan as he took one of the bandage strips between his fingers. "She saw my disgrace. And she didn't wait to bandage me up, did she?"

"Perhaps she thought Carmin Fanchet would do that, St. Pierre."

"And I am ashamed to go to Carmin—with this great lump over my eye, m'sieu. And on top of that disgrace—you insist that I pay the wager?"

"I do."

St. Pierre's face hardened. "*Oui*, I am to pay. I am to tell you all I know about that *bête noir*—Black Roger Audemard. Is it not so?"

"That is the wager."

"But after I have told you—what then? Do you recall that I gave you any other guaranty, M'sieu Carrigan? Did I say I would let you go? Did I promise I would not kill you and sink your body to the bottom of the river? If I did, I can not remember."

"Are you a beast, St. Pierre—a murderer as well as—"

"Stop! Do not tell me again what you saw through the window, for it has nothing to do with this. I am not a beast, but a man. Had I been a beast, I should have killed you the first day I saw you in this cabin. I am not threatening to kill you, and yet it may be necessary if you insist that I pay the wager. To refuse to pay a wager is a greater crime among my people than the killing of a man, if there is a good reason for the killing. I must pay, if you insist. Before I pay it is fair that I give you warning."

"You mean?"

"I mean nothing, as yet. I can not say what it will be necessary for me to do, after you have heard what I know about Roger Audemard. I am quite settled on a plan just now, m'sieu, but the plan might change at any moment. I am only warning you that you are playing with a fire of which you know nothing, because it has not burned you yet."

Carrigan seated himself slowly in a chair opposite St. Pierre, with the table between them. "You are wasting time in attempting to frighten me," he said. "I shall insist on the payment of the wager, St. Pierre."

FOR a moment St. Pierre was clearly troubled. Then his lips tightened, and he smiled grimly over the table at David.

"I am sorry, M'sieu David. I like you. You are a fighting man and no coward, and I should like to travel shoulder to shoulder with you in many things. And such a thing might be, for you do not understand. I tell you it would have been many times better for you had I whipped you out there, and it had been you—and not me—to pay the wager!"

"It is Roger Audemard I am interested in, St. Pierre. Why do you hesitate?"

"I? Hesitate? I am not hesitating, m'sieu. I am giving you a chance. And you insist, M'sieu David?"

"Yes, I insist."

Slowly the fingers of St. Pierre's hands closed into knotted fists, and he said in a low voice: "Then I will pay, m'sieu. I am Roger Audemard!"

(To be continued)



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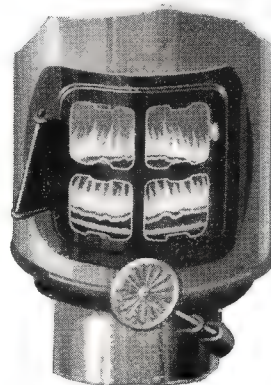
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# In Every Port

(Continued from page 54)

"Not very much, Margot. Only what Miss Alleyn confided to me."

"Which was?"

"That you were most likely going to marry him—and that he was a pineapple planter—which implied great wealth."

"I see," said Margot. "Miss Alleyn was very confidential indeed, wasn't she?"

"Is it true?"

"You amuse me, rather." She lifted delicate eyebrows at the moon.

"No chance for me at all?"

"How much chance did you want?"

"What's the good of my telling you now?" said Nicolls gloomily. "I thought this afternoon—"

"Yes? What did you think this afternoon?"

WHEN he did not answer at once, she drew her big, soft fan across his linked hands with a ripple of laughter. "I'll tell, if you will," she said. "Come on, be a sport! Put your cards on the table. Shall I put mine there first? Very well, then. You're disappointed because you thought you had found—don't look so startled!—nothing deeply serious—only somebody to play with for the next ten days. It's more fun if you concentrate on one, isn't it now? And you had—just possibly—decided on me."

"I knew the moment I saw you."

"Of course," she cooed. "So did I know! You felt it. So did I. Whatever it is that draws the needle to the pole—with slight magnetic variations. I frowned at every man who looked at me while I was sitting out there, near the music-boys, with you. Didn't you notice? We found each other at once, you and I."

"Look here!" said Nicolls abruptly—there was even then a hidden note of laughter in his lowered tones. "You *are* making fun of me, aren't you? I haven't said a thing I didn't mean."

"Neither have I. I even mean a few things I haven't yet said."

"What the dickens *do* you mean—about finding each other? That was what *I* meant. But if you're engaged to your pineapple planter—"

"I'm not engaged to any one—just at the moment."

"Not going to be?"

"Ah, that's different! Who knows?"

"You mean you understand that I was ready to fall in love with you—and you don't mind?"

"I rather like it," said Margot dreamily. "I'd trust you to climb out again, without a scar, the night before you sail."

"Oh, good Lord!" said Nicolls. He bit his lip and laughed. "See here!" he began suddenly. "I never knew a girl like you before. Do you really want to lay the cards on the table, as you call it?"

"I think it might be—educational," she told him quaintly.

"Well, then—I did take a terrible fancy to you the instant I laid eyes on you today."

"But you've taken fancies before?"

"Well—yes."

"Of course! So have I. Who hasn't? Also—you'll likely take fancies again. So will I. And that's that!"

He took her hand, and she allowed him to do so without a struggle, even cuddled her fingers inside his with a gesture unexpectedly soft.

"Let me say it!" she offered. "It always hurts a man so to have to tell the truth to a woman."

"It's a darned dangerous proceeding," admitted Nicolls whimsically.

"With most of them," said Margot, "but like all the rest, I am different." She stared out across the drowsily droning sea and laughed to herself. "It's like this, then, Jim—I am saying Jim already, you see! You have

just ten short days to play around in this utterly heavenly, ridiculous, sea-battered, moon-ridden place, and playing's no fun alone. You want a girl to play with you. Only you don't want her to play so hard that she'll try to hold you when you're ready to go. You want a romance but not a reality—a reaction but not a permanent change. All this is outside your regular life as much as that moon is outside Rosie's windows. Fancy trying to take the moon into the house and put it down on the table with your hat and stick! When your ten days is up and the Fleet shoves off, all you want is a beautiful good-by and a few tears on your nice white shoulder—carefully avoiding the shoulder-strap, because the dashed things tarnish. Then you'll have a memory, but not a *ménage*—no?"

"You little devil!" said Nicolls tenderly. He grinned in spite of himself.

"Old stuff—very," sighed Margot, "but it always goes down. One likes it, Jim. I feel bubbles rising in my soul when you call me that—as a great many other women must have felt 'em—you know?"

He counted suddenly. "What about you, now? You've told me off nicely—I admit it—but what about you?"

"Oh, even a girl occasionally likes an adventure, that's only an adventure."

"Mostly they don't," said Nicolls ruefully.

"Mostly they like an adventure to be an advantage in the end."

"Poor lamb! Did they all want to marry him?"

"Do I sound as big a fool as all that?" he protested. "You know what I mean. Girls may play at romantic stuff, but as a matter of fact it's a business with most of 'em. It's got to be. Their whole future hangs on it. It may mean a comfortable, easy, pretty life, or it may mean a sordid mess with one foot in the divorce court. You can't really expect 'em to take philandering lightly, any more than you could expect a book-keeper to take up double-entry for a pastime."

"I can see you know your subject," said Margot.

"I've given some time to it," said Nicolls. He put out one hand and touched the satin softness of her cheek with an audacious finger. "D'y' know—you've got something I've read about in a million books and never saw before. I can't keep my eyes off it. I always supposed it was poetic license, didn't exist—but you've got it."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

He told her gravely: "You've got a crooked smile; it goes up in one corner. Makes you look as if you didn't believe a word I was saying to you, but your eyes look as if you'd like to. That's a terrible combination! Must have made a lot of trouble for you—people wanting to kiss you and comfort you and all that. It affects even me."

MARGOT laughed delightfully. She took his marauding finger between her own finger and thumb and laid it back carefully upon his knee. "I can see," she said, "that life is going to be worth living for the next ten days, but if you don't mind, we'll draw up the specifications first. Shall we? Now, we both want a romantic adventure—nothing else. Is that agreed?"

When Nicolls hesitated, she made an impatient gesture of denial.

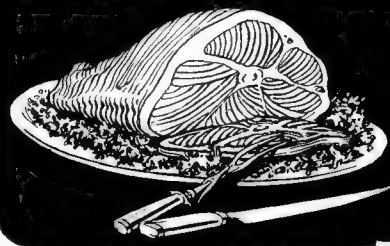
"You don't want to get married, do you?"

"No," he said frankly. "I'm head over ears in debt. Doing my darndest to get out. Any girl'd be a fool—"

"Well—and I wouldn't marry a Navy man if he were the last in the world. I haven't the patience, or the selfishness, or the constancy needed for that especial job. You see?"

"Are you going to marry the pineapple man?"

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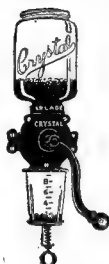
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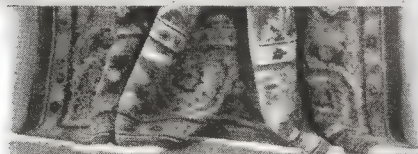
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## In Every Port

She looked at him, clear-eyed: "I think perhaps I shall, if he asks me. He's rather a person. I like him tremendously. And I like the thought of living down here. He'd never let me worry about money or any other material thing again. He'd be beautifully gentle to the woman he married."

"You think that matters so much?" asked Nicolls curiously.

"I think it matters more than almost anything else in the world. Gentleness, in a man, goes clean to a woman's heart, because she knows he wasn't born that way." She waved her fan to and fro in the moonlight with a kind of pensive delicacy, then hid her crooked smile suddenly behind it. "We are being brutally frank with each other, aren't we? Do you wish to retreat? Shall I take you in and hand you over to Miss Alleyn? Or—do you like me, Jim?"

"I like you," said Nicolls instantly. "I like you too darned well already!"

"Because," she told him musingly, "I'm the same kind of girl that you are man—am I not? And here we are, flung down on the edge of a perilous sea, under a *farouche* white moon, with ten whole days to play in. And the cards on the table, as I said before, so nobody loses anything at all."

"Playing for love, in other words," said Nicolls blithely.

"I do like you!" said Margot. She stroked his cheek with her fan.

"Oh, you'll do better than that, before the ten days are up," he assured her vaingloriously. Then he caught fan and hand and opened the small, cool palm and kissed it hard. "You're a wonderful sport!" he said.

And said no more, for the moment at least, because across the terrace and down to the white marble seat by the sea came Mr. Garrett, walking swiftly in the moonlight, with purpose in every line of him.

MR. Garrett was not a tall man, as Nicolls was, but he carried his blond head well, and he had somewhat the air of being accustomed to service. Princeton lay behind him, and St. Paul's, with an enviable record in athletics, and a record respectable, if not quite so enviable, in more academic matters. When the war broke, he had gone over, sanely and efficiently, as an officer in the Engineers, after a month or so in training camp.

He had not been decorated, neither had he been wounded, but he had been in a number of tight places which might have justly resulted in wounds or decoration—or both.

His people had always had money, so that he did not attach undue importance to that root of all evil, but wore the evidence of it as he wore his clothes, as a matter of course, merely. He had nice eyes and a clean smile. Also he had intended for some time to marry Margot, but had not quite got around to telling her so. Her crooked smile put him off. He was afraid she might be making fun of him. It did not occur to him that she might sometimes be making fun of herself. He had seen her go out into the moonlight with Nicolls, and he had the civilian's justifiable distrust of a uniform where the female heart is concerned. Hence, after a decent interval, he followed them.

Nicolls saw him coming and bit an explosive word in two, releasing Margot's hand. She waved her fan in the moonlight and waited. A little green vine that trailed along the low stone wall, bearing clusters of small golden-brown flowers, gave off an outrageously powerful fragrance, till then unnoticed.

"What's that that smells so good?" asked Nicolls politely.

"Grandmother, why are your teeth so sharp?"—"The better to eat you, my dear!" murmured Margot obscurely.

Nicolls laughed.

Garrett, coming up to them, observed: "Hope I'm not interrupting. We're going

down to the Moana to dance. Rosie asked me to tell you, Miss Castleman."

"Lovely!" said Margot.

She walked back to the house between the two men. Once Nicolls caught her hand, hanging at her side, and crushed it audaciously.

Garrett was making pleasant conversation with a touch of condescension. "You've never been out here before, Mr. Nicolls?"

"I had a couple of years in China," said Nicolls amiably.

"How did you like it?"

"Found it very interesting. Off the regular trail, of course. It's no life to falter in."

"Where had you rather have duty?" inquired Garrett courteously.

"Oh, no especial place," said Nicolls.

"Home is where the heart is," quoted Margot wickedly.

"Wherever I've been, I've found it good," Nicolls supplemented blandly

SHE flung him a sidewise glimmer of appreciation. He smiled down at her caressingly—lightnings playing under the very nose of the wholesomely insensitive Garrett—then the three of them came to the steps of Rosie Morrison's big white house, and the foamy tide of the party took them and bore them along. Once in that first unremarkable evening Margot danced with Nicolls. She had driven out to the Moana, by Rosie's somewhat tactless arrangement, with Garrett, in his great, high-powered roadster; and with Garrett, by some awkward and unforeseen chance, she remained. He was a man who knew what he wanted and had various rather heavy-footed ways of keeping it where he wanted it. So that Nicolls, driving out with Rosie herself, found the evening well along before he could detach Margot and carry her off.

He scarcely spoke while the music sounded. Margot said nothing at all. She let herself go deliberately, and clung to his protecting shoulder with small, slim, trusting fingers. She would have liked to shut her eyes, but her sense of humor wouldn't let her. They danced four encores and looked at each other flushed and gloriously intoxicated when the smiling Hawaiian boy at the piano got up and walked away.

"Give me the next," said Nicolls briefly.

"Sixth from now," breathed Margot. She swirled her fan in lovely, feline half-circles, while they stood at the top of the steps in the wake of the outpouring crowd.

"Will there be six more, tonight?"

"Not likely."

"Then where do I get off?"

She shrugged, her soft lips twisting in the smile that was only in books. "You work fast, I think you said?"

"Come down on the pier with me, and sit out the intermission, anyhow," said Nicolls.

He took her arm with a touch of proprietary insistence. She felt that he would have liked to shake her, and as a matter of fact, at the moment, that was exactly what he would have liked best to do.

Various eyes observed their passing. Rosie gestured feigned disapproval. Garrett called to Margot as she slipped by their table:

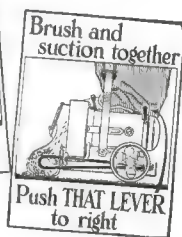
"Want your scarf?"

"You see?" said Margot with a soft little sigh. "I shall be well taken care of—in case—"

The pier was reasonably dim, not too closely populated. Margot and Nicolls sat down upon a bench looking toward the open sea. He opened his hand, and she laid hers within it. Moonlight lay upon the waves like a web of torn and streaming silver laces. From Diamond Head a searchlight flung its cruel and passionless question across the dark. It touched the crest of a wave and made it naked in the night; picked a rocking sampan out of mysterious nothingness and dropped it back again; fingered the sky like an atheist's doubt of God; swept insolently back and forth among the stars—and was gone.



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# In Every Port

"Will you come to dinner on the *New York* tomorrow night?" asked Nicolls.

"Why, I think so. Is it a party?"

"It will be, if you'll come. I'll get one or two other couples to fill in. What are you doing Monday?"

"I don't know. Rosie's keeping the itinerary. Is this a questionnaire?"

"Tuesday there's a dance on board the *West Virginia*. Will you go with me?"

"Why not take the whole week and have done with it?" she drawled provokingly.

"You're on!" Nicolls said at once. "That was what I wanted. After all, if this is going to be a perfect ten days—"

She laughed, and he laughed with her. Her hand lay very warm and small and soft in his, with strange, magnetic tremors in the fingertips.

"I'll tell you, Margot," he said slowly, drawing the tips of her imprisoned fingers gently across his cheek till they came to his lips and lingered there, "what I'm afraid of is learning sense. There's a lot of fun in being a fool and knowing it. But it goes with the teens and the twenties. Thirty begins to demand the merest trifle of filling in the dear old bean. Something tells me that, at times. I have my intelligent moments. Just now, however, I'd give the Lord High Admiral's job—the earth and the fulness thereof—the whole bally show—for this brief friendly session with you on the edge of the Pacific—God bless the bird that discovered it! Look at me, Margot!"

She smiled with averted face.

"You're afraid to!"

"Not yet. I'm conserving my emotions. You'll have us in love and out of it again before the week's half-gone, at the rate you're going. Besides I hear the music beginning, and I have this dance."

She stood up. He did the same, reluctantly. "How early can I call you in the morning?"

"Oh, you are a treasure!" said Margot amusedly. "Not before eleven, if you care ever to see me again. The poor working-girl has to sleep some time, you know."

HE called her at five minutes before eleven, and in a carefully-darkened room with the trade-wind puffing the curtains languidly in and out, she put the hair out of her eyes, yawned, stretched her pretty arms above her head, and sat up in bed to answer him.

"Good morning, Miss Castleman," said that slightly drawling voice, oddly disturbing to an even pulse-beat.

She answered after a drowsy second, "Yes—Jim?"

He said instantly on an exaggeratedly different note: "It's so, then? I thought I must have dreamed it!"

"Perhaps I only dreamed it, too."

"So long as we both dream it, who cares?" He added coaxingly, "It's been a long time, Margot!"

He had asked Rosie and a Mrs. Carstairs for dinner on the ship that night. It was the usual fiesta, in a long, brightly-lighted ward-room with attentive Filipino boys at everybody's elbow, with a piano against one wall, a phonograph against another. A gorgeous afterglow hung in the western sky as Margot went up the gangway. Later the moon rose in a flare of white fire, against which the skeleton masts of the great, gray ship hung sinisterly dark.

That night while the other men of the party, a rotund Commander and a small, dark, amiable Paymaster, were surreptitiously displaying the photographs of their respective wives and children to Rosie's and Mrs. Carstairs' sympathetic eyes, Nicolls drew Margot aside and led the way into his own quarters; a compact, narrow, tidy place with every inch of space efficiently utilized.

He stopped her with a hand on her slender arm before his desk and said briefly,

"Look, Margot!"

The desk held the usual writing materials, a book or so, an ash-tray, a box of cigarettes, and a large, oval, silver frame—empty.

"I want you to fill it for me," said Nicolls gently.

She looked up at him, half smiling: "I'm the first, of course?"

"The first that really matters."

"That's fair enough," murmured Margot. "But how unusual!"

"Perhaps I'm not the Turk you seem to think me, after all. A man sometimes has an ideal, you know."

"Well, of course, an ideal isn't necessarily permanent," she admitted. "I hadn't really thought of you as such a constant lover. Still—"

He looked down at her reproachfully, and his voice had a wooing hush.

"Had you thought of me at all except as one more victim?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Margot. "You make me feel absolutely carnivorous!"

AN upper drawer of the desk stood open ever so little, a bit of pasteboard protruding carelessly. In that monkishly ordered room it offended. Half-unconsciously Margot put out a fastidious finger and thumb, tucked the pasteboard down, and tried to push the drawer shut.

"Let me!" said Nicolls quickly.

Their fingers met on the knob. It was at best not a large drawer, and perhaps Margot pulled where she meant to push. In any case there was a moment's confusion, a slight rasping sound, a thick flutter of more pasteboards than one; and suddenly the drawer came open, spilling photographs all the way. There was only one thing the photographs had in common—say, perhaps two. They were all feminine—and they had all been cut to the size of the silver frame.

Margot stood with one hand on the desk and laughed. After a moment of intense potential awkwardness, Nicolls joined her. She laughed till the tears came into her eyes. His mirth, while perhaps less whole-souled at first, was eventually no less enjoyable.

She wiped her eyes at last and turned away. "Shall I cut mine or will you?" she inquired weakly.

"You're an angel," said Nicolls, shoving the pictures back in the drawer and jamming it to with a grin. "That's all you are, a little, brown-haired angel!"

"Oh, I rather like the thought of being the first that really matters—out of several dozen," said Margot sweetly. "It shows the most fascinating determination on your part really to find the right one."

But she refused that night to make an engagement with him for the following afternoon.

"You've forgotten," she assured him mildly, "that Mr. Garrett is having us all for tea at his Tantalus place, and one usually gets asked to stay for supper under such circumstances. "You'll like Tantalus. It's the mountain back of the town, you know."

That night Rosie Morrison wandered into her house-guest's bedroom, a little before midnight, and spoke feelingly of the unreliability of men in general and of the Service in especial. She dealt at first in generalities, and Margot, brushing out her long and lovely hair before the dressing-table, responded politely but without marked interest, seeing which, Rosie abandoned suggestion and came out into the conversational open.

"Jim Nicolls," she remarked abstractedly, "has been engaged to half a dozen girls to my certain knowledge—and it always fell through."

"How embarrassing for the half-dozen!" said Margot with an indescribable softness.



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## In Every Port

Rosie sat down upon the bed, although she had not been asked to do so, and continued: "He couldn't afford to marry if he wanted to. And apparently he never has wanted. He's in debt, as well. I heard it tonight. Rather badly. There's something about him—I'll admit it—"

"Rosie, has he been making love to you, too?" asked Margot reproachfully. She breathed a delicious sigh of laughter.

"If he hasn't, it's only because you kept him too busy," retorted Rosie good-naturedly. She added, after an artful moment: "I was just thinking of the difference between a man like Jim and a man like Walter Garrett."

"H'm'm!" said Margot sweetly, if non-committally.

"Margot, think how pleased your people would be, if you went back engaged to Walter!"

"My stepmother in especial!—Oh, Rosie dear," said Margot, "the fatted calves would overflow the place. Pleased expresses it mildly. She'd give an eyebrow to get me out of the way."

"Well," said Rosie, "he's just at the place—if you ask me—where you can either have him or lose him."

"Nibbling, but not quite hooked," suggested Margot.

"Only," warned Rosie thoughtfully, "he's got a puritanical streak, Walter has! Don't crowd him, my lamb. He's apt to disapprove of something—Jim Nicolls—or something—and go off in the opposite direction before you know it."

"In which case I couldn't very well run after him and beg him to come back, could I?"

"No-o—" said Rosie reluctantly, "you couldn't. So it might be just as well not to let him get a start." She lingered in the doorway, having got that far. "A little puritanism in a husband, Margot, isn't such a bad thing."

"A little *prosperous* puritanism," accepted Margot smiling. "Don't be a cynic, Rosie dear!"

Nevertheless, she knew, and Rosie knew, that the situation would take a bit of handling. Walter Garrett had not yet, as Rosie delicately suggested, "declared himself." And it was a declaration that meant a good deal in the matter of Margot's future. She liked him, or she would not have considered him at all, but she sometimes wondered, with a touch of amusement at her own sophistry, how much she would have liked him in overalls with his dinner in a bucket.

"Mercifully one doesn't have to decide that!" she evaded.

**A**S for Nicolls, she turned back with relief to the sheer sparkle and froth of his fooling. He called her on the wire two or three times a day, beginning always with a wheedling drawl which tipped up one corner of her mouth in spite of her, "It's been a long time, Margot!" He would have monopolized her entire schedule, if she had allowed it. Which she retained wisdom enough to refuse to do. She danced with him endlessly—they were conspicuously good at it together—but in the welter of parties with which Honolulu celebrated the stay of that especial Fleet, she tried, at least half-heartedly, not to overlook Garrett and his possibility of a claim.

"Only Jim's such fun!" she said plaintively to Rosie.

She told him to his face: "I don't know how I ever got along without you, Jim! You are the paprika of my days. I wake up sometimes in the middle of the night and laugh just to think of you."

Nicolls said mock-gloomily, "I'd like it a darned sight better if you *stayed* awake at night to think of me."

"I dare say you would," said Margot. "Well, perhaps I'll try it. Who knows?"

That was at a second party of Garrett's arranging in his Tantalus house. Sunset had

come on by delightfully imperceptible stages and found a minority of the guests happily engaged about the bridge-table, while the music-boys, singing on the broad lanai, kept most of the others dancing.

Margot had slipped away to stand under a great silvery-leaved *kukui* and watch the day fade. Nicolls followed her as a matter of course. Garrett, looking up from his game, saw them go, and a slight frown settled between his eyebrows. From the big house on the rising shoulder of the mountain came yellow drifts of light and the syncopated plaint of the music, the sound of laughing voices and the indescribable rustle of dancing feet. Night was coming over the sea, over the mountains, and slowly over a silken, primrose sky. Far below, the town sprang out in sudden radiance of linked, pale stars that were the street-lights. Diamond Head lay, a still, gray shadow, drowsing in the east. Along the west the Waianae range darkened, a jagged line. In between, the world fell sweetly away to the sea, full of deep, fragrant shadows, laved by a murmurous trade-wind.

"IT'S a great old earth!" said Nicolls suddenly. "D'y' know, Margot, I like it! I like you *on* it."

"And I like you, old dear," said Margot dreamily. "Isn't it nice that we arranged to let ourselves go and like each other with abandon, so to speak? It's like running up a wild account at a beautiful shop and knowing you'll never get the bill. Oh, Jimmy, how grateful you should be to me, for supplying you romance free of charge, like this!"

"Aren't you getting any thrill out of it yourself?" he objected tenderly.

"I quiver in the breeze of emotion," said Margot, "but luckily for you, James, I'm my own stabilizer. Let's go back in the house and dance. If we stay here and stare at the stars coming out, no telling what may happen—and I don't like to be kissed by strange young men."

"Am I a strange young man?—Oh, Margot!"

"Quite strange enough," said Margot firmly, "for all practical purposes."

"And don't you know I wouldn't kiss you unless you wanted me to?"

Margot stopped, inside a safe distance from the house, and looked over her shoulder at him demurely. "Exactly what I was afraid of!" she pointed out.

That night, Garrett approached the matter of his affections, and Margot put him off. If he had not selected the same *kukui*-tree, with its same shadowy view of the town and the distant sea, she might have been more amenable. Also, if he had chosen to demand instead of suggesting, but his pride had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount and ride off.

"I think you know," he told her, when he had her well away from curious eyes and ears, "how I feel about such things. I believe any girl ought to meet a man half-way. She owes him that much, if she cares for him. If she wants him to care for her, she ought to give him a lead. It isn't fair that he should be allowed to ask, unless he knows she is going to say yes."

"Yes, what?" asked Margot innocently. Then Rosie's warning muttered in her brain and she caught herself up. "Surely—surely, you don't mean that a girl should let a man know that she—cares—for him, before he has asked her?"

"She could give him a lead," Garrett insisted stubbornly.

"After which, suppose he never asked her?"

"A man has his pride."

"Why, so has a girl," said Margot, smiling. It was easy enough to hang a reprisal on that. She fought him with delicate stubbornness. "Oh, but what man would *want* a girl who let him see?"





## Every Housewife Should Know the Economies of *Stoneware*

If you ask us how to economize by saving foodstuffs longer and better, our reply will be to send you a valuable book by famous authorities explaining how to do this by the use of stoneware jars and jugs for keeping foodstuffs. This book contains an introduction by C. Houston Goudiss, editor of *The Forecast*, America's leading food magazine, and recipes by Miss Jessie Knox, instructor, Forecast School of Cookery, New York.

Besides a host of economy suggestions, the book contains scores of original recipes, tested and approved in this famous institution, and in addition, recipes for packing and preserving by simple methods selected for their great merit by United States Government officials. Every housewife should have this book. It will be sent free on request.

It explains how covered stoneware jars keep bread, cookies, cake and pastry fresh for days longer so that you can bake more at once and save time and expense by baking less frequently.

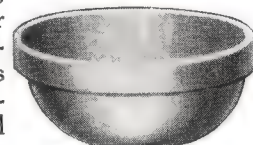
It explains why vegetables kept in stoneware keep their firmness and freshness of flavor for longer periods; why salt and spices, tea and coffee, flour and cereals, keep their quality and flavor so much better in stoneware; why stoneware preserve and jam jars keep all preserves more delicious by protecting their quality from light spoilage; and why all packed and pickled meats, eggs, fruits and vegetables are more delicious if kept in stoneware.

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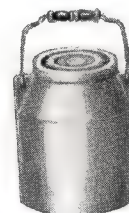
This book brings you help with your kitchen problems from some of the ablest authorities known. Simple directions are given for preserving and for packing eggs, fruit, berries, vegetables, meats, soup stock, etc., by the simple cold pack method. Anyone can follow these simple rules and everyone should put up foodstuffs to cut the high cost of living. This valuable book will be sent free on request. Send the coupon to the Company listed below which is nearest you.



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Miss Jessie Knox  
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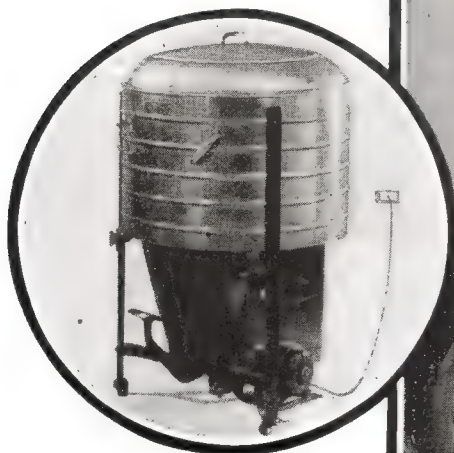
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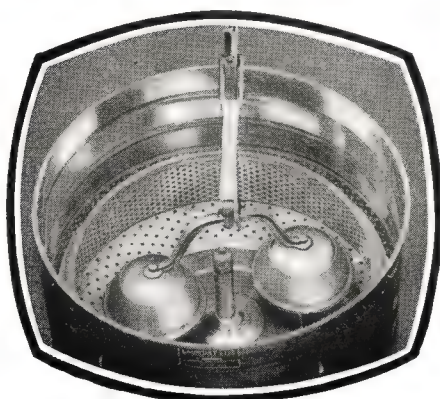
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# ★ LAUN-DRY-ETTE

WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER



## In Every Port

"Marriage isn't a game; it's a partnership," said Garrett.

"Limited," said Margot. "Isn't it, now?" In the end, he pinned her down to something like an understanding.

"You can't help knowing what I mean, Margot. I'm not much of a talker, but I believe I could make my wife happy. I've never asked any woman to marry me, yet. When I do, it'll be because we both know—because she meets me half-way—" He broke off with a likable touch of agitation. "Think it over, if you want to. I won't come to see you again, until you telephone or write me that I may. Take until Wednesday."

"Why Wednesday?" asked Margot carefully. She remembered all at once that on Wednesday the Fleet was to sail.

"The *Manoa* goes up on Wednesday. There's some business that needs looking after in San Francisco. If I don't hear from you—"

The inference touched Margot. She felt that his fingers, holding her bare arm to guide her up the slope to the house, were cold and trembled a little. His voice, too, had the shaken note that no woman ever mistakes, once she has heard it.

She told him impulsively: "I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You've been very sweet to me. Only—can't you see? All a girl's training is against allowing a man to know—what she may be feeling—until he asks her."

If he had asked her in that moment—but he didn't. He had the stubbornness of a pride which fears to fall.

"I'll be waiting for just a line to say you want to see me. That'll be enough."

MARGOT stayed awake late that night, with the newest of the dance-tunes streaming through her head, and decided to send that line. After all, why pretend to herself? She had come out to the Islands half-hoping the solution of her life might lie there. And the most exacting young woman could hardly ask for a more eligible solution than Garrett promised to afford. She had already refused one or two decent possibilities. She could see her stepmother's critical smile if she came home empty-handed, so to speak. It should be easy to love as good a man as Garrett.

"I'll send him a note Tuesday evening, just saying, 'Please come,'" she determined. "Meanwhile—"

It was in that "meanwhile," of course, that slim, sharp hoofs and a forked tail lay neatly concealed.

Only four days to Wednesday! And no delicate balancing between two chairs—meanwhile! Margot let herself go like moon-mad seventeen. She danced, she swam, she dined, she drove, with an increasingly ardent Nicolls. She wore all her prettiest frocks with a wild disregard of consequences. Garrett's wife would have frocks a-plenty.

When Rosie remonstrated, she laughed at her, kissing her soft, smooth cheek and pulling the little blonde curl at the back of her neck.

"Never mind, Rosie dear! This is a swansong. My life is settled. You're going to see quite enough of me in the next few years."

"Do you mean you're engaged to Walter Garrett?"

"Well, not just to say engaged," objected Margot cryptically.

"He's a bigger goose than I think him, if you are!" grumbled Rosie.

Sunday was a long, wild day at somebody's beach-place, on the windward side of the Island—hours in a warm blue sea—hours on warmer yellow sand—the perpetual drone of the phonograph—the recurrent lotus-dream of dancing—laughter that bubbled like golden wine. It did not seem possible that life could be so young, so careless, so shining!

"Do you know, Margot," Nicolls whispered in her ear once, beneath clangorous cover of a jazz record; he drew her a little closer and

tightened his fingers on hers—"I'll never forget this. I feel it."

"Don't forget it before you sail—that's all I ask of you," Margot whispered in return. She laughed up into his beautifully reproachful eyes.

"Are you going to write to me, Margot?" "I am not. I always let the dead past severely alone. Which shows you can trust me, Jim!"

"You don't love me, Margot." "Would you like me to love you? No entangling alliances, remember!"

"I could break you in my two hands, you cold little thing!"

"Yes, but you wouldn't, would you? Don't be a cave-man! It isn't your type."

"What do you think I am?" he demanded of her, suddenly almost serious—"just a rotten male flirt? Honestly, Margot?"

"I think you're a professional breaker of hearts," said Margot airily. She added to prevent further discussion: "But I don't like to talk while I'm dancing. Haven't you noticed that yet?"

Monday came and went like summer lighting, filled with a dream-like gaiety, crowded with unessential fooleries. Affairs that had been merely ephemeral deepened into vast significance before the threat of approaching farewells.

"The Deane girl really considers she's engaged, poor lamb!" Margot told Nicolls at a dance on the flag-ship Monday night. "Why will women never learn to round off a thing like that gracefully? She's spoiling it all."

Nicolls objected with his endearing grin: "After all, you know, there are some Navy wives."

"You remember the boy who 'cried 'Wolf!' once too often," Margot reminded him demurely. "The creature got him in the end."

She woke Tuesday morning with a vague sense of something overwhelming ahead and lay remembering that the note to Garrett had fallen due, in a matter of speaking. She got out of bed and wrote it, quickly and clearly, "Please come." That and not another word, on an undated card. Wrote his name on the envelop and left it lying on her desk.

"After all," she mused, "he's exactly the sort of man I've always intended to marry. What could be nicer?"

All of which occurred at about eleven o'clock in the morning.

AT about eleven o'clock that night, having in the reckless meantime lunched with Nicolls, teared with Nicolls, and taken him shopping to buy an embroidered kimono for his mother, Margot hid her face in her arms—she was lying on the sand of Waimanalo beach before a large and beautiful bonfire—and groaned.

Nicolls, lying at no great distance with his chin propped on his hands, his eyes somewhat moodily fixed on the flame, inquired briefly, "What's the matter?"

"Forgot to send a letter," said Margot. "Important?"

"Very." "Want me to go back to town and attend to it for you?"

"Jim, you don't know how funny you are!" "Sorry. I didn't intend to be funny."

Margot looked around the fire at the other members of Rosie's *aloha* party, chiefly sunk in a murmurous and closely-grouped quietude. Then she looked up at the moon, riding serenely high, and smiled and sighed. "I can send it the first thing in the morning," she said.

Out beyond the fire, the sea lay dark and mysterious, at the edge of a shadowy strip of sand. The wind was edged with chill. Margot hunched herself a little nearer Nicolls' reassuring shoulder.

"Tomorrow, this time, I'll be gone," he said in a low voice.

"Tomorrow, this time," she echoed. She could see with an odd distinctness the way

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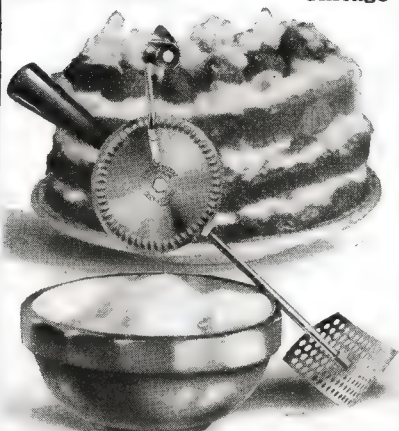
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## In Every Port

Garrett's hair grew down on the back of his neck. She did not like men whose hair grew down like that.

“What are you going to give me to remember you by?” he asked her.

“A poem,” said Margot instantly, “about you and me.” She did not know why the lovely old words came back to her. She began to say them, softly:

“Beside the idle summer sea  
And in the vacant summer days  
Light Love came fluting down the ways,  
Where you were loitering with me . . .  
“Do you like it, Jim?”  
“Go on,” said Nicolls curiously quiet.  
“What's the rest of it?”  
She patted his sleeve with a little laugh.  
“Who has not welcomed, even as we,  
That jocund minstrel and his lays  
Beside the idle summer sea  
And in the vacant summer days?”

“We listened, we were fancy-free;  
And lo! in terror and amaze  
We stood alone—alone at gaze  
With an implacable memory  
Beside the idle summer sea.”

She had suddenly an odd fear of her own voice when she had finished, and got to her feet hurriedly. The last words had not been easy to say—they had caught in her throat and frightened her.

“Let's go home!” she begged. “It's getting late, and I am so tired.”

It was half after eight of a fine, cool Wednesday morning when she called the Territorial Messenger Service and asked them to send her a boy—at once!

Thereafter she dressed, slowly and a trifle heavy-eyed. She had not slept, and she hated herself for not sleeping. What little sleep she achieved had been riddled with dreams of Jim Nicolls, and she hated herself for that.

He came—as she had half-hoped, half-dreaded he would—by nine o'clock—an unheard-of hour for him and for her.

In Rosie's long, shadowy drawing-room, with bowls of dewy yellow lilies about, he caught her hand and drew her over to stand by a sheltered window-seat. She sensed an artistic parting and lifted a smile to meet it.

“Margot,” he said abruptly, huskily even. “I told you I was in debt—and that any girl would be a fool—I dare say, whatever I may have omitted, somebody else came through with.”

“You have been labeled Dangerous,” conceded Margot, stiff-lipped. It was an unexpected thrust that he should find it necessary to go through with such explanation again—explanation or excuse.

“Well, it's all true,” he continued grimly. “So you can laugh at me if you want to—only—Margot—I can't quit here! If there's any chance in the world.”

Margot did not look at him at all. It was, perhaps, his last perfect move in a perfect game, to leave her ostensibly still the adored one.

“Jim—” she said, “are you by any chance trying to become engaged to me?”

“I am not,” said Nicolls unsteadily. “I've been engaged before, and nothing ever seemed to come of it. I'm asking you to marry me, right now, this morning. And I swear, Margot, you're the first woman I ever said that to! I can lay that much, at least, at your little white feet.”

She did not look at him then, until, catching her cruelly close, he kissed her. At which she shut her eyes, for that is a true tradition.

He said between kisses that blinded and dazed her: “You did for yourself, Margot darling, with your ‘implacable memory’ last night. It went home like a knife.”

“Yes, didn't it, Jim!” she whispered, choking back a sob.

Half an hour later, on their way down the steps to the license and the minister they met a small, bedraggled Hawaiian boy who wore his cap on the side of his head and a drowsy smile on his childish lips.

“Messenger?” he inquired amiably. “Lady telephoned.”

Margot looked at him with something like panic in her eyes. Then she drew a long breath and shook her head. “You're an hour late,” she said—“just an hour.”

Nicolls put his hand in his pocket and gave the servant of fate a dollar.

“Make any difference, Margot?”

His voice still shook a little when he looked at her.

“No,” said Margot, smiling her wistfully cynical smile. “Not to you and me, Jim!”

## Cooked by Steam Pressure

(Continued from page 57)

to keep the valve in good working condition.

In cooking large pieces of meat, it is generally easier to place the meat directly on the rack in the bottom of the cooker. The preparation of the meat should be much the same as when cooking by the ordinary method. Ham, corned beef and beef tongue should be freshened, if necessary, by soaking in water. Then place the meat in the cooker, cover with boiling water, and process as directed in the time-table. Chicken fricassée, lamb, mutton, pork, veal, and pot roast should be dredged with salt, pepper, and flour, browned in drippings in the cooker, one cupful of boiling water added, and then processed as directed in the time-table. These meats may be browned in a 500° F. oven for fifteen minutes after being removed from the steam pressure cooker, if desired. Roast fowl should be stuffed, trussed, and steamed with one cupful of boiling water for the required length of time and then browned in the oven. Salmon and halibut should be tied in cheesecloth and steamed in an inset with one cupful of boiling water in the bottom of the cooker. For Beef Stew, use your standard recipe. Dredge the meat with flour and seasoning and brown in drippings in the cooker. Steam for thirty minutes with one cupful of

boiling water. Then let off the steam, add the prepared vegetable, and steam ten minutes longer. Beef Stew prepared in this manner does not have quite the blended flavor of meat and vegetable found in ordinary beef stew, but the result is very good if time is an item. In the making of Beef Loaf, use your standard recipe and steam in one of the insets.

In cooking vegetables by steam pressure, one cupful of boiling water is usually used in the bottom of the cooker. However, in the case of cabbage, cauliflower, beets, and greens, cover them with boiling water and process the required length of time. Season all vegetables before placing in the cooker. In cooking rice, wash it and use six cupfuls of boiling water to one cupful of rice.

Steamed puddings cooked in the pressure cooker are acceptable, but not so light as those steamed in the ordinary manner. Here, also, time is a factor in choosing the method. In steaming puddings in a pressure cooker, you will note that they are first cooked without pressure with the pet-cock open for one hour. The pet-cock is then closed and the steaming of the pudding completed under pressure.

Continued use of a steam pressure cooker will show where foods may be combined and steamed at the same time in preparing a meal.





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